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# ST. ANDREWS AND ELSEWHERE

GLIMPSES OF SOME GONE  
AND OF THINGS LEFT

*BY THE AUTHOR OF*

*'TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF ST. ANDREWS*  
*'THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON' &c.*

LONDON  
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.  
AND NEW YORK: 15 EAST 16<sup>th</sup> STREET  
1894

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TO THE DEAR MEMORY OF

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED IN TOKEN OF

THE WARM AND CONSTANT FRIENDSHIP OF

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

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MEN AND MATTERS ECCLESIASTICAL



## CHAPTER I

### HOW ST. ANDREWS GOES ON

STANDING at the door of the Post-office, in the drenching rain of this gloomy August day, one looks right across the famous street upon St. Mary's College. In that old-fashioned house Tulloch lived for thirty years. It was of that house Stanley spoke when he said, 'I have got into St. Mary's College, and I am happy.' There, through a departed summer a little boy abode with his mother, who in after-time was to be Lord-Rector of the University; and in a grand inaugural address to state (among other life-like particulars) how, as a child he used, in that garden, 'to play, and eat unripe pears.' Words were added, which in graceful and distinguished form conveyed the assurance that the little marquis suffered just like humbler people.

To-day (so it was) I thought I saw a tall figure, carelessly arrayed, coming across that street with long slow steps, and carrying a great handful of letters. I heard the voice say, 'My letters take up all my strength now.' For it had come to the latter days. Never in this life was anything more vivid than that glimpse of the friend departed. Of a sudden he was gone: and an alert little figure in a

short black coat and a large wideawake was standing by the post-office window. A kind bright face: very keen but entirely good-natured: the very youngest living man of his years. That was Principal Cunningham, who came to Tulloch's empty chair; and who held it for too short a time. I read the great words of Christian hope over each, when laid to rest in our grand churchyard.

And now, I have gone into the old house, and talked with the new Principal. We walked together along the beautiful shady path, worn of one's frequent feet through these short years. No man could more worthily hold his place than Principal Stewart: and it was strange and touching to me to see him there. For when I came here, this time twenty-nine years, he was but a hopeful youth, a student of this College whose Head he is to-day. He was indeed the Admirable Crichton of his day; and no man has surpassed his record. He was the first who read the lessons in church for me: and I have briefly told his story elsewhere.<sup>1</sup> He had risen high then: risen by merit and by nothing else: and we, who fancied we had helped to make him, were proud of him. But now he has got to the very end of his tether. He appears to me still to be one of my boys: but I see plainly he looks a good deal older. I should not like to enquire what, in that respect, he thinks of me.

The world is beautiful yet, though one is some months older than Luther, Knox, Chalmers, lived to be. No words can express the blaze of green grass which I see, when I

<sup>1</sup> *Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews*: Vol. I. pp. 183-4.

look up from this page through these windows: golden-green now in the sunshine, and shaded in parts by young oak-trees. St. Swithin, once Bishop of Winchester, has been unpitying: we have passed through a summer of continual drenching showers. And these, ruinous to the ripening corn, make the grass over our sandy soil a marvel. The famous Links are a glory to see.

We have had, this week, our Lammas holidays: they come according to the old style: and on one of them the terrible down-pour hardly ceased at all. Happily, the great day was fine: the day on which, from old time, there is dancing in the open air. It is ever a pleasant sight to me, in this country where there is too much work and too little play. Under the western gable of the parish church is a gravelled expanse, on which two hundred may foot it together: the orchestra, in which a great drum was most prominent, was set against the sacred wall itself. I saw no earthly objection. The music was hearty: the time was marked: the dances were those of Scotland: the young folk danced beautifully. Decorum and propriety were perfect. It must have been fatiguing to dance so actively on that freshly-gravelled ground: but the dancers were equal to it all. I would they had looked more cheery. But they took their pleasure seriously, and even sadly; as is the fashion of the race. Still, I remarked, with satisfaction, that when I caught the eye of a young couple, alertly tripping, the healthy young faces brightened into a smile: as assured of the approval of their minister.

I could not have believed, but for recent experience,

that any rational being could have condemned that innocent gaiety. But when I lately expressed a sympathetic approbation of such a spectacle, a worthy man, profoundly ignorant of Scotland, warned me that such sentiments might probably give offence. Not, assuredly, to any mortal whose approval I desire. Not to any mortal with whom I ever exchange a word. I can, indeed, recall a sentence which appeared to be spoken at me : though not to me. I was at a gathering of good folk, interested in missions to people far away. A very self-sufficient and pragmatical youth, of rough aspect, said to another who was seated next to myself, 'Can any Christian dance?' The lad, thus addressed, answered, briefly, 'Why not?' The self-sufficient youth rejoined, 'Whenever I see people dancing, I say to myself, You are dancing over hell!' Such were the words : I heard them. No authority was quoted ; the youth seemed to regard his own as sufficient. I fancied he was under an impression that he would draw me to take some notice of him : which I did not. I should just as soon have replied to the utterances of a braying ass.

This is the season of visitors. The little city is even fuller than it can well hold : the many hotels are crowded. They are, all of them, extremely good. One, of great height (I say it not without pride) possesses a lift, which carries you smoothly up by hydraulic power. Here is indeed a link between this remote place, and the great world : by which we generally understand London. The pleasant proprietor and his cheerful partner in life took me up and down on one of the earliest days the lift was

available ; as assured of my hearty sympathy, and knowing that certain folk are pleased with a little thing. For more than a year past I have watched, with profound interest, the rising of another hotel : which is, architecturally, by far the most monumental building erected here since long before the Reformation. A great steam-crane seized up huge stones, weighing three and four tons : swept them through the blue sky, and dropped them in the place, to a hair's-breadth, designed by the builder. It was a wonder of ingenuity : to see it at work was fascinating. Simple-minded wise folk, not ashamed of their simplicity, stood and gazed upwards. And to the writer, that beautiful piece of Italian architecture, strongly flavoured with the true Gothic spirit, and towering to seven stories in height, has a special charm. For in this gray city, it is the solitary edifice of old red sandstone : the contrast is delightful : but, above all, it is the red rock of central Ayrshire, the very first I remember : it is the red rock of unforgetable Dumfries, where I was a youth in my beautiful country parish. Nobody, save the writer, either knows or cares that these red bays and arches have been carried, bit by bit, to this East Neuk of Fife, from that region of Scotland, far away in the South-West, which Mr. Murray's *Handbook for Scotland* very justly states 'is the scene of *The Recreations of a Country Parson*.'

In the old days, this household was always in Perthshire at this season. But there are no children now who must have change from St. Andrews in the holiday-time : and a more than aging man has not the strength for the weary

journey to this place on Saturday, and back again to the Highlands on Monday, after the Sunday here. Let me earnestly counsel any clergyman, placed as one is here, not to attempt the like. After seven successive Sundays thus arranged, you will find yourself much more weary at the end of the so-called holiday than you were at its beginning. But a good deal has been said elsewhere upon this practical question: and it will not produce the smallest effect till urgent necessity intervenes. How wisely Archbishop Tait, working himself to death, dilated to me on the infatuation (such was the word) of somebody else over-working! Yet the Sundays were always uplifting: are just as uplifting now. After ever so many years, it abides (to some men) the most interesting of all work, to preach to a large and hearty congregation. I confess it, quite frankly; and am not in the least degree ashamed to do so. Last Sunday the parish church in the morning and the little St. Mary's in the evening were each a heart-warming sight: plain buildings both, but the great thing about any church is the congregation! And the parish church (as the reader has been told) can seat 2500. One wonders, in the little place, where the mass of people comes from. The uplifting in praise of these voices is comely: as was remarked with authority long ago. Many unknown friends cheer one by letters saying they were interested and helped. I never forget how good Dean Ramsay, when he gave me his twentieth edition, said simply, 'You know I am not conceited; but I am thankful and pleased.' Surely the befitting attitude of mind. It has been said, of such a

congregation, 'a cheering, but a humbling sight.' Preachers, who can be called preachers, will understand. And never once does the thought intrude, which was once frankly expressed by a very popular man departed. A friend of mine stood with him at his vestry window, and they two looked out on the multitude thronging in to worship. My friend never spoke to the preacher save that once. But the preacher (he was a young man) seized my friend's arm, nervously ; and said, in a nervous tone, ' All these people are coming to hear *Me!*' Which ought never to have been said ; never thought. And in fact it never is. In absolute reality, you never think of yourself at all.

One has often thought that the vital division between fairly-attractive preachers is a simple one, easily discernible by the Philistine intelligence. It is quite marked. On one side of that line are the preachers who always interest a congregation, and commonly have the church where they minister quite full. On the other side they stand who always have the passages crowded when they preach. Very few are these last ; and their selection appears arbitrary. In some cases it certainly is so. The writer is not numbered among them. On some quite exceptional occasions, when circumstances and not he brought together that multitude, he has ever felt, painfully, how tired the people must be, and has had a strong desire to beg them to go away. He has been well aware that it was not worth their while to stand, for anything he had to say. This is said sincerely. As long as people are comfortably seated, he does not mind about keeping

them. But he has two or three special friends who always, year after year, draw a congregation which overflows into the passages. This as regularly as they ascend their pulpit. I note that this does not make them happy : it makes them anxious. They would not like it to cease. I know them so well, that they talk to me frankly ; and they are perfectly sure that I rejoice in their eminence. Well I know the words : ‘It will all collapse !’ ‘Only for a little while.’ ‘In two or three years the church will be quite empty.’ It was pathetic when Chalmers, on his final visit to London, noted in his diary the signs of his lessening popularity. ‘Nobody in the chapel when we went in : but full, with a few in the passages, when service began.’ I suppose the only Scotch preachers who regularly crowded the passages in human memory have been Chalmers, Guthrie, Caird, MacGregor. They deserved all that came to them. I do not even name the vulgar and irreverent buffoons who have sometimes, for a little space, drawn a crowd of human beings with small sense and no taste at all. They are not preachers.

If a man has this gift of outstanding attraction ; and if he be placed in the midst of a sufficient population from which to draw ; the size of the church is a negligible quantity. Dr. Guthrie’s Edinburgh church was small, but he would have crammed the largest church all the same. Dr. MacGregor’s holds 3000 ; but it is just as crowded as it would be if it held a few hundreds. One can but say there is a magic about such good men, which is not given to ordinary mortals. And it was only by trial they found

out that they possessed it. Or did they grow up, inwardly knowing what strange power they were to wield? This is certain, that youths have gone through the University in confident anticipation of that which never could be. One of the stupidest men I ever knew said in my hearing, 'I should never have gone into the Church if I had not felt it was in me to preach much better than Caird.' A homely Scot said to me, of one who was a seventh-rate student and a preacher of no rate at all, 'He thocht they wad be stannin' in the passages when he cam' oot!' In the language of some plain folk, to 'come oot for the Kirk' means to receive orders.

I do not know how it may be with other preachers; but in one's own experience there is nothing whatsoever which so strongly impresses it upon one that the years have slipped away, as one's changed feeling towards afternoon services. When I was a lad at the University, the afternoon service was the great one. Then a preacher had the crowded church; and he gave his best sermon. The morning sermon was probably extemporised from a few lines of manuscript: the afternoon one was fully written, and read. But, as the old Fifer said of Chalmers' reading (which was very close), 'it was fell readin' thon!' The word *fell* has no equivalent in English speech. I was present, ages since, in the house of dear Dr. Craik of Glasgow (one of the first men of his day in Scotland), when the story was related. 'Ye divna like readin',' was remarked to one expatiating with enthusiasm on Tom's preaching: they called him Tom then. The answer, given with

much intensity, was, 'Ay, but it's fell readin' thon!' 'What does *fell* mean?' asked a gentle English curate. Craik's answer, given in a single word, glowed with feeling: *δεινὸς!* He was a great Greek scholar. The meaning conveyed was *Dreadful!* *Tremendous!* *Overwhelming!* *Smashing!* The word means all that and more. And Chalmers' reading was all that and more. The mere physical vehemence was terrible. It is a wonder he lived to sixty-seven. As for the morning service, it was quietly got through. I remember a great Glasgow preacher saying, somewhat irreverently, 'I'm on the slack rope in the morning, but on the tight rope in the afternoon.' The thing was done under quite different pressure of steam. A homely farmer said to me of a very great preacher indeed, 'The forenoon is jist a shoot-by.' Scrambled through, somehow. Yet these enthusiastic orators needed it, to work themselves up. One of the most outstanding uttered in my hearing the paradox, 'A man can only preach once on a Sunday. But to do that he must preach twice.' We are much quieter now, in the regions I know: which appears a change much for the better. For I remember when you feared the orator would burst a blood-vessel; he so bellowed and flew about. A saintly old lady said of one such, quite truly, 'He barked like a dog.' Then, unhappily, men who had nothing whatever of the genius of Chalmers or Caird, could try to exceed their physical vehemence. When Chalmers wrote in his diary, 'Preached in the Gorbals this morning, *and exceeded*'; it must have been something tremendous. 'I never saw a human being in such

an excitement,' were the words to me of a fine old cavalry officer, describing his only glimpse of Chalmers. But, as a boy, I remember vividly the declaration of a rustic: 'Oor minister is a grand preacher! Div ye ken, he whiles comes oot wi' a roar just like a bull!' The vulgar idea was as of the Sibyl: inspired, possessed. Just look at Sir David Wilkie's picture of John Knox preaching at St. Andrews from the old pulpit of my church. And then, specially strange, this overwhelming vehemence rigorously demanded by a grave and unexcitable race: in all other things distinctly impatient of any display or feeling.

Of old, the morning service was (as it still is) at eleven o'clock: the afternoon service at two, or a quarter past two. Evening services were exceptional. Now, the services tend to be morning and evening; and the afternoon service tends to dry up. The congregation is small: sometimes a mere handful. This, even where the church has been quite full at morning service. For certain of the clergy it is well that the taste has thus altered. For an aging preacher is really unequal to afternoon services; even where his strength is fairly adequate to morning and evening. Each second Sunday, the writer ought to preach in the afternoon; and though the congregation looks sparse, being scattered over the great place, it well deserves the best one can give it. The number would be fairly respectable in a small building. Accurately counted, on three of my successive afternoons last winter, it varied from 430 to 480. At my last such service, it approached 700:

which is more than the unforgotten 'two or three.' And it is the special service of many young folk who deserve the very kindest consideration: good maid-servants who will not be able to come to church in an evening till people change their Sunday dinner-hour. But, after the heavy pull of the morning church, where the worship ends at 12.30, at 2 P.M. one is in such a state of painful exhaustion that the duty cannot be faced much longer. My last experience made me say that I should never again preach in an afternoon. Here, indeed, is the unmistakable warning that one has grown old. It is a very painful trial to go through a service, feeling every word beyond one's strength. It is awful to read your sermon, watching for sentences to leave out, because you really are unequal to saying them.

There is indeed a way of getting over that painful sense of sinking; but I strongly counsel my brethren not to try it: even if they be capable of it. For it takes out of you terribly: and you suffer for it afterwards. It is to preach extempore. That will warm you up. That will stick the spurs into you. You will be compelled to have all your wits about you. And you must give your hearers the very simplest and most earnest statements you can, of what we all need so much to know: of what we forget so soon. The worship will be hearty enough: never heartier. But it is shortening your time of work and life. It is not your duty to do so, and you will not get the smallest thanks for doing so. You will come home very jarred and irritable, and you will find it hard to sleep that night. You will take gloomy views of things next morning. And you are

just as really bound to obey the laws of health, as to obey any one of the Ten Commandments. There are good folk who fail to take in this manifest truth.

Other inconveniences attend this way of struggling through duty for which you are not fit. If you are an aged worker, you will not greatly care about them. At any time, it is well to talk away in that informal fashion when you are perfectly at home : when you are speaking to old friends : when you are counselling those who have heard you many times before. A few days since, I got through my afternoon service, being dead-beat. I ought to have lain down to sleep when I went away to church. For the morning service had been killing. Some would say uplifting. No doubt it lifted up. But then it dropped one down. The hearty music cheered some little. An Oxford youth read the lessons, remarkably well. Then, with just a few lines written, the sermon of twenty-five minutes : from a most elementary text, never discoursed from before. One soon saw ten or twelve clerics, listening more or less critically : the younger of them probably thinking that they could have done better themselves. For that one did not care at all. But really when, after service, one of the most outstanding Bishops of the Anglican Communion walked into the vestry and introduced himself in the most brotherly way (the very pleasantest of men), even a man long past the days in which self-conceit is tolerable could not but think that it had been well the Prelate had heard one for the first and last time when more like one's self. A drawback of being surrounded by well-bred people is,

that nobody tells you when you have got on lamely. Whereas I once knew a most eminent preacher whose elders were of so unpolished a class, that one of them would pat him on the shoulder, and say, with entire candour and probably with entire truth, 'Ye werena jist yersel' the day, sir!' Even eminent men are unequal. Untold years since, a man who attended St. George's church in Edinburgh took a friend with him to hear Dr. Candlish, who was then esteemed a most outstanding preacher. But coming forth, the brief criticism was, 'Very waff to-day.' What *waff* means, I do not distinctly know. But I gathered that the judgment was extremely depreciatory.

However that might be, the Bishop came home with me, and sat a while in this room, brightly talking. I have rarely been more interested in any man's conversation. Very dignified and fine-looking, but absolutely frank and outspoken: pretty close to the ideal of what one in his office should be. I will not indicate who he was. But I may say he is the son of a Bishop, and the nephew of a Bishop. Sad to say, his visit to this sacred city was but from Saturday to Monday. He confessed, truly, that so short a stay was 'disrespectful to St. Andrews.' When he departed, I turned up the *Men of the Time*, and found he is nine years younger than myself. We were old friends when he went: we found we had a host of common friends. I do not think I shall ever see him again. But that may be a vain fancy: as others have been.

Telling of this present time which is passing over, it is absolutely necessary here to take up a link, dropt else-

where ; and to finish a story which I never thought to finish at all. It is a pathetic story to myself, if it never proves such to any other soul.

I have related<sup>1</sup> how my dear and old friend Dr. MacGregor, who is and has for long time been the outstanding preacher of Edinburgh, wrote to me on January 5, 1889, that St. Cuthbert's church, the huge and hideous building in which he ministered, was to be pulled down and replaced by one worthier : adding, with authority, 'You must come and open the new building.' To this date, I have been asked to officiate at the opening of 101 churches and organs, 70 churches and 31 organs : and a wearied mortal must learn resolutely to say No. But in this case that could not be. And I replied that should both of us be permitted to see the completion of the grand church designed, I should esteem it a great honour to minister at its dedication. When I wrote this story, more than three years had elapsed : for legal difficulties had arisen : and I said that the foundation-stone was to be laid by the Lord High Commissioner, the Marquis of Tweeddale, on Wednesday, May 18, 1892. Then, probably, two years more (the church was far advanced when the memorial stone was laid) : but it was added, 'I shall hope to be allowed to see the day, still equal to a great function : I mean equal so far as I ever was.' I wrote with some little show of lightness of Dickens' constant *Please God*, in making engagements only a short way in advance : and I did not say to anybody that I felt as sure as ever of

<sup>1</sup> *Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews* : Vol. II. pp. 322-3.

anything that I should not be here when that duty came to be done. MacGregor is a good deal my junior. The consecration fell happily on his birthday, July 11, 1894. He was sixty-three : but looked about forty.

I vividly recall the laying of the stone. It was on the day before the opening of the General Assembly. The morning had been one of drenching rain : but there was beautiful sunshine throughout the function : which began at 4 P.M., and lasted more than an hour. Dr. MacGregor gave an address, in his very best style : recalling the associations of that ground through twelve centuries. And I remember well how I thought that never once, in my long experience of the Kirk, had I heard prayer made more beautifully or fitly, than by Mr. Wallace Williamson : who is MacGregor's colleague in the weighty charge of the vast parish and congregation ; and who is, in an absolutely different line of excellence, just as admirable a preacher and pastor as the great orator himself ; not second, indeed, to any man among the Scottish clergy. Whatever Lord Tweeddale does, is done with admirable grace and dignity : and the ever-charming Marchioness scattered flowers on the huge stone. The building went on, month by month : the vast monumental structure arose in as conspicuous a position as any in Edinburgh : vehement difference of opinion was expressed as to its beauties, a thing perfectly certain to occur in Scotland in such a case. But the architect was a man of high eminence : he had confidence in himself, and was heartily supported : and the verdict is fairly unanimous in his favour now. He had not indeed a

free hand. Most of us desired to see a grand Gothic church. But it was judged well to preserve the spire of the previous structure; and so the new one had to be Palladian. Then it was necessary to provide for a congregation of about 3000: hence galleries had to be. And the new St. Cuthbert's, occupying twice the ground-space of the preceding one, arose in a crowded churchyard.

In such a case, delays are inevitable. But, finally, the day of the Dedication was fixed: already named. I wrote my sermon, every word of it, for the occasion: as was fit. For never in my little life, save when giving my closing address at the General Assembly and when preaching in Glasgow Cathedral at the Centenary of the Sons of the Clergy, have I been called to duty quite so conspicuous. No such occasion, in connection with the Church of Scotland, has been in Edinburgh in the memory of living man. And even a preacher who has served for long, and is getting tired, could not grudge the preparation, to his very best, of a discourse which could never be preached but that one time. Commonly, such an incident would be a waste of the failing strength. And a carefully-written sermon is delivered a good many times: of course, in a good many places. Even in one's own church, I have said that such a composition is to be held as new after four or five years. Nothing can be sillier than to make any mystery about this. There are exceptional cases. The beloved and never-forgotten Liddon told me he never gave a sermon twice in St. Paul's. But thirteen sermons served him for a year there: and each appearance was historic. Quite

different from the position of an over-worked parish priest, who, besides the endless pastoral and other work of a large parish, must preach twice each Sunday all the year round, and a third time each Wednesday from Advent to Easter. Let it be said, that though you give quite new discourses continually, persons will be found to declare that all are old, and very old. And people who are always unscrupulous, are specially unscrupulous in what they say about things like these. Quite lately, a man making an attack upon the present writer, being obliged to admit that the sermon the previous Sunday morning was not wholly bad, went on to say that 'a gentleman' told him that he (the gentleman) heard it that morning for the twentieth time. I never contradict falsehoods about myself from some quarters. But I was interested in the statement of that truthful 'gentleman.' I write at the end of all written sermons the place and time of their being delivered. That discourse was given that morning for exactly the tenth time. Wherefore none living could have heard it twenty times. And if the 'gentleman' had indeed heard it exactly half as often as he said, he must for several years have followed me all over Scotland, from Aberdeen in the North to Edinburgh and Glasgow in the South. For a good many of our large towns had listened to that careful composition before it was published. It is too plain that there are extreme Protestants who will always make a statement to the prejudice of one who differs from them in matters ecclesiastical, with little enquiry as to its truth. Such persons may not know that the statement is

false when they make it. But they could very easily find out that it is false. And men of whom one would have expected better act in this way. I lately read in a quite respectable periodical an account of an incident in the parish church here, which was false in every detail. I once found that a decent man was putting about a long story touching an intimation made from the pulpit in the same place, the point of which was that I called my church-officer 'the Sacristan.' I had never once done so in my life. I cannot count the occasions on which I have read, in newspapers which favour Nonconformity, that I preach in lavender kid gloves. Never once, in my lengthened pilgrimage, have I preached in gloves of any material or colour known among men. Not long ago, I read a circumstantial statement that the Bishop of Winchester had set up a crucifix in the chapel of Farnham Castle. I think I know that beautiful place of prayer as well as mortal can. Not merely have I worshipped there, morning and evening, times immemorial; but many times in the quiet day, abiding under that venerable roof, I have gone alone into that peaceful sanctuary, for a restful season there: not indeed always finding it. I need not say there is no crucifix there; and never has been.

We were abiding far away, at Strathpeffer in magnificent Ross-shire, when the great day came. It is a long journey to Edinburgh. The railway from Strathpeffer at 8.15 A.M. Dingwall, Inverness, Forres. The Highland railway carries you for long in view of the Cairngorm mountains, where were vast expanses of snow even under

a blazing July sun. Through historic Killiecrankie: and now from Perth to Edinburgh by beautiful Glenfarg, and the miraculous Forth Bridge. Edinburgh is nine hours and a half from Strathpeffer. It is a much easier and shorter journey from Edinburgh to London; and that by three diverse ways. But it was delightful to be housed under the dear MacGregor's roof: surely never man was more happily placed in this world. With that immense popularity out-of-doors, more than enough for any man's portion, that happy home besides, and that perfect sympathy. Blazing green was the look-out from my window; ah, those thick trees! And the little party at dinner was of the men but for whom the new St. Cuthbert's had never arisen. MacGregor himself; his colleague Williamson; Ballantyne, son of the true genius who wrote *Castles in the Air*; Forrest, who added the business faculty. How happy they were, in the success of a long and trying work; how magnanimously each sought to give the merit to the others. It was as pleasant a sight as these eyes ever saw.

This was Tuesday, July 10. Next day, Wednesday, July 11, was the day some thousands will never forget. The birthday: as recorded. Early, with MacGregor and his wife, to see the church. Of course, the only way in which it is possible ever to get a new church opened at all, is to resolutely open it before it is quite ready. But St. Cuthbert's, only a workshop yet, to be entered with covered head, was quite wonderful. And before the great function, only a keen architect's eye could have discovered anything lacking. At noon, the sky grew black, threatening a

thunderstorm. All the pleasanter when the afternoon proved one of the brightest sunshine. They understand the proprieties, here. The service was 'at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour,' quite the most convenient: and grandly sanctioned. That the regular congregation might not be crowded out, admission was by tickets, for which the demand was vast. When MacGregor and I arrived, at 2.15, great crowds were gathered in the church-yard, and round each door. I will not forget the sun blazing on the green trees: magnificent Princes Street on one hand, and the stern Castle rock towering just above us. As for the Dedication service, nothing more impressive has been seen in Scotland. Yet not a suspicion of sight-seeing: the multitude was devout as great. But even the great place could hold but a portion of the congregation which would fain have been there that day. They were nervous and anxious, those who were to minister: though happy too. The vestries will never be so crowded any more. The Magistrates, in their official garb. More than a hundred clergy, in their robes, walked into church in procession. The dense mass of people arose, as the twenty-fourth psalm rung out: the great choir duly placed in the chancel. The organ is temporary: but it was quite adequate. Dr. Marshall Lang of Glasgow, Ex-Moderator, and I came last. Immediately before us the two ministers of the church. We were honoured more than was due. But that day one did exactly as one was told. Long ere the psalm was ended, which passed, at *Ye gates*, into the famous Edinburgh tune, we were all in our

places. Among those in the chancel were five Moderators of the Kirk. Our present Primate, Professor Story, who would fain have been there, and whose presence would have been specially pleasant to many, was detained in England. Never has there been Moderator who held the place more worthily. I was at the North end and Dr. Lang at the South of the beautiful Holy Table of white marble, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Williamson to the glory of God and in loving memory of a little one who is even as the angels now. One hardly likes to mention such a thing here. But it was a costly gift: as such ought to be. Not for centuries has the like been set in any parish church in Scotland. MacGregor and Williamson were in their stalls, at either corner of the great chancel, which is duly elevated. The dense mass of the congregation was a thing to remember. None of us were quite sure how we should be heard in the great untried edifice. It was soon made plain that the acoustics were all that could be desired. Of course, feeble tones would be inaudible in a place so huge. But when MacGregor's telling and pathetic voice filled every corner as he read the opening sentences of scripture, and then the fine prayers of dedication, it was felt that the question was settled.

The Holy Table, and such vessels as were new, were dedicated by the Ex-Moderator with as much grace and solemnity as the like was ever done anywhere. What one felt, very deeply, was the awful reality of seriousness with which all who ministered did their part. The service went on. The music thrilled one through. The choir numbered

fifty, and every voice was a telling one. It was touching when that multitude stood up, and said the Apostles' Creed as though each one meant it. Of course, on such a day, the *Te Deum* 'with intention of thanksgiving.' The Lessons were magnificent : 1 Chron. xxix. 1-25, and Rev. xxi., and worthily read. The Intercessory prayers were most touchingly read by Williamson. The Anthem could not by possibility have been grander : it was the Hallelujah Chorus from *The Messiah*. As Dean Ramsay wrote, long ago, 'There will never be another Hallelujah Chorus.' Both the ministers of St. Cuthbert's appeared to me that day as men inspired.

One is quite lifted above trepidation, at such a time : though the nervous strain is great. When the verger came to conduct me to the pulpit, the brief record of the time says 'Not nervous, but strung up.' All of us who ministered are accustomed to large churches, and know their ways. I found at once I could be well heard by all who were not deaf, without any extreme effort. The printed order gave a beautiful and befitting *Prayer before Sermon* : to which I could not but add the Collect for the Day. For it was *Lord of all power and might* : Jenny Geddes' Collect : which Stanley told me he never would preach in a Scotch kirk without reading before his sermon. The silent attention of the congregation was inspiring. And those unknown friends had my very best. At the ascription which closed the sermon, the great multitude reverently stood up : *juxta laudabilem Ecclesiae Scotiae reformatae formam et ritum*. And a voice, loud as from numbers not very

easily numbered, rolled Eastward *O God of Bethel*, to Haydn's grand Salzburg. Then MacGregor, standing in front of the Holy Table, said the Blessing. The congregation stood as the procession retired, now in reverse order. Dr. Lang and I went first, who had come last.

I had repeatedly been told, by good folk who knew not how unspeakably revolting to me is any irreverence in church, that my text was to be 'I will pull down my barns, and build greater.' My answer was, that I would not tell them what my text would be, but that most assuredly it would not be that. As a matter of fact, the text that day was the grand motto of the Church of Scotland: the famous *Nec tamen consumebatur*. Most human beings know that the scutcheon bears the Burning Bush: and you read these words below. We do not, however, announce our texts in Latin. It was Exodus iii. 2, 'And the Bush was not consumed.' When all was over, I met many kind words. And the friendly *Scotsman* came and got the manuscript. It was very different in aspect from dear Dean Stanley's, given to the same great paper long ago when he first preached in the parish church of St. Andrews. He appeared a bright youth who came for that awful piece of penmanship. But when he received it, his countenance clouded over. Next morning, the sermon was published word for word as spoken. There was not one misprint. Only my division into paragraphs was ignored. The composition was printed right on: which, to me, always gives a heavy look. But only very big folk have their paragraphs regarded.

The service lasted just two hours. The sermon took twenty-five minutes. And all this story which I have now related was compendiously summed up in the statement, before the leading articles: 'The new parish church of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, was opened yesterday by a dedication service, which was attended by about three thousand people, including a large number of clergymen from every part of Scotland.' Nothing said of my sermon pleased me more than certain lines written to me by one of the first men in the Kirk: which showed how thoroughly he had taken in my intention. I omit words of far too kind appreciation: but I copy these: 'So full of tenderness for those who love the old ways, and yet so powerful in its defence of the older and better ways in which we are trying to walk.' I will confess that even one who has served these forty-three years, and met much to cheer as well as a good deal to take down, felt such praise worth having.

I am aware that an outstanding public man, on an occasion when I spoke tenderly of the ways of the Kirk of my boyhood, which I have humbly helped, in my degree, to change for the better, hastened to state that I was 'a Jesuit.' He ought not to have made the statement in the presence of a good-natured slight acquaintance, who (before I had time to cut him short) told me so. What I said was said in absolute sincerity. And very moderate perspicacity might have discerned that there is no inconsistency. As matter of fact, I am *Not* a Jesuit. But the outstanding public man spoke in a

fashion which was both uncharitable and silly. What he said (not, I am sure, quite believing it) vexed me not at all. And when next we met, I took him by the hand quite cordially. I sometimes take people by the hand (in chilly fashion) whom I cordially dislike.

Let it be recorded that on that sacred ground, Christian worship has been offered, in most diverse ways indeed, for more than twelve hundred years: a longer time without a break than on any other ground in Scotland. One fact shall be related in the very words spoken on that day:

‘There is a touching continuity with centuries gone, even about the material fabric of the great and stately church which has been dedicated this day to Almighty God, and to His worship through His Son and by His Spirit. Every stone that was in the vast building now removed has been built into these walls: even as, when that church arose a hundred and twenty years since, every stone of the old church of the middle ages was incorporated in the fabric that was rising. I know that there are strong souls which would smile at this as a sentimental fancy. To many, the fact is beyond words touching. And the tie is real to generations which are gone. We have “spared these stones.”’

A bit of a sermon may be quoted, for once. And I request each reader of this page to repeat, to himself, the unforgettable verse from which those last three words are taken. Very slightly adapted, of necessity.

All concerned in St. Cuthbert’s parish were thankful, that beautiful evening. A great party gathered in Mac-

Gregor's kindly house ; and one heard things never heard before : the heart-breaking difficulties through which the work had been carried triumphantly. Brave and determined Scotsmen had done their part, both bravely and patiently. Just a few. The writer has no more valued friends than those with whom he had the high privilege to be associated in that solemn function. And not without deep feeling and true thankfulness did he, grown old in his vocation, take in that so the duty had been done which he was asked to do, five years and a half before. 'It had pleased God.' And not till the duty was done was a word said to any of the feeling with which that long engagement had been thought of. A needless fear : like very many more. But the likelihood had been.

Next morning, away back to Ross-shire, far away. To an untravelled soul, a great journey. From MacGregor's door to that of the temporary home at Strathpeffer, twelve hours exactly. North of the Grampians, drenching rain : tropical. The ways of the Highland Railway are leisurely. However late the train may be, abundant time appears to be taken for friendly talk between the authorities of each little station, and those in charge of the rolling stock. It is pleasing, when you are not in haste, to find that the railway serves the end of maintaining brotherly relations between human beings. And the little station, where not a soul got up or down, must be lonely to abide in. But I tried to make it a resting day, and I read over my sermon in print with at least as much interest as any one else ever did.

That discourse was received with extraordinary favour. Its aim had indeed been to conciliate. It did not however please everybody. For in a few days an anonymous soul sent me a 'religious' newspaper, in which I beheld myself described as 'one of the arch-ritualists of Scotland.' It was sad to see the bitterness of spirit which the writer of the little document showed. But I am always willing to learn: and while not regarding general abuse, I was struck by a statement of fact. It was said that my sermon was 'without Christ.' Had the case been so, I should indeed have been penitent. But glancing through the composition, I found the Blessed Saviour expressly referred to fifteen times. And I really think that the entire sermon was saturated with one great remembrance. I will confess, at once, that one accusation, three times made with incredible acerbity, is absolutely true. It is, that I am an 'old man.' So I am. It does not vex me in the very least degree to acknowledge the fact. And I remember it every day of my life.

Since its consecration, the great St. Cuthbert's has never been opened for worship without being densely crowded. It is magnificently serving the purpose for which it was built. And its uplifted ritual is warmly approved by all whose approval is worth having. It is not merely that propriety and dignity characterise all the ways of the stately church. But the warmth of spiritual heart and life is there.

I was greatly touched when a youth, belonging to St. Cuthbert's congregation, brought me, as a memorial of

that opening day, a beautiful bit of carving in oak, of his own handiwork. It is the head, in profile, of Cardinal Newman: a perfect likeness. The youth would not tell me his name. But his work is placed where I see it continually.

A good many incidents have occurred throughout this month of August, now drawing to its close, which give one heart to go on, though sometimes wearily. The history of the time says, 'These things should cheer more than they do. But they only make one feel that God can take a very poor weak soul, and make it somewhat helpful to people far better than itself.' Which was written in very sincere humility.

Quite the outstanding fact must have its record here. It brings the record very near to the present hour. For this is Monday, August 27, 1894. And the letter is dated August 21. I do not give the whole of it. It is from the Bishop of Winchester: who had made a raid into Scotland to his old friend Sir Emilius Laurie: once Bayley, Rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury, and designated by Lord Palmerston to be Bishop of Worcester. The letter was written at Maxwelton: whose braes are generally known to be 'bonny.'

'Where do you think I went yesterday? Over the Rootin' Bridge to Irongray! Yes, it was quite a pilgrimage: and I took it all into my eye and heart, not without emotion. The minister, who has been there ever since you left, was very kind to Laurie and myself. The drawing-room is a pretty little room. The study took me most. But a window

looking into the garden has been added since you left. I saw the grand beech-trees—one wofully maimed last winter: the one which has your initials on it. The stable, where was the horse on whose patient head you wrote once, is pulled down. Then to the church: which is like most Scotch churches: airtight, watertight, just tolerable and no more. The vestry I regarded with peculiar interest. How small the Holy Table looked! The pretty churchyard is made hideous by deformed and incongruous monuments. Of course I saw Jeanie Walker's grave,<sup>1</sup> and thought Sir Walter Scott's epitaph a little stilted. The view up the valley is serene and lovely.

'But the atmosphere of that place glowed and sparkled with you. I am not prepared to say that it quite came up to my expectations. The glamour of your style puts it a little out of perspective. All is so small. The garden so tiny. I think of the cat which might be swung in the domain. But I daresay it looked big to you then: and it was big enough for you to delight *orbis terrarum* from, and to let me and others find you out.'

I am a little ashamed to give the picturesque and over-kind words of the kindest and most sympathetic friend I have found in this world; or ever can find. The very best of men tends to think others as good as himself. Near thirty-six years have gone since I left that sweet place, which a predecessor there called *The Land of Goshen*. Even Carlyle, not easily pleased: 'I know Irongray well:

<sup>1</sup> Jeanie Deans: Helen Walker.

a beautiful place.'<sup>1</sup> And it was all I had, or for a while expected ever to have. Wherefore one made much of it : made believe some little. The garden, after all, is three quarters of an acre, surely. The glebe is a respectable estate of twelve acres. And such a place, as Mr. Dorrit remarked of the Marshalsea, though it seem small at first, grows larger when you know it very well. Very seldom have I seen the place since I came away ; and never have I preached in the little kirk at all.

‘Boyd was once minister of Irongray, who is now in St. Andrews : Boyd, that writes :’ such were the further words of the great Thomas Carlyle, addressing the humble author of this page. I have related the facts : in so far as I well could, elsewhere. And how gentle, and kind, the austere sage could be ! *Fatherly* is the word to express what I found him. I fancy no mortal could express more keen dislike, and contempt, in words. Some of the smartest were spoken, never written. Few abide more in one’s memory than his allusion to one of the mighty of this world, who, instead of letting the dust return to the earth as it was, had fought against that law, and caused that he should be embalmed, at great cost. *What*, said the philosopher, in scorn : *What, that abominable old Kipper !*

A kippered salmon is one which by skilful use of salt and pepper, and divers spices, is preserved for future use. The imagery was singularly unpleasant.

Two facts more, in our real and simple life.

The lamp-posts of the city have just been painted

<sup>1</sup> *Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews* : Vol. II. p. 119.

Venetian red: the upper part white. The effect is bright and cheerful. They were dust-coloured before. Now you remark them: which before you did not. They are a sensible pleasure to some quiet souls.

Further, this day, a man of striking aspect, a stranger in the place, accosted the writer, hat in hand: and said, 'Are you A. K. H. B.?' 'Such indeed are my initials,' was the reply. Then the stranger uttered words of cheering tone: adding, 'How am I to come to know you better?'

'Well, if you attend church regularly, you will hear most of what I have got to say.' The grave answer was, 'Forty years ago I heard all that can be said: and you can add nothing to it.' His name, he added, was 'of no consequence.' So we, together for that minute, parted for ever more.

It may here be said, that it is extremely uncertain how preaching may actually impress people. That unknown friend, had he come to church just for once, might not have liked me at all. Indeed, a sermon may give great offence, where no offence is intended. A youth, preaching in a parish church which was once my own, took for his subject the famous Swine that perished in the lake. He likened the possessors of those animals to men who cherish and practise sins, knowing them to be such. Then, addressing the congregation, he said, 'I fear, much, that I am addressing "keepers of swine." ' The good old clergyman who told me the story, forty years since, went on, solemnly, 'You know, everybody there keeps his pig: and they took it personal (*sic*), and thought of ducking him in the river.'

If the youth had possessed much discretion, he would have avoided the sentence which wounded susceptible natures. But his lack of judgment has recalled another case.

Two friends of mine, eminent ministers of the Kirk, were walking along Princes Street in Edinburgh, when they met another: a saintly man. He began at once to speak of the great work then going on in the beautiful city through the agency of certain zealous but quite illiterate evangelists. 'All humbug,' said one of my friends: to the horror of the saintly soul. The other spake no word. But by intently gazing with his eyes, and by lively gestures with his hands, he conveyed the impression of a warm sympathy with the tale which was being told. The brief talk past, the speakers and the actor parted. Whenever it was certain the saintly man was beyond hearing, my friend, hitherto silent, opened his lips and spake. The words were but two: 'Silly buddy!'

It was not entirely fair. That graceful pantomime distinctly tended to mislead.

## CHAPTER II

## TWO DEPARTURES FROM ST. ANDREWS

NEVER but once in my life have I made a bet. It was with Bishop Wordsworth. The dear and saintly man records, in his autobiography, that when he went to Oxford he made a resolution, and kept it, never to have a pack of cards in his rooms. And betting, he adds, was practically unknown. Yet, when an aged Bishop, venerated of all, he insisted upon this transaction with a minister of the Kirk, just twenty years his junior. The bet was upon an event in the ecclesiastical world of England : concerning which, mainly through the information supplied by the beloved Hugh Pearson, I sometimes evinced a degree of accurate knowledge which startled the Bishop. The admirable Prelate lost. The amount which I won was not great : but, being somewhat increased, it bought a very pleasing photograph of that good man in his robes, and put it in a pretty oak frame. For many years, it has stood on the mantelpiece in my study : and it will do so as long as I can keep it there. Beneath the picture is written, in the beautiful handwriting which abode to the very end, *Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews.* He always wrote the *Saint* in that way.

That title was one of the very few points on which the Bishop and I did not entirely agree. And his position was singular, on this question. He said that as we in the National Church had no Bishops, it was for our advantage that the Bishops of the eminently-respectable Episcopal Communion should assume territorial titles: thus preventing their being appropriated by Rome. But Rome cared not at all for any such thing. In a little, the Pope announced that he had restored the Hierarchy, as before the Scottish Reformation: and appointed an Archbishop of St. Andrews. To my surprise, Bishop Wordsworth came to me and proposed that we should get up an indignation meeting, and protest against this insolent usurpation. 'It's an illegal title,' said the Bishop, with great animation. I see the beautiful and refined face flushed with unwonted wrath. 'So it is,' was my reply. 'And so is another too, connected with St. Andrews. Try to get presented at Court under either, and you will find out.' Then I ventured to add, that in these days it was undesirable to raise such questions. Let the Pope arrange his own Church as he thought desirable: no Protestant cared a straw, no Protestant was a penny the worse. There was no need to inform the Bishop that the Pope did not recognise any of us as within the Fold of Christ. To him, the orders of the Archbishop of Canterbury are even as those of that Ayrshire country minister concerning whom a Scottish Bishop, the son of a minister of an extremely small dissenting sect, said to a popular Earl, 'Your lordship might just as well receive the Holy Communion from your

butler, as from your parish minister.' In the presence of the ancient Church from which we all originated, all clerical persons not in communion with Rome stand on exactly the same level, with no credentials at all.

One would think that this needed not to be said : to any educated person. But quite lately, a devout woman, a member of the Episcopal Communion in Scotland, said to me that her co-religionists had the advantage over us in the National Kirk. 'The Roman Catholic Church recognises our orders : it does not recognise yours.' I hastened to correct the singular misapprehension. But it was excusable in her. For Lord Lyndhurst, being Lord Chancellor, contradicting old Lord Eldon, made exactly the same statement as to Rome's recognition of the Anglican Church. And the Chancellor's adoring biographer, Sir Theodore Martin, seemed to share the belief. Lord Lyndhurst was not a theologian: though he was Second Wrangler, and a marvel of acute ability. But that the Lord Rector, for three years, of the University of St. Andrews, should know no better, was sad indeed. The Decrees and Canons of Trent form a volume which is by no means recondite. I doubt not the University library has various copies of it. And whoever studies it may know what is the authoritative teaching of the Church of Rome just as well as the Pope knows it.

It was a touching thing to me that when the Bishop called at this house, he always left a card on which he had written *Bishop Wordsworth*: thus recognising the legal situation. The card he left elsewhere was engraved :

*Bishop of St. Andrews, Dunkeld, and Dunblane.* For a good many years, in writing to him, I gave his legal designation. But even a Roman Bishop addresses me as the *Reverend Doctor*: though in his belief I am not such. And Cardinal Manning, till he warmed up to *my dearest Charles*, wrote *my dear Bishop* to one whom he could not regard as a Bishop at all. Thinking, too, of the venerable and saintly man himself, deserving any possible honour: thinking of his invariable kindness and sympathy: in the latter days, whenever he was in England, I addressed my letters to the *Bishop of St. Andrews*. Indeed, in Scotland, life would not be tolerable if we always put in words what is our actual opinion. Very few, indeed, of any Church, have been to me what that revered and beloved man was: and in this house he was always treated exactly as if a Bishop of the Church of England. But, as the Pope said to the Bishop of Gibraltar that he understood he was in that diocese, so Bishop Wordsworth frequently stated that he knew he was a Dissenter in Scotland. Once, coming home with him from a meeting for a benevolent purpose, I expressed my regret that not one of our good dissenting ministers had been present. 'No,' replied the Bishop, sorrowfully: 'I was the only dissenting fellow there.' Even such were his words. He was well aware that the representatives of the National Church in this city held him in at least as reverent affection as any mortal in his own Communion.

That dignified portrait, in the historic sleeves (very recently known in Scotland), is not the only memorial

in this room of the dear Father in God departed. Close to my left hand is another: much prized, and very pathetic to see. It is the copy of the *Christian Year* which lay upon his table, and was looked at daily for sixty-three years. The Bishop left among other directions: 'Gift Book to be presented after my death *in memoriam*: To Doctor Boyd: *Christian Year, 1828.*' On the fly leaf is written: 'C. Wordsworth: From my dear Father: 1829.' The Bishop died on Monday, December 5, 1892. The book came to me on December 13. And it lies on my table just where it lay on his, so long. It is covered with annotations, of extraordinary interest: all in the clear beautiful handwriting. 'First came out June (July) 23, 1827, when the author was in his thirty-fifth year.' Then, 'The first Edition 500 copies. The second, November 1827, 750 copies. The third, March 1828, 1250 copies. Total number of Editions, 140. Of copies 305,500, between 1827 and April 1873. 95 Editions in the author's lifetime.' The volume I possess is of the Fourth Edition. On another page, 'It is worthy of remark, that Heber's *Hymns* (1828), and James Montgomery's (1826-27), were published at the same time as this volume.' A quotation from Dean Stanley: Keble, 'who, if by his Prose, he represents an Ecclesiastical party, by his Poetry belongs to the whole of English Christendom.' On another page, 'After the Second Edition, a further addition was made concerning the so-called State services, the Form of Prayer to be used at Sea, and on Ordination: Six in all. There was also added an Index of first lines.'

The remarks which are appended to nearly every poem show a keen critical faculty: and certainly the severe taste of the scholar who wrote Latin verse as did hardly one of his generation is continually apparent. Not all that is said is praise: though praise is often expressed very warmly. *Vix satis bene* occurs more than once. Of the famous poem for Advent Sunday: 'A noble composition: combining the sublimity of a chorus of Æschylus with the grace and *rotundity* of the most perfect of Horace's Odes.' But just the Sunday after: 'Ends rather abruptly; and the last two stanzas do not fit in well with what goes before, nor indeed with the services of this Sunday. They belong rather to the 3rd of Advent: which again has no treatment that is sufficiently appropriate.' Christmas Day: 'Scarcely equal to the occasion.' St. Stephen's Day: 'Scarcely successful.' St. John's Day: 'Disappointing as a tribute to St. John: though with touches of much beauty.' Circumcision: 'Rather stiff and prosaic.' Second Sunday after Epiphany: 'An exquisite poem: as Archbishop Trench, my old class-fellow at Harrow, has justly called it.' Yes: old class-fellow. In a pugilistic encounter, the future Bishop knocked out certain of the future Archbishop's teeth. Let me add only St. Andrew's Day: 'Tender and elegant: but rather deficient in power and concentration.'

Bishop Wordsworth turned into exquisite Latin verse certain portions of Keble's classical work: *Quæ ad clerum pertinent: necnon carmen matutinum et vespertinum*. The dainty volume, bound in white and red, contains also

Bishop Ken's Morning, Evening, and Midnight Hymns. The Preface is dated *Sanct. Andreapoli: In Fest. S. Andreae, MDCCCLXXX*. It had been well, if the Bishop had written the inscription for the spot where Archbishop Sharp died. And, on the fly-leaf, in the familiar calligraphy, *Viro Reverendo Andr. K. H. Boyd, S. T. P. hoc quantulumcunque bonæ voluntatis pignus Interpres dedit in fest. Nat. Dom. 1880.* One does not presume to criticise one of the chiefest scholars of his day. Only it may be confessed that to some it appeared as though the dancing Horatian verse hardly beseeemed the solemn subjects treated. But I fancy Bishop Wordsworth would not have condescended to imitate the rhymed Latin verses of mediæval days. He was extremely particular in such things. When a Scotch Bishop of Irish Presbyterian up-bringing began to sign his name in a new fashion, all his own, some here remember how Bishop Wordsworth said, 'I don't mind about his presumption: you must settle about that: but the signature is dog-Latin.'

The birthday was August 22. I never forgot it while he lived: saw him if here, wrote to him if elsewhere. The last he saw here was Monday, August 22, 1892. He was eighty-six. His look, and his little ways, come back vividly: the beautiful refined face: the stately presence. He was six feet four inches in his prime. There is not a man on the English Bench who looks every inch the Prince of the Church more fully than did Bishop Wordsworth. I see him walk into this room with a hearty salutation: bent a good deal towards the end, and with the great hat

on his head till he sat him down. I see him playing tennis with Dr. MacGregor: flying about like a boy, though close on fourscore: and hopelessly smashing the presbyter. I see him examining the pulpit of the parish church the day before he preached from it: complaining of the narrow door, but saying 'I will steer in.' Fear had been expressed as to tearing the lawn. One present, a Wordsworthian, said 'Down to the vale this water steers.' He always met with an approving smile any quotation of his uncle's words. I see him sitting at the dinner-table, suave and cheerful: always the velvet cap in the latter years. I see him lying on the sofa in his library towards the end: often in great pain: but seeming to forget it as he roused himself to lively talk: sometimes, with fatherly affection, holding one's hand for a while. I hear him say, of one he had met here: 'I was interested in your friend: a respectable dull man.' I see one who was in a few days to be Moderator of the Kirk (it was not myself), going down on his knees and asking the Bishop's blessing. A tried man, yet hopeful and cheerful: his faith in God was very real and strong. Vividly I recall his miscalculation of the profits yielded by the humble writer's many volumes: he had thought thousands where hundreds were all: and very good too. He did not wholly like Liddon: though he acknowledged the great preacher's power. His usual remark was that he wondered such solid preaching was so popular. One of our most distinguished Professors, on the other hand, thought Liddon extremely tiresome: declaring of a sermon on *Eternity* which he heard at Oxford, that he

believed Liddon wanted to give people an idea how long eternity would be. Then the saintly Liddon did not like the Bishop ; any more than he liked Archbishop Tait. I never forget how Liddon implied the lowest point to which humanity can sink. 'I don't regard the Archbishop as a clergyman at all, but just as a Scotch lawyer.' On a recent occasion, I deemed it fit to convey this humbling fact to a specially brilliant and renowned Chief-Justice. But the great Judge, far from being humbled in the earth, smiled benignantly ; and spoke of the unreasonable prejudices of the best of men. More than once, Liddon said, with apparent seriousness, that it was doubtful whether Wordsworth was a Bishop at all. The reason was, that (under very pressing circumstances, of which the Bishop often spoke to me quite frankly) he was elected to the office by his own vote. It was suggested that even supposing this to be uncanonical, surely consecration, conveyed with assured validity, made everything right. But Liddon shook a doubtful head. No human being, who knew Bishop Wordsworth even a little, could for one moment have regarded him as a self-seeker. But for an adherence to principle which to many appeared Quixotic, he might have been anywhere. Vividly it comes to me how one day when I was sitting with the inestimable Dean Church of St. Paul's (who put away from himself the very highest place, for which none but himself could have called him unfit), the Dean said, 'When I was a young man, if you had asked any well-informed person who was the coming man of the Church of England, the answer would have been Charles

Wordsworth.' Nephew of the Poet: Son of the Master of Trinity who would have been a Bishop too but for testifying against wrong-doing in a Prime Minister (there were no half-penny papers then, or that Prime Minister would have been kicked out with speed): Brother of the great Senior Classic who was Bishop of Lincoln: Uncle of the Bishop of Sarum who could be half-a-dozen Professors: Tutor and friend of the Double First who was to be Prime Minister as often and as long as he pleased: it was not a poor Scotch Bishopric with the legal status of a Nonconformist that was the place for him! But he 'played his cards very badly': how often one has heard the words said! But then Charles Wordsworth was absolutely incapable of that which is called playing one's cards at all. He had no arts at all. He knew nothing but to do right: what he was perfectly sure was right. What was to come of it was the concern of the Great Disposer. You might think Bishop Wordsworth impracticable if you would: you could not but reverence him. If there was an honest man on God's earth, there he stood. Pope did not write 'An honest man's the noblest work of God.' But he might have done it.

It should have been said, recording the Bishop's criticisms of the *Christian Year*, that at the end of the much-worn volume there is given a short list of *Insufferable Rhymes*: seven in all. The list indicates a severe taste. One cannot defend *God* and *awed*: nor *unheard* and *spared*. *Homes* and *Tombs* may be regarded as a permissible half-rhyme: like *good* and *blood* in one of Tenny-

son's most famous verses. But *lines* and *signs*, and even *priest* and *ceased*, seem to me (a phrase frequent on the saintly man's lips) to 'leave nothing to be desired.' No rhyme of Keble's is anything nearly so *insufferable* as the Cockney *dawn* and *morn* which stood at first in the *May-Queen*, and which is somewhat awkwardly evaded still. Here it may be recorded that Wordsworth welcomed the first appearing of the great poet. Writing to his brother Christopher on September 4, 1829, he says:

'What do you think of Tennyson's Prize Poem (Timbuctoo)? If such an exercise had been sent up at Oxford the author would have had a better chance of being rusticated—with the view of his passing a few months in a Lunatic Asylum—than of obtaining the prize. It is certainly a wonderful production; and, if it had come out with Lord Byron's name, it would have been thought as fine as anything he ever wrote.'

The pronunciation of the Name of the Almighty is a great difficulty to many in this country. I have heard the word said, many times, in a manner which was indeed 'insufferable.' One occasion comes back. I was present at a school-examination, where a little boy was reading a Bible lesson. In a high sing-song he read 'And the Loard Goad' said or did something. But an examiner broke in, 'My little man, you must never say *Loard Goad*. Always say *Lurrd Gudd*.'

It would not have been well to intervene upon the spot. But it appeared to me as quite certain that if you must choose between the two renderings, the small boy's was

the preferable. There was reverence. But the other, snapped out with extreme rapidity, in the manner which musicians call *staccato*, was abhorrent in a high degree.

I have written much of Bishop Wordsworth elsewhere,<sup>1</sup> and am not to repeat what has already been said. I can remember nothing but good of him: and I held him in such reverence and affection that I was not likely to say anything but good of him. I record, gladly, that he was quite pleased with everything that was said of himself. It may be recorded here, as a singular fact, that his disapproval of the Church of Rome was intense: quite transcending the sympathy of ordinary members of the Reformed Church here. Everybody knows that it is so likewise with his brother, the great Bishop of Lincoln. This appeared very strange. No vulgar anti-popery lecturer could be keener against the Ancient Church: which good old Dr. Muir of Edinburgh often called, speaking to me, 'That mystery of Iniquity!' Of course, Bishop Wordsworth's nature was so sweet, and he was so really a holy man, that he could not have said anything malignant or unfair. Anything vulgar could not have come from his lips: never was more high-bred gentleman. Yet one recalls instances of the unbending line he took. He would not meet a Roman priest. Several such are among the most welcome who ever enter this house. And in all pleasant parochial gatherings of a social character, no man meets a heartier reception than the cultured and genial

<sup>1</sup> *Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews: passim.*

Oxonian who ministers to those in this city who hold the ancient way. Our Lord Rector, the Marquis of Bute, is a Roman Catholic. The Captain of the Royal and Ancient Club is the same. No mortal objected. Several years ago, I met, not for the first or second time, the stately Prince of the Church who bears the (illegal) title of Archbishop of Glasgow. It was under the hospitable roof of Dr. Burns, who *de facto* possesses the ancient and beautiful Cathedral of St. Kentigern, that I met the Prelate who doubtless holds that the Cathedral is his *de jure*. Never did men, set in visible contrariety, get on so pleasantly. The grand old Archbishop, a truly-magnificent presence, told me he had never seen St. Andrews: and asked me if I would put him up if he paid it a visit. More than delighted: it need not be said. It was found the Prelate could only come in the morning and go in the evening. Straightway on returning home, I went to the Bishop: said what interesting guest was coming: and asked him to come and lunch with him. Tulloch, it need not be said, was charmed to come. But the dear Bishop was unbending. 'I won't meet him,' was the downright reply. I expostulated: pointed out that Archbishop Eyre was one of the best of men, held in high honour all over Protestant Glasgow. It was vain. It would be an extraordinary experience for me, I urged, unworthily representing the National Church by law Established, to walk along South Street to the Cathedral with the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Glasgow on one hand, and the Scotch Episcopal Bishop of St. Andrews on the other. 'I know you would

like it,' was the severe reply. 'But I won't do it.' As things turned out, the Archbishop could not come. His visit remains a thing in the future. But I saw how unbending Bishop Wordsworth could be, when he thought principle involved. Mr. Gladstone had found that out, many a year before.

The Bishop was impatient even of light speech on such matters. I once related to him how an extremely illiterate anti-papery lecturer called upon me, to speak of getting up lectures here. My reply was that I had read, in the papers, reports of various lectures against Rome which had been given over the country by the little Organisation which he represented: that I feared the lecturers were indeed Jesuits, highly-paid by the Pope to go about making Protestantism ridiculous: and that I could not possibly countenance them. On this the lecturer departed. But the Bishop thought that jocular treatment of the subject was inadmissible: and that all attacks on Rome ought to be encouraged. I am obliged to confess that I know of no attacks on Rome which are less likely to affect myself, and many more, than those which the admirable Brother of Lincoln has managed to introduce into his Commentaries on Holy Scripture. But the one thing lacking in the fine Wordsworth nature, from the great poet onward, was the sense of humour. Yet it was not wholly lacking either. Looking back, I cannot remember a solitary characteristic of the Bishop which I could wish other than it was. I remember no fault in him at all. And in his Autobiography, he quotes, with entire

good nature and enjoyment, the profane parody of a verse which is classic : if classic verse there be :

There lived, beside the untrodden ways  
To Rydal mere which lead,  
A bard whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to read.

That first volume, *Annals of My Early Life*, 1806-1846, came straight from the Publishers, with only an engraved inscription. But a letter speedily followed : the Bishop was at Rydal at the time, as he was twice in the very latest years. 'You got my first volume, *sent from the author*. Please to add in yours, *With kindest regards*.' I cut out the words : and they form part of the book now. The volume, of 420 pages, was written by the Bishop in just two months. No doubt there is a good deal copied in it : prize compositions and the like. But it was wonderful work for the man of nearly eighty-four. And it cheered the present writer to attempt work long shrunk from. In October 1889, I had bought *Personal and Family Glimpses of Remarkable People*, by the son of the great Archbishop Whately of Dublin : and on Halloween the record stands, 'It suggested a volume, *Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews*, 1865-1890.' An encouraging reply came from Mr. C. J. Longman. But an overdriven man had not courage to begin a task which would never be finished. On Tuesday, October 21, 1890, the history of the time says, 'Out 1.40, and visiting hard all afternoon, ending with Bp. He has written Vol. I. of his Auto-biography in two months. Cheer for me. I may manage

my Twenty-five Years yet.' In fact, the first volume was not begun till September 3, 1891. And by hard work it was finished on November 3: Bishop Wordsworth's time exactly. I had to write in hours snatched from continual duty. And but for the kindest encouragement coming from the dear friend at Farnham, to whom the book was dedicated, it could never have been written at all. I never had dedicated a book before. And this was my twenty-eighth volume. It seemed fit now. And it enabled a reviewer in a Scotch dissenting publication to suggest that I desired to advertise the fact that I had a friend who was a Bishop. The idea had not indeed entered my mind. But I felt that such a dedication was liable to that objection. My second volume was begun on March 8, 1892, and finished on May 25. The last pages were written in the University Club at Edinburgh, after returning from the little Conclave which nominated Dr. Marshall Lang for Moderator. Awful blasts of drenching rain battered the window of my little room; and it was pitchy dark. Such a book is written as with one's hands tied. At every step one is tempted to say a little more than ought to be said. If one wrote recklessly, widely read indeed would such a book be. You can say only a quarter of what you know. Yet now, looking back coolly, I see sentences which I should leave out. It would be stupid affectation not to say that the volumes met a quite-wonderful favour; both from the critics, and from very many unknown friends. One anonymous correspondent did indeed condemn me with much asperity. But the closing lines of his letter

shook my faith in his judgment. 'Another overrated author, misnamed a poet, has just passed away, and we hope that his works will follow him to oblivion. We refer to the late laureate, Tennyson.'

It was a pathetic incident that such a man as Bishop Wordsworth, having passed fourscore, had to leave the beautiful Bishopshall, with its pleasant garden. Quite frankly, he said he could not afford to keep that large and handsome dwelling, which had been built for a College Hall. *Inveni portum*, he had written concerning it, making sure that there he was to live and die. And he told me, with pride, that there is not an English cathedral city where the palace is so outstanding in the view from a distance, as his house was in the finest view of St. Andrews, from the road that makes southward towards Anstruther. Such a man ought not to have known what it is to be pinched, in these last honoured days. Yet no one ever heard a murmur from him. He found a pretty house on the Scores, looking on the Bay; and called it Kilrymont. The thing he regretted most was that he could no longer find space for the half which had come to him of the grand library of the old Master of Trinity. Here, as I remember at Perth, long ago, he had his great store of beautifully-written sermons in a large iron box. 'If the house took fire,' he said, 'this would be thrown out of the window.' And it was looking at that mass of manuscript that I hear him say, as if to himself, 'Yes, there will be a good deal of trouble when I die.' It may here be said that he was nervous in preaching, though he did not look

it. He appeared perfectly self-possessed. The voice was beautiful. The manner was perfect. Very simple and earnest: but extremely dignified.

I cannot but say, that he felt when Bishop Eden died, and he did not succeed as Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church. I said to him that he had done so much, that at fourscore he deserved rest. Of course, he was beyond all comparison the most eminent man among the Scottish Bishops. No, he said: that was not the meaning of it. And he added, repeatedly, that his friendly relations with the Church of Scotland displeased some. Notably, the terms of close friendship with Tulloch, Milligan, and myself. I cannot believe it. None of us ever pretended to be Presbyterian save as accepting, conscientiously, the Church government which the Scottish nation, or a large part of it, chose to have. We were National Churchmen: and could with entire good faith have been so though the National Church had been Episcopal. And we saw the evils of Presbytery, because we lived under it: even as Liddon, living under Episcopal government, saw the evils of Episcopacy. I never forget the great preacher's solemn words: 'I tell you, I dare not plead for Episcopacy on grounds of expediency. I see many evils in the working of the system. But I suppose God knows how His Church is to be governed.' We believed that Presbytery is 'founded on the Word of God, and agreeable thereto.' But we did not believe that any form of Church government is so exclusively right, as to make all others vitally wrong.

Many are the books which the good Bishop gave me:

almost all bearing a graceful and kind inscription in Latin. The most costly bears an English inscription: 'With kindest regards and best wishes, from One of the Revisers.' It is the magnificent edition of the Revised Version of the Bible in five great octavo volumes, tall and broad-margined, full-bound in stately but simple purple morocco. A grand book, and a gift much-prized. The Bishop was one of the company which revised the New Testament: but his keen ear for the music of English prose made him keenly disapprove the lamentable degradation of the incomparable (so-called) Authorised Version. I think he withdrew, when he saw what the upshot was to be. Not less severe was his taste in the matter of public prayer. Once he said to me, 'I think you know Professor Knox, of Timbuctoo. I can't understand him. He tells me he is an immense admirer of our Collects. But he has just given me a volume of prayers of his own composition; and it is impossible even to imagine anything less like the Collects.' The fine face expressed perplexity, only. Had certain valued friends of mine made the same remark, I should have regarded it as a smart rap over the knuckles administered to the ritualistic nonconformist.

The Bishop fought bravely against time. Notably, he preached on an important occasion in St. Giles' Cathedral at Edinburgh, when it had appeared impossible. But he gradually 'dwined.' He would lie on the sofa in his library, and make one sit close to him that he might hear. He was often in severe pain. But there never was the

slightest failure in mind : and he brightened-up and talked with astonishing liveliness. About the middle of October 1892, he discussed my second St. Andrews volume, just published, in the brightest way : but he said he felt he would not see the second volume of his Autobiography published. In the latter days, I saw him but for a minute at a time : but always received the solemn blessing. It was going down hill now. Monday, December 5, was a day of intense frost : the snow lay deep everywhere. I had to make a hurried journey to Edinburgh, but was back soon after four o'clock, a magnificent red sun glinting on the snow. I went straight to ask for the Bishop : but the good and dear man was dying. I saw two of his daughters : very quiet. He passed at 8.30 in the evening.

Next day I went to make enquiries, but found a message to come in. Two sons had come : and I stayed long with them and a daughter. Then to the library, and saw the grand old man at rest, on a little bed where I had last seen him. One bit of Latin verse, long before, had been dated *In lectulo ante lucem*. His eldest daughter was kneeling beside him. Never did death look less death-like. There was perfect peace on the calm unchanged face : not a trace of pain. And there was no laying-out in the robes. I took the hand and held it, as used to be. It was the first time it did not hold mine kindly.

The funeral was on Friday, December 9. There was bright sunshine, with intense frost, and the streets were ice. The Episcopal church was quite full, and the service was reverently conducted by three Scottish Bishops : one

the Primus, and his brethren of Edinburgh and Glasgow. It was bitterly cold in the Cathedral churchyard, as the mortal part of Bishop Wordsworth was laid to rest. The choir sang 'O God, our help in ages past,' but it lacked the organ, and the music sounded thin and shrill in the keen air. More than once or twice I had stood with the Bishop at the spot which was waiting for him. He tried to get me to buy the space next his. But having a little place at Edinburgh, I put off till the space had been acquired by another.

Sunday, December 11, was the Third in Advent. It was not for me to preach the 'funeral sermon.' But I had said a word at my Wednesday service at St. Mary's: and a word had to be said at the parish church this morning. The Bishop's brother-in-law, Mr. Barter, was seated close to the pulpit. The service was 'very Advent,' and so was the sermon. The text was Rom. viii. 19: 'For the earnest expectation of the Creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.' And these were the last words spoken from it:

'I know not any place where that waiting look, that look of earnest expectation, seems to me oftentimes so apparent, as in that solemn churchyard where on these last two days we laid to rest one who bore a name of renown, one forty years a ruler in the Church of God: and yet another who filled a far less conspicuous place, but who was a good soldier and an earnest volunteer. The winter sun blazed through the windows, as they bore the Bishop out of the church where he often ministered, and shone on the

snowy ground as they lowered the mortal part of that benignant patriarch to the long rest with the words of immortal hope. But yesterday, when we bore to his grave the brother who had seen little more than half the Bishop's years, with music in our ears which comes straight to Scottish hearts, it was the dreariest December weather: yet the waiting look was there. Not far away, Samuel Rutherford sleeps: but the spirit made perfect knows better than of old that "glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land." And very near, another: whose name goes even more certainly with the remembrance of gray St. Andrews than even the name of Wordsworth: now in God's light seeing light as none can see it here. For a thousand years that sacred ground has waited the coming of the living: waited the resurrection of the dead. I knew the spot, he had shown it to me, where the Bishop was to rest: very quietly and calmly the saintly man looked on to the great change. Another characteristic figure has gone from these streets: a stately yet humble-minded churchman, who looked every inch far more than in God's Providence (which permits man's intervention) he was ever allowed in outward rank to be. He lived a blameless life: he worked continually towards an unselfish end. Not one controversial word shall be said to-day. But surely his record was a long expectation of what as yet has not come: what he believed the fulfilment of Christ's prayer. And I think all good men will acknowledge that he pressed upon us a truth which in Scotland has been too little regarded: the evil of needless division between people bearing the

Christian name. With what pure devotion to what he deemed the right he took his line through life, many know. And the graceful sympathy, the fatherly benignity, of the noble old man, some will never forget. When I beheld him in the last sleep: saw the look of perfect peace: and took the cold hand for the last time: I felt that I never have known a truer or better man. And I never look to do so.'

Two things may be explained to the reader which needed no explanation in St. Andrews. On the base of the great granite cross above Principal Tulloch's grave, the text is engraved, 'In Thy light we shall see light.' And it has long been told that the last words of Samuel Rutherford, Principal of St. Mary's College in the University, who died March 20, 1661, aged no more than sixty, were, 'Glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.' But though the unforgettable words were spoken, it appears doubtful whether they were the famous Rutherford's very last. Like St. Columba, he was a saint, but a saint with a temper. And there is some reason to believe that the final words were in reply to a citation to appear before parliament on a charge of high treason, which was served upon the dying man. 'Tell the King that before that day I shall be where very few kings or privy-councillors ever come.' The words may possibly set forth a truth. But they could hardly be made the refrain of a beautiful sacred poem: certain selected verses of which, flavoured strongly with the imagery of the Canticles, now form a most popular hymn. Everybody knows Mrs. Cousin's touching poetry: which came to her one evening as a sudden inspiration.

It is interesting to remember that I was once told that 'The sands of time are sinking' was written by Samuel Rutherford himself: and that it was found lying on his table after his sudden death. The good lady who wrote the poem still survives. It was first published in an Edinburgh periodical called the *The Christian Treasury*, in 1857. And it consisted of nineteen verses of eight lines each. Even so, the very striking verses, called *Aquinas' Prayer for the Devil*, were by many believed to be at least a translation of words of that Saint. They were in fact written by Mr. Call: as we used to say of Glasgow prize-essays, his 'unaided composition.' Long ago, he wrote to ask me if I knew where in the writings of Thomas Aquinas anything like them could be found.

This crisp September afternoon, after reading the burial service over a much-missed man of thirty-three (he heard me preach last Sunday afternoon and this is but Thursday), I went to Bishop Wordsworth's grave with my ever kind and helpful friend and colleague, Dr. Anderson. He read to me, and I wrote down, the words engraven on the stone which comprise the life-work of the Bishop in Scotland.

'Remembering the prayer of his Divine Lord and Master for the Unity of His Church on earth, he prayed continually and laboured earnestly that a way be found for the Re-Union of the Episcopalian and Presbyterian Bodies, without the sacrifice of Catholic principle or scriptural truth.'

These words are truth: if truth was ever written above a grave.

Principal Cunningham, bright, brave, lovable, worthy occupant of the Chair of Tulloch and Samuel Rutherford, departed a man ten years younger than the Bishop. It was pathetic that when Tulloch died, having been Principal of St. Mary's College for thirty years, the man who stepped alertly into the vacant place was Tulloch's senior by several years. For forty years Cunningham had been minister of the beautiful parish of Crieff, in Perthshire. And singularly, within these few days, Mr. Paterson, who succeeded Cunningham at Crieff, as brilliant a student and bright a man as has for long held a Scottish parish, has been elected Professor of Divinity at Aberdeen in succession to the brilliant student who has succeeded Cunningham here. That Aberdeen Chair (a thing without parallel) is decided by competitive examination. The candidates were eight : and every one of them would have made an admirable Professor. But Paterson, youngest of them all, stood first in every subject. He is a singularly attractive personality ; and a brief though near acquaintance sufficed to make one feel a warm regard for him. One dares not to prophesy : but I have the clearest anticipation of what, if God spare him, is sure to be. But one reflects, too, with sorrow, thinking of the eminent scholars who were unsuccessful, how little encouragement there is in the Kirk for any hard-working parish minister to keep up his scholarship. There have been days in which those who appointed to certain Scotch Chairs would have laughed in your face if you had been weak enough to fancy that the purpose of selecting the best man had ever entered their heads. Dr. Lindsay

Alexander told me that he accompanied Morell, when a candidate for a Moral Philosophy Chair, in his canvass of certain small shopkeepers who were among the electors to it. A little grocer listened to Morell's statement of his qualifications: and then put the really-testing question, 'Are ee a jined member o' oany Boaddy?'

The appointments made by Secretaries of State and Lord-Advocates have not unfrequently been quite as scandalous. It would be extremely pleasant (and remarkably easy) to point out instances. But it is conceivable that it might give offence. Only it may be said that herein one political party is precisely as good as another.

When a man keeps wonderfully youthful and alert to an advanced age, he breaks down (sometimes) of a sudden. I never took in that Principal Cunningham had grown old till on Wednesday, May 24, 1893, I walked with him from the University Club at Edinburgh, where we were abiding, to the Conclave about which there used to be a preposterous reticence. No doubt the days have been when the little College needed it all, to maintain anything like respectability. The dear Principal was alarmingly feeble. Then he ran down fast. Early in July, when I was taking the church at Strathpeffer for a month, the word came that the end was near. But I came back at the beginning of August, and saw him repeatedly: weak in body but clear in mind. Returning from country visiting work (I have plenty here and remain a country parson) on the evening of Wednesday, August 30, I found a note from his daughter that her father was getting low. I went

over at once and saw him. The record of the time says, 'Very low. Knew me. No pain. Just like himself. In the room where I saw Tulloch very ill, over the archway. His wife with him, a gentle devoted woman: his two daughters and niece. God help him through this last trial. A kind, amiable, clever man.' The next morning he was weaker, and did not know me. 'Busy day. At 4 again saw poor Principal Cunningham. Doctor says sinking. Knew me "perfectly," he said. I prayed with him. He took my hand quite firmly, and said "God bless you." Looking very nice, but very weak.' Yet he got through the night, and passed away on the morning of Friday, September 1, 1893. I saw them all, immediately. It was fixed he was to be laid here. And in the afternoon I went with his son to the Cathedral, he to settle the place for his father's grave. We found a beautiful spot. And going to the proper authority, we found that the good Principal had chosen, himself, the very place. One felt, then, how desirable it is that the resting-place be ready: also how vain it is to carry the mortal part to a great distance. Many had thought of beautiful Crieff. That day, 'His son took me in to see the dear Principal, at rest. He looked extremely nice. Far younger than in life. Calm and peaceful.'

The funeral was on Wednesday, September 6. In a startling way, it recalled that of Tulloch. Dr. Gloag of Galashiels, Dr. Rankin of Muthill, old friends, came early to this house; and William Tulloch. The service in the parish church was all as before. The coffin was placed as

then. There was a large congregation: the Magistrates were there: Lord Bute, the Lord Rector, in his robes: and some Professors and students. But it was the Long Vacation, and most of them were far away. I read the opening sentences. Psalm 90 was touchingly chanted. My colleague was absent of necessity. But Dr. Rodger of St. Leonard's read Job xiv., and Dr. Gloag the parts we read of 1 Cor. xv. Then I prayed: the record says 'extempore, and not very well, but heartily.' Then 'When our heads' was finely sung. Then the blessing: and the procession along South Street, as before. The day was overcast: but the trees were green. I met the coffin at the west door of the Cathedral, and went along the Nave: all the service as we have it here. There is but one burial-service for the English-speaking world. Principal Caird had come from Glasgow. He looked wonderfully young. But the jet-black hair was white. Dr. Rankin and I walked a long way out the west beach, talking (with many pauses) of the life and work which were done. When he went, I read the record of Tulloch's funeral. The old time came over one.

For the sake of young ministers of the Kirk, I will run the risk of being charged with conceit. The record of the time says, 'I had thought my prayer very poor. But several papers said "singularly impressive and touching." One, indeed, in a paragraph plainly written by a well-educated man, "Nothing could have been more appropriate and beautiful than the prayer with which (somebody) led the devotions of the congregation, so manly in

sentiment, so elegant in diction, and so sympathetic and impressive in tone." More is added, which I really must not take in. I did not mind so much about the papers, because they are always so extremely kind that they say one did what one ought to have done. But, curious, quite a number of letters came: which brought tears. Somebody, who ought to have known better, said *Better (sic)* than the magnificent service read at the grave. All this shows how something made on the instant for the instant and given with real feeling gets home to people.' Let it be added, that as we sometimes do fairly well when we thought we had done very ill, so we sometimes may have done very badly indeed when we thought we were getting on at our best.

The funeral sermon was on Sunday, September 10, at the parish church. I was asked to preach it: never having done such a duty before. It was a touching occasion to some. There was a great congregation, filling the large church. Good Mrs. Cunningham and her children were there: very quiet. She had selected the hymns: her husband's favourites. The music was very hearty and good. The Psalms were 90 and 91. The *Te Deum* by Dr. Dykes. The hymns were Bishop Heber's 'Jesus, hear and save'; 'Be still, my soul'; 'When our heads'; and, of course, as when Tulloch went, the hymn founded on the words of the great predecessor two centuries before. I give what was said about Principal Cunningham: because it really sums up what I should wish the readers of this page to know of a very remarkable man, who got his

due at the last, but did not get his due for many a laborious year. This is how that morning's sermon closed :

'It is in any season of loss and sorrow that the family character of St. Andrews comes out. We are a family ; in the main a kindly and united family ; and there are little family differences now and then. But in real great trouble surely there is no place where there is greater warmth of heart, nor deeper feeling, than in this sacred city by the Northern Sea. We can remember nothing but good of the brother who is called to go before us. But, thinking of him whom we laid to his rest last Wednesday, I know nothing but good to be remembered.

'He came to us late. It will not be seven years till the chill November comes since, in that quaint old library hall, he gave his bright opening lecture ; as epigrammatic and sparkling a discourse as I ever heard from any. But he put his heart into his duty, and gave it to this city ; and to-day we are mourning not only a dear but an old friend. Through these seven years I have seen him continually, and though in the main agreeing with him, there were matters on which we had to agree to differ. But there never was ruffle nor jar. No kinder-hearted, no sweeter-natured man has been here. If a keen controversialist in earlier days, there never was a trace of rancour or bitterness. And the bright, alert, keen intellect, the ready incisive speech, the clear prevision whereto the times are going, made him one of the most remarkable men of his day in this Church and country.

'The name of Mr. Cunningham, of Crieff, was outstand-

ing when I was a lad in the Church ; we all knew it well. We always wondered how a preacher so immeasurably above the ordinary line was not called to a more conspicuous place ; though in that beautiful region, and in the beautiful church he mainly built, he was as happy as anywhere. None can be more useful, none can be happier, than the country parson who is content to abide in Arcady. But it was not a parochial charge which was his niche. While still a young man, he had written his *Church History of Scotland*, an elaborate work in two large volumes, and quite the brightest and most interesting Church history I ever read. Of course, he ought to have been placed in a Church History Chair. No man in Scotland had shown himself a tenth part as fit. But Cunningham was on the wrong side of politics, and time after time men were promoted over his head whom it would have been cruelty to compare with him. It is quite understood that these appointments are political—once they used, indeed, to be family—and one party is exactly as good as another in this respect. Cunningham, to his great honour, remained quite unsoured by ill-usage which was a scandal ; and was acknowledged to be such by all who knew the facts. A pusher is always contemptible ; never so contemptible as in the Church. But the pusher and self-seeker sometimes makes his way.

‘ Everything came at last to one who deserved it all : the Croall Lecture, the Moderator’s Chair, and the seat Tulloch had left : and Dr. Cunningham (he had not to tout for his Doctor’s degree) was quite young enough

to enjoy things. He set himself to his new work with keen relish, the very youngest man of his years. In this pulpit, in the Presbytery, in his Chair, giving the effervescent opening lecture of each session, he was a man among a thousand. And never was eminent man more devoid of pretence. Like his great predecessor, he was a most lovable man. Bright, keen, vivacious, always ready, fully equipped, but never rancorous, absolutely incapable of anything malignant or malicious: that was Principal Cunningham. And we shall see the alert form and face on the pavement, on the green turf never more.

‘His time here was too short. It pleased God that he should be called while we looked for years of usefulness and honour. He had a quiet weaning from this life. I never will forget the worn, kind, patient face that looked at me the last evening here. “Do you know me, dear Principal?” “Perfectly.” Then, “No pain.” Last, the warm grasp of the failing hand whose work was done; and it had done hard work; and the quiet “God bless you” with which we parted. You would think little of me if I could forget these things. I saw him once again, at rest. A far younger face than any of you ever saw. Smooth, unlined, with the look of perfect peace. God send each of us as painless a departure.

‘I think those to whom he was dearest must have felt in their hearts the honour and affection shown him on that burial day, when he was carried into this church, his mortal part; and the congregation of rich and poor joined in worship where he was wont to worship; then borne

along that ancient street under the limes growing russet, and laid to rest with the sublime words of Christian hope.

‘It is the way of our Kirk and country to forget (and, if possible, to ignore) a man’s University eminence. Had it been in England, one half of Principal Cunningham’s College distinction would have effectually made his worldly fortune. Most of our congregations do not know whether their ministers were brilliant students or not.

‘It was a remarkable gathering that came to that funeral—more remarkable than many knew. The priest of the ancient Church out of which we all came, and one of its dignified prelates, were with us under that roof; also our Lord Rector, a working Lord Rector, a devout member of that communion. Some remembered how the stately old Bishop Wordsworth was with us last time. In another country that grave procession would have had more of outward state. Here the most outstanding man left in this Kirk, the greatest preacher of this half-century, walked modestly and undistinguished in the crowd to see the last (in this world) of his old friend.

‘A new association has been added to that grand churchyard which has so many. Where Rutherford and Hallyburton sleep; Principal Hill and Principal Tulloch, Robert Chambers and Adam Ferguson, John Park and John Robertson; we left John Cunningham till the resurrection day. We who abide in St. Andrews always remember how our own poet, Andrew Lang, passes from the burying-place, far away, where is the grave which

"has been wept above, with more than mortal tears," to ours above the ocean-cave of St. Rule.

Grey sky, brown waters, as a bird that flies  
My heart flits forth from these,  
Back to the winter rose of northern skies,  
Back to the northern seas.

And lo, the long waves of the ocean beat,  
Below the minster grey,  
Caverns and chapels worn of saintly feet,  
And knees of them that pray.'

The last time the Principal heard the writer preach, was on Whitsun-Day, May 21, 1893. The text was 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem.' So, we humbly trust, he has found it. 'Jerusalem which is above is the Mother of us all': and will comfort all Her children as no mother ever did here. We do not, now, pitch our hopes so high as did Samuel Rutherford. Peace and consolation 'dwell in Immanuel's land.' Which will do.

## CHAPTER III

## INCIDENT, ECCLESIASTICAL AND PAROCHIAL

ON Saturday, June 16, 1894, a bright sunshiny afternoon, a meeting was held in the great hall of Farnham Castle in Surrey: which has been the dwelling of the Bishops of Winchester for seven hundred years. It was the annual meeting of the Surrey Clergy Relief Society: the name suggests what is very sad to think of. For the greatest of National Churches, with its great prizes, has likewise depths which far exceed any in the poor Kirk of Scotland. Add all benefices together, beginning with Lambeth: then strike an average: and our average north of the Tweed, where there is scarce a stipend of a thousand a year, is decidedly the higher. With us, too, in rural regions long ago, there prevailed the belief, both among rich and poor, that the clergy ought to have their noses kept very tight to the grindstone: that (in the words of a stupid old Scotch Judge) 'a puir Church would be a pure Church.' A very rich old lady, whose brothers were enormously rich, once said to me, as laying down an axiom, that 'no minister would do his duty if he had a thousand a year.' The statement was made to me (I was a lad) with intention of impertinence: for the old woman was well aware that my

Father, as faithful a parish clergyman as ever lived, would in the latter years have been held a well-to-do man even in the Anglican Church : and I knew the handsome pair of horses which conveyed him about were an offence to some. ‘I like Mr. Stiggins: he’s so humble’: a lady of position once said to me, very significantly. ‘Thank you,’ was my reply: ‘I know exactly what you mean.’ She answered, ‘No: I don’t mean that at all.’ But my rejoinder was, ‘Yes, you do.’ There the conversation ended. Though elliptical in expression, it was perfectly intelligible: to any one who understands the ways of Scotland. It was a laird, of long descent, who said to one who was a minister and a minister’s son, as though pleasantly expressing the normal relation, ‘Of course the lairds always laughed at the ministers.’ The lairds are now laughing in unhilarious fashion: and they do not meet much sympathy. But a good deal worse is coming to the ‘merciless robbers of Christ’s heritage’: as downright John Knox called those who plundered the Church at the Reformation. Should the Kirk ever be disendowed, sure as fate the next question will be the disendowment of certain others (very easily indicated): who for three centuries and more have grabbed the nation’s money, and done no work for it at all.

The Society which has been named was established for the relief of necessitous clergymen, and of their widows and children. The Bishop presided: who, with that house to keep up, and with the ceaseless calls upon him of the great office, would be (had he no more than the legal provision) as necessitous a clergyman as any. He spoke, in a

quiet but very touching way, of the trouble which had come to many homes through reduced incomes · and added that if in the course of time disestablishment came, he did not see how their present system of a married clergy could go on. Many, he knew, would shudder at the idea of anything like a monastic life for the clergy : but it might have to be. It was curious to me to hear such words. For, in April 1890, Dr. Liddon (drawing near the close : he went on September 9, 1890) wrote to me in nearly the same terms : while speaking very kindly of the service at the Centenary of the Glasgow Sons of the Clergy. He disapproved enforced celibacy, for divers strong reasons : but what if narrow means made it inevitable? Many touching facts were told : heart-breaking facts. I made a little speech, with much feeling : for though the two National Churches are in some respects very unlike, the like straits and anxieties are known in both. I thought, as often before, how our good Professor Baynes used to say that here is the tragedy of modern life. And times beyond number, thinking of the Manse, and the quiet, busy, careful life there : looking at the bright little people, boys and girls, racing about : one has thought that too much depended on a single life : it was the warm nest on the decaying bough. The meeting came to an end : and one was made to feel that the world is narrow. For a lady introduced herself as the grand-daughter of a minister of Urr : just the next parish to mine of old days in Galloway. And nearer still, another lady was the great grand-daughter of one who had preceded me there, and whose monument I

looked at each Sunday through those five years: a minister of unforgotten Kirkpatrick-Irongray itself.

Yet all that talk of the straits of the clergy wakened up a curious association: not quite consistent with serious reflections of which I did not speak that day. I thought not merely of powers abated and circumscribed: but of possible temptations. For the clergy are trusted, often, with the distribution of money. Not a word shall be said by me here, unless most seriously. Yet it came back how I once had concluded that the impecunious have one privilege: not wholly fanciful.

*Impecunious* means *poor*. Poor is a short word: the other a long. Poor is a Saxon word: the other a Latin. And I greatly prefer Saxon words to Latin: and short words to long. Why then *Impecunious*?

The Tay was flowing within sight and hearing; and it was a golden harvest-day. The humble writer of these lines was standing by a little cottage, his for that hour; when a very active and healthy tramp, of villainous expression, came up, a blot on the landscape (where only man was vile); and demanded money in an offensive and minacious tone. For the spot was lonely, and the policeman far away. The reply was, 'A strong young man like you should work for his bread. I will not give you anything: but I will see that you are provided with honest work for a week at least: the harvest needs it all.' He gazed on me with contempt, and said, 'You English parsons should be off to your own country.' I answered, 'You mistake, good man: I am not an English parson,

but a Scotch parish minister.' 'Oh,' said he, 'I have always understood that you are an Impecunious Lot': and then, casting upon me the peculiar look of an idle tramp who knows he is not to cheat anybody, he departed from view. Nature smiled again. And I have related the incident exactly as it happened. Hence Impecunious.

His word came back to me on another day, a wonderful October day, of changing leaves, of miraculous transparency and stillness of the environing atmosphere, walking toward amid the failing light. Then, leaning upon a wall, I discerned five little boys. I stopped, and had a talk with them ; leaning upon the wall too. They were all at school. They told me their names. I had christened four of them. I gave them some good advice, which they may possibly remember ; and finally, departing, bestowed upon each a modest sum, which made five little hearts glad. To-morrow, at school, some neighbouring boys will be disappointed : forasmuch as they had not chanced to be leaning on that wall at that moment too. But that is Election, and must needs be. Even so a man misses being made a Judge, a General, a Bishop. I came away.

Ah, there was something amiss. This will not do. There was not the glow of modest satisfaction, in having done a small act of kindness. For the money was not my own. A kind soul had given it to me, to pass on. And fully to enjoy the doing of any little kind deed, taking the form of giving :

- (1) You must give your own.
- (2) You must give what you will miss. Days have

been in which I could not have given that sum without a little thought, and possibly not then unless by doing without something I wished to have.

Only thus will you realise how pleasant it may be to give : pleasanter than to receive : though to receive is pleasant too. To some folk it rarely happens to receive anything they have not worked hard for.

Be glad, ye Impecunious ! You have a privilege, in your modest giving, which James Baird and Lady Burdett-Coutts could not know. They gave their own, indeed, these beneficent souls : both being so rich that they never missed what they gave. There could not be the sense of Sacrifice. They never (I suppose) had to do without anything, for that they had given their thousands of sterling pounds. A terrible sense of responsibility, doubtless, often pressed upon them both. Much had been given them : Freely they had received : we can all remember what ought to follow. But you whom I have known, who had to make an effort, to resign something, to pinch yourselves, that you might do good, that you might relieve another's necessity, your heart glowed, and it will glow again, then and there. You never thought of any reward. Something constrained you : and I know well what it is that (unsuspected sometimes) constrains and has constrained to every good and gracious deed that ever was done by poor human being. But your reward came : and it was not fanciful : it was substantial and real. I have seen the tear on your check, which you did not want me or any other mortal to see : and I knew the swelling of your heart. Your soul was

happy, was lifted up, on that day. And your face shone with a heavenly light.

Yes: it is a fine thing, if the heart be right, that you be what the tramp said in Strathay.

It gives you a chance of something very pleasant: which will last for an hour or two. Which is something, in this world.

A very little sum of money is a very great thing to many immortal beings. I have seen it so times innumerable. It is specially pathetic when you see it so to people who are very old. I think my ways are only like those of my brethren of the Kirk. A rule is, Take off your hat to any one who is very old. Also to every one who uncovers his head to you. Also to every woman: unless where she would think you did not mean it seriously. And then a few kind words. I regret that I have known those who needed to be told, Never enter the poorest dwelling with your hat on your head. The present Speaker and I, long ago (he was merely Mr. Arthur Peel then), once went into various Highland cottages with a tremendously rich Member of Parliament: who kept his hat on his dignified head and his hands deep in his trousers pockets, and addressed us to the exclusion of the inhabitants. I liked it not. And he was an 'Advanced Liberal.' I was just the opposite in those days.

But this is a deviation. It was very touching, on the first mild day of March two years since, at a funeral in the Cathedral churchyard here, as I said the words committing earth to earth, to look down on the inscription on the

coffin lid. Very brief. *M. M., Agd 101 years.* For I knew what humble cares had filled the heart of the centenarian to the last. How eagerly anxious, a few days before, *Was she to get her coals?* The answer, I need not say, Every earthly thing I could give her. But, indeed, without being so old, one is made to feel that the past is gone: and however long it may have been, you have to address yourself to the real and pressing present. I have no doubt my aged sister had thought to herself, eighty years before, If I only get this, I shall never want anything more. I know an apprehensive person who, writing a book he feared he would never finish, put in writing the resolution that if he were but permitted to finish this, his work should be ended. But it proved not to be so.

Coming away, I met an aged man. He was much interested in the funeral of one so old: though with a quiet disregard of death. Would I give him something? A few in this place rarely meet me without such a question. I had exactly fivepence, which I handed over: saying I owe you two shillings and a penny next time we meet. How the wrinkled face brightened! Here was a little blink of comfort. He would have a warm fire and a warm cup of tea for that evening at least. Not the gratitude of man, only, has often left one mourning: but the gladness too.

There was a curious tendency in Scotland, of old, to attend funerals. Sir Walter's father attended all he could. And you had the trouble of getting into mourning often then: which is not here now. Yet when I first came here, I thought it strange to see an esteemed elder walking along

South Street in the grave procession in a light-coloured great-coat. Likewise to see the mourners, all save those who immediately followed the hearse, cheerfully talking. My mother told me it did not seem right that Mr. Disraeli should be diligently reading the newspaper while following (in his carriage) the funeral car that bore the great Duke. When I was a student, the minister who officiated at a burial always wore 'Weepers': white cambric round the wrists of his coat. The sewing-on and taking-off were a great trouble. In days happily gone, the inducement to some was the regulation glass of wine to all comers. That irreverence is happily gone by. But I have often seen, at a rustic funeral, where it could ill be afforded, a crowd of people receive (1) a supply of bread and cheese, with beer: (2) a round of biscuits with whisky: (3) a round of short-bread with wine. And the prayers, which (sad to say) were forbidden at a funeral service, were smuggled in under the pretext of 'asking a blessing' and 'returning thanks,' before and after that indecent refreshment. There can be no doubt that Dr. Liddon was right when he said to me that the only thing which enabled people to endure the awful ways of the unimproved Kirk, stripped bare by English Brownism, was that 'they never knew anything better.'

Even when I came to St. Andrews (in two days it will be twenty-nine years since) that terrible fashion of cake and wine remained. And it was not easy to put it down. We were Innovators: meddling with an old Scotch custom 'which had existed before we were born.' That last sug-

gestion was once held as a logical argument. While the fashion was dying out, I used to think that never man looked so contemptible as when taking a glass of wine at a funeral. For the mortal looked ashamed: yet his countenance conveyed a certain vulgar defiance of the 'ritualistic' parson by, surveying him with disapproving look. Any minister in those days who aimed, I say not at attaining decency in public worship, but at cutting off gross indecency, was 'a ritualist'; and was aiming at 'priestly domination.' He was 'a Prelatist': even 'a Papist.' Now that the battle is won, and that I have at St. Mary's every Sunday a vast deal more than Robert Lee was persecuted into his grave for, I wonder how men lived through that time of vulgar and stupid bigotry at all. Of recent Moderators, certainly Dr. Story, Dr. Marshall Lang, and I, would have been deposed (if they durst) by those who dominated the Kirk forty years ago. On the other hand, it may be confessed that we never laid ourselves out to conciliate those reverend individuals.

A good woman in this parish, with no inducement at all save the solemn beauty of the service, for years never failed to be in the churchyard at every funeral where she knew the service was to be read. Unhappily, it is not always read here, even yet. And there are men who introduce a discordant concoction of their own: which nothing would induce me to hear. Of course, we wear decorous robes. But I remember a man in a great-coat sticking his umbrella in the ground, hanging his hat thereon, and then proceeding to make a few observations.

It was a melancholy occasion. But some thought it very fine. Save as hooped together by Establishment, such do not belong to the same Church with me: and should that hoop break, they will go to their own place: which will be very far from mine. I saw that good old woman in the closing days, often. The last day came: she could barely speak. But when I entered, she whispered to a kind neighbour, *Tell him.* The kind neighbour said, 'She wishes you to promise that you will read the service over her, yourself.' Only one answer was possible. 'Yes: if it please God you go first, I will.' And I did: not without a tear.

She would not hear it, dear woman. But the anticipation pleased. And it touched deeply, on another day, when a good daughter wrote, making the same request: and saying she felt it would soothe her mother in the last sleep if the magnificent words of Christian hope were said over her.

These *parochialia* are serious, not to say sad. Cheerful things come too. There is a youth among our clergy who is specially dear to me. While a student, he read the Lessons for me regularly, and was much at home in this house. Immediately on receiving orders, he became my assistant for a while. His father, one of our most impressive pulpit orators, was taken in a moment: and with the impulsiveness of popular election, the youth was set in his father's place: holding at a very early age one of our chief charges and best livings: holding it worthily. A few Sundays since, he read the Lessons as of old, and read

them beautifully. But being on a holiday, and devoid of clerical array, he read 'as a layman': walking from a pew to the lectern when the time came. His aspect was distinctly military: the bright face moustached. A kind old gentleman, meeting him on the Links in the afternoon, introduced himself by saying how well he had read that morning: adding that in his judgment the young man had mistaken his profession. 'You should have gone into the Church,' he said. The answer, perfectly true, though somewhat misleading, was, 'Do you know, at one period in my life, I thought most seriously of going into the Church?' So they parted. And the kind old man knew not that he had addressed quite the luckiest man (in the sense of a rocket-like rise) who has entered the Kirk in the last fifty years. The story got into a newspaper published in the great town of Greenock, where my dear young friend is minister of the historic West Kirk (always so called). Thereupon a worthy parishioner declared that he was 'a Jesuit.' Surely the judgment was unduly severe. It is borne with entire good nature. If that youth lives, and is blest with health and strength, there can be no doubt what place he will take as a preacher.

Two Lord Rectors of the University have given their inaugural addresses since the time at which a certain local history closed: each, in his way, a very remarkable and outstanding man: each quite worthy to take his place in a most distinguished succession.

On Monday, April 6, 1891, in the great Recreation

Hall, Lord Dufferin was first seen of many to whom his name had long been familiar. I suppose no human being has ever been placed in so many difficult positions, and filled each without making a single mistake. I suppose if any mortal desired to point out the world's outstanding instance of brilliant faculty in combination with perfect temper, tact, and wisdom ; that truly illustrious marquis would be the very first thought of. As for charm of manner, St. Andrews will never forget that Lord Rector. The arrangement of the hall that afternoon was conspicuously stupid : decidedly worse than on other occasions when it was extremely stupid too. The Rector was placed at the precise point where it would be most difficult to speak audibly : yet he managed, without vociferation, to be perfectly heard by a gathering of perhaps eighteen hundred or more. He looked very dignified : very young considering his long record. The address was admirable : most of the educated class in Britain read it next day. It took an hour and twenty minutes : the hard-worked man had taken pains to be prepared. In the evening a great crowd gathered in the new library-hall : very academic in aspect. Principal Donaldson introduced me to the Rector : who was most frank and genial. But now I saw the anxious life marked on the fine face, as I had not at greater distance that afternoon. I ventured to say that admirable as the address had been, I thought that even greater enthusiasm would have been kindled in our students had it been expressed in that classical tongue which had been employed at the banquet at Reykjavik in

Iceland, long before. The oration is given in part in the charming *Letters from High Latitudes*, published in 1857. Though the brilliant Rector is a modest man, he was constrained to describe his speech as 'so great an effort of oratory.' Truth and justice required it. Just the opening sentence must brighten this page.

'Viri illustres, insolitus ut sum ad publicum loquendum, ego propero respondere ad complimentum quod Recte-Reverendus Prælaticus mihi fecit, in proponendo meam salutem: et supplico vos credere quod multum gratificatus et flattificatus sum honore tam distincto.' The Lord Rector, in the pleasantest manner, agreed with the humble writer as to the certain effect. But he appeared convinced that at Reykjavik, on that memorable day, he had been so raised by circumstances above his ordinary level, that any attempt to repeat that effort, in the quietness and sobriety of St. Andrews, would have been doomed to failure. More seriously, Lord Dufferin was interested in learning that when the attractive volume was published, thirty-four years before that day, the present writer, then a youthful country parson, had contributed a lengthy and most favourable notice of it to the *Saturday Review*: well-known to him at that time. The great diplomatist was again the effervescent young Irish peer: as he said that was the first friendly review of his book; and it was pleasant reading.

When I got home, I got out the bound volume, and read my review: unseen for thirty years. It was a singular experience. Frankly, I thought it nicely written.

Indeed, the autocratic Douglas Cook would have made short work of it, had it not been respectably done. But as I read it, it was little to say I did not recognise it as my own : or feel that I had written it. In the most serious manner I felt that I had not written that article, and could not. And yet I wrote it : that was certain. Ah, the young minister of Irongray was gone for evermore.

Our present Lord Rector is the young Marquis of Bute : young comparatively. For when lately I conveyed to him that he was too youthful to quite take in something I was saying, he said, with feeling, 'I'm not young. I'm very old. I'm Half-Way. I'm forty-five.' The inevitable rejoinder came, 'Ah, thirty-five is Half-Way.' If a well-remembered statement of Moses be true, the case indeed is so. Various circumstances have given special interest to Lord Bute's personality, through his whole life ; and putting rank and wealth quite apart, he is one of the most outstanding men of the time. In several recondite fields of knowledge, I suppose he stands easily first. And never was territorial prince more unpretending. Yet only a fool would presume upon the Lord Rector. I regard him with as much personal concern as any. For I lived till I was six years old where Dumfries House dominates the region around ; and the old marquis was a very great noble. One of my earliest memories is of hearing him make a speech. He was wise, and good ; but nature had denied him fluency. He held it his duty to maintain a regal state. Four horses always drew his carriage ; and all things matched. It is a changed world now. The

other day I had passed a gate: when of a sudden a tall figure in homely tweed issued forth, and came tearing after me for two hundred yards at the rate of eight miles an hour. It was he who was once vulgarly called Lothair. I could not but say, gazing on the panting marquis, and thinking of the unbending, unhurried father, The world is surely coming to an end. Though even in my early childhood it used to be said in that Arcadian tract, that 'the big marquis was much easier to get on with than the wee marquis': meaning the factor. And in an evening, with the green ribbon of the Thistle in evidence, and with the star on his breast, it may be admitted that the eminent architect and antiquarian looks very much as he ought to do. And one likes to see things right. I often remember what was said in my hearing, ages since, by a popular preacher as a startling paradox: 'Ah, my friends: if all be not right, depend upon it there is something wrong.' The people who listened held their breath in awe. Such a thing had never occurred to them before.

Lord Bute delivered his rectorial address on Wednesday, November 22, 1893, in that same great hall. But it was incomparably better arranged than for Lord Dufferin; and the Lord Rector, in a powerful and telling voice, made himself heard in every corner. The final function of that afternoon was the public conferring of the degree of LL.D. on ten persons, chosen by the Rector; and upon the Rector himself. A more singular and heterogeneous lot never at any one time received that distinction. There were men of all Churches and nations. With the excep-

tion of two or three whom the Rector had known from infancy, and who were wholly undistinguished in any other way, all were men of distinct eminence. And instead of the hood of recent time, which hangs down over the robes, each man was invested with a proper friar's hood, capable of being turned over the head. The effect, to unused eyes, was most singular. One good man informed me that persons in his vocation were forbidden to cut their hair. I wondered whether they were likewise forbidden to wash their hands.

The address was certainly a very remarkable one. Not merely for the pleasant touches of real life; nor for the occasional passages of unmistakable eloquence. But that a devout Roman Catholic, a convert straight from the Kirk of Scotland, should tell the story of the Reformation to an audience almost exclusively Protestant, yet give no offence, and this without dealing in generalities and platitudes, was something which has seldom been. It did indeed occur to me, here and there, that possibly Cardinal Manning might not have liked the address so well as we did. And the great landowner was apparent: somewhat colouring the firm Romanist. But not Dean Stanley himself could have more touchingly spoken up for St. Andrews, nor more eloquently, than at several points did Lord Bute.

It was a great success, the entire appearance. And for the first time, we have a working Lord Rector: ready to come whenever he is wanted. And he is wanted not unfrequently.

In other ways the cultured antiquarian, backed by means such as few other antiquarians ever possessed, has interested himself in the ancient place in a manner deserving the highest praise. He is the very first person whom I have ever found disposed to go both heartily and intelligently into the matter of the restoration of the ancient parish church from unspeakable degradation. The thing will be done in time. I should rejoice if it were done in my time. Very much has been spoken and written upon the subject: nothing need be added now. Visible work has been done elsewhere. An incredibly ugly modern house, in a mangy classical style, built close to the great Gothic Cathedral, magnificent in ruin, a painfully-jarring presence in such neighbourhood, has for long borne the absurdly-pretentious and unfitting name of *The Priory*. Very little like a Priory, indeed. But those who intruded it there no doubt thought the name sounded well: even as I have known a Scotch publisher bring out a Bible in the English tongue only, and call it the *Polyglot Bible*. The space where was the grand Cloister was made a garden. A sacrilegious greenhouse was built against the South wall of the Nave, pouring smoke from a hideous chimney. Yet it is well that greenhouse was stuck there: as otherwise the noble wall would have gone down for building material. Many a year, the Cathedral was the common quarry of the place. Lord Bute bought the so-called Priory, and the ground all about it has been deeply excavated. Many feet beneath the recent surface, the foundations were found of buildings of extreme interest.

The entire ground-plan has been revealed ; and fragments of a wonderful beauty. The undercroft of the refectory was in such condition that a good architect could readily reproduce it. The work of discovery being accomplished, a work of restoration is going on to-day : watched by many with profound interest. It is absolutely certain that what is done will be done with perfect taste, knowledge, and reverence. How far the rebuilding may be carried is as yet unknown to the outer world. Possibly the Lord Rector has not entirely made up his own mind. It is many a day since St. Andrews has seen such a work attempted. And the discoveries here made suggest how much remains to be discovered in other parts of the ancient city.

No more interesting visitor has in these last days come to St. Andrews, than the admirable woman whose husband was the great and good Bishop Fraser of Manchester. He was far too early taken from a noble work, nobly done. But it is singular how many have gone at the age of sixty-seven : fatal to ecclesiastics as thirty-seven to men of genius in poetry, music, and painting. John Knox went at sixty-seven : and Luther : and Chalmers. So did Thomas Campbell the poet. So did Bishop Wilberforce. Thinking of a quiet vocation, unknown to the great world, I have been startled to find how many I could reckon up. You will not easily find a more stimulating book than that which records *Bishop Fraser's Lancashire Life*. I had read it when it was first published ; but I went over it again with fresh concern after coming to know and value one so

dear to the great Bishop whom I never saw. It all came back, vividly. But I was specially cheered by one statement, not remembered till thus revived. It is that which defines the Bishop's theological position. 'He was pre-eminently an Evangelical High-Churchman with Broad-Church sympathies.' It was most pleasant to read the words. For many of us in the Kirk cannot more accurately describe ourselves than as Evangelical High Broad Churchmen. When I preached in St. Giles' Cathedral at the opening of the General Assembly of 1891, I put the same idea in more balanced language ; and was disappointed to find that some found it unintelligible. It seemed to me perfectly clear. Fortified by a great and good man's example, I shall venture to reproduce my words here :

'And what did we teach? We trust, Christ's truth : God's love in Him for man's salvation. And some among us have held a singular standpoint, in respect of Doctrine and Life. Evangelical by early training, and by the influence of days when as boy and lad we came under deep personal conviction. High-Church by the æsthetic culture of later days : through the beauty and power of old Church legend and art and prayer and praise. Broad, by farther meditation : seeing round things which once stopped the view. And not these in succession : all these together. Call them moods, or phases : they may be. But they come to very earnest and devout souls. And such souls can feel a true sympathy with the good men who reverently and worthily represent each school.'

It was on Tuesday, September 9, 1860, that Dr. Liddon

died. He was only sixty-one. In few places was he more heartily mourned than in St. Andrews. He held, uncompromisingly, views which we quite firmly rejected : which, if true, set us in evil estate. But he spoke, and wrote, oftentimes, of the truths we held in common : of our condition together after all these differences. And he spoke warmly of the sympathy in which he felt himself with certain of us here. The discrepancy never chilled reverent affection. And he acknowledged the high spiritual qualities he found in Scottish Presbytery in terms so cordial, that the keen Principal Cunningham was wont to say that if we could be so good without having (as Liddon judged) either Church or Sacrament, it really appeared that it did not matter much to a good man whether he had Church and Sacrament or not. As Principal Shairp declared, 'If these are not Christian people, I never expect to find Christian people at all.' As Principal Cunningham said, in his more vivacious way, it appeared to him that people in the Kirk were just as good as any mortal need be. Others, in graver mood : 'God is better than His word ; and does more than He ever promised.' As Cardinal Newman wrote, not yet a Roman Catholic, 'O rail not at our brethren of the North' : but thankfully cleave to the belief that God's mercy surpasses 'His revealed design.'

For divers reasons, we are perfectly content. When I, at certain Communions, beheld fourteen hundred receive as reverently as ever Christian did, I never failed, kneeling silently at the Holy Table, to pray for Liddon : asking that whichever of us was wrong, might be led right. I do not

forget how fervently the great preacher thanked me : saying that in like solemn circumstances he would lift up his heart for unworthy me.

I had said, as one who continually communicates in both National Churches, that the comfort and uplifting are exactly the same in each. But he cautioned me, seriously, against believing much in personal experience in such a matter : adding, very gravely, that a Mohammedan congregation was, so far as man could judge, the devoutest he had ever seen.

This is a portion of what was said in our parish church, the Sunday after Liddon died :

‘A great man, though a humble and saintly, has been taken from the Church of Christ since last Sunday. The great Anglican Communion has lost her foremost preacher. Here was a striking instance how, even in a hierarchical Church, true greatness and influence are quite apart from assigned rank. Few are the Archbishops who have held (in men’s hearts) the place of Dr. Liddon. But in the worldly elevation which human beings can give, and can keep back, he never got his due. Which was nothing short of a scandal.

‘He did not belong to our division of the Church Catholic. He did not recognise us as within the Church Catholic at all : any more than his friend, Cardinal Newman, recognised *him* as being within it. But the man’s sweet nature quite did away the offence of his views : and he had no warmer friends than some of us in the Church of Scotland. Twice he visited this city. He never saw it

but in blazing sunshine. Each time, with profound interest, he went over every corner in this historic church: which, even in its present degradation, was a thousand times as much to him as the most beautiful brand-new one. Each time he said, solemnly, how he prayed for the day when he might preach from this pulpit. On each occasion he entered it, and looked at the church from it, in silent prayer. Well I knew what he was asking for! I see the beautiful face, when we had climbed St. Regulus together under a glorious September sun, the bright sea stretching from our feet into infinity, and the gray ruins by. "A sacred place," he said. In one of his latest letters to me he said, "I pray that the Scotch may have the grace to set in order the things that have been wanting to them ever since John Knox has been in authority—beyond the Tweed." But he added, "In saying this, I rejoice to remember how *very much* we have in common: and shall have, I trust, in life, and in death, and beyond." To which we would all say, Amen!'

A socially-pushing Scot, the son of a minister or elder of the Kirk, flippantly unchurching or vilipending the Church of his fathers, I will never hold any terms with. Nor will I with a half-educated Englishman, grossly defective in the simple morality of the Decalogue: yet who will not pass before an empty altar without ostentatiously bowing, looking sharply whether I see him: and who hastens to express his opinion that a 'Presbyterian can't possibly get to Heaven.' But the dear, saintly, profoundly-learned Liddon: solemnly holding a certain ecclesiastical

theory as demonstrably God's truth, and every now and then earnestly and affectionately seeking to bring a Scottish brother into better things than he meanwhile knew: could one closely know such a man without venerating and loving him? Looked nearly into, how little the point of vital difference. In either National Church, the highest orders are given by the laying-on of the hands of at least three, ordained already by ordained men, and these ordained in long succession back to the first of all. Must the man who presides at an ordination be one permanently set in a higher place, and called a Bishop? Or will it suffice that he be set on high, *prelatus*, for that day and that duty; and called a Moderator? The two Establishments are not in communion: sorrowful to say. And this is all that keeps them apart. As good Archbishop Tait once said to me, 'Could you not have a permanent Moderator of Presbytery, who would preside at all ordinations? Such a man would be vitally a Bishop; and would satisfy the extremest South of the Tweed.'

The question of episcopal authority is a matter of detail. One of the greatest of 'Episcopalians,' a mighty preacher, who became a Bishop himself (he lived and worked outside of England), once said to me, 'I should like to see my Bishop try to exercise authority over me! A Bishop is a man who is qualified to confirm and to ordain: just as a Judge is qualified to sentence a man to be hanged, and as an executioner is qualified to hang him. Let the Bishop stick to his own vocation!'

The words startled me. You have not the faintest idea who said them. If you knew who said them, you would be startled too.

I know not why. But at this moment there appears before me a cynical old face, the face of a country parson who held a charge far out of the great world, and who has for many years been far away. I hear his words, spoken with great bitterness : not indeed to me, an insignificant youth, but to somebody of much greater importance. They have remained very distinct in my memory through that long time.

'You think a great deal of my nephew Tim. You would not, if you knew him as well as I do. I got a letter from him yesterday. It consisted of five lines. And it contained five lies.'

I had been accustomed to regard Tim with admiration : and I was startled. But Charles Kingsley was wont to say that there is no weakness (call it so) which can abide so long in a man along with God's grace, as the tendency to make statements which are not historically accurate. They generally tend to the exaltation of the good man ; or to the tripping-up of some acquaintance. I am obliged to confess that though truth is the foundation of all good in character, I have known really good men, and very clever men, who were not truthful. But it was an awful flaw in them. And (in their absence) all their friends lamented it continually.

This day of magnificent September sunshine, tempered somewhat by autumnal crispness in the air, is Friday, September 14, 1894. I was inducted to the charge of this city and parish on this day twenty-nine years. It was Thursday, September 14, 1865. I have completed twenty-nine years as Minister of St. Andrews. It is nothing earthly to the reader: but it is a very awful thought to myself. One thing I will say: I have worked here to the very utmost of my strength. I have not willingly neglected anything which ought to be done. I deserve not the smallest credit. It had to be, through an anxious nature. I have had much cheer, and many discouragements. The discouragements, as must be in the working of any parish, were all close at hand. A good deal of cheer came from very near me: but a vast deal more came from far away.

## CHAPTER IV

ARCHBISHOP TAIT OF CANTERBURY<sup>1</sup>

‘I NEVER liked Tait. I never could like him. And of course I differed from him on many subjects. But I will acknowledge that, during the years of his Primacy, there was no man in the Church of England, known to me, so fit to be Archbishop.’

I was not likely to forget the words; nor any words seriously said by one so revered. It was a great event in the writer’s little history, to have a quiet talk with such a man. But I wrote down the words that evening; and many more which will never be printed. For indeed they were of special interest. We were sitting in a quaint old room, in a quiet recess just out of the busiest roar of great London. I watched intently the worn fine features, with their expression of singular benignity and sweetness, as the words were said: said by one who might have been Archbishop of Canterbury himself had he chosen.

Then, in less grave mood: ‘Curious, his being so quiet and self-restrained in the latter days. I was there when *Tait*

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury.* By Randall Thomas Davidson, D.D., Dean of Windsor; and William Benham, B.D., Hon. Canon of Canterbury. In Two Volumes. London: Macmillan & Co., 1891.

*of Balliol*, with a tremendous flourish of his cap, defied the President of the Oxford Union and was fined a pound.' The speaker arose from his chair, and going through the action of violently bringing the cap from far behind him, shook it as in the President's face in truculent fashion. And sitting down, he added, with a smile, 'He was very hot-tempered then.' It could only have been occasionally, one would say.

I do not think any testimony ever borne to Tait's fitness for his great place would have been more valued by himself than this of the saintly Dean Church of St. Paul's: of whom it was truly said by one of the foremost Prelates of the Anglican Church, belonging to quite another party from the Dean's, 'There is nothing in the Church that he is not worthy of.' And now that both Dean and Archbishop are gone, there can be no harm in repeating what was equally honourable to both.

We do not mind much about Tait's frequent statements, beginning early, that he was to be Archbishop of Canterbury. Probably fifty other men were saying the like of themselves about the same time. And one great scholar and divine, still abiding, was far more solemnly designated to the primatial throne, by one possessed of the second sight. It was never to be. But when the writer was a boy, and Tait was no farther on his way than Rugby (where nobody pretends he was a very great Head-Master), the writer was often told by one who had heard the words, how Sir Daniel Sandford had said, 'That boy will wear the mitre.' It was well remembered, too, how James Halley,

whom Sir Daniel pointed out as 'the man that beat Tait,' had said, near the end, 'I'd have liked to live to see Archy Tait a Bishop.' Other estimates were current too. For Tait, though a great scholar at Glasgow College, when he went to England was never in the same flight with either of the Wordsworths, Lincoln or St. Andrews. It was after a great debate at the Union, at the time of the Reform Bill of Lord Grey, that a brilliant Oxford Tutor wrote to his brother, Senior Classic at Cambridge, of the magnificent eloquence of certain young orators who had taken part in it. Several were named: but, outstanding among them, was one 'Gladstone, a sure Double-First,' who spoke 'better than Demosthenes': of course on the side of the most obstructive Toryism. The entire aristocracy of the University, intellectual and social, was ranged on one side. 'And who is there on the other?' the enthusiastic chronicler went on. (Names shall be withheld, save one.) 'A, Nobody: B, Nobody: C, Nobody: Tait, Nobody!' The irony of the event is sometimes terrible. And as the revered scholar who wrote the letter read it aloud to a little company after fifty-five years, he added, 'You see young men should not prophesy.'

But Tait had reached his highest place, and none could call him *Nobody* (you might like him or not), when one of the greatest men in the great Church of England said to the writer, 'I don't regard the Archbishop as a clergyman at all. He is a hard-headed Scotch lawyer.' And then, in the most pathetic tones of the voice which thousands held their breath to hear, 'If I were dying, the very last man I should wish to see is the Archbishop of Canterbury!'

No one who reads the Life would say the like now ; and the great and good man gone, least of all. But see how the foremost fail to understand one another. Not many quotations can be suffered in my little space. But one shall come here. It tells of the end of his dear old Nurse, 'almost my oldest and dearest friend.' Tait had taken his First-Class, and came to Edinburgh for Christmas.

'One day, towards the end of December, she was taken ill. The ailment seemed slight at first, but by the time her beloved Archie arrived she was in high fever, and occasionally distressed in mind. He never left her side except once, when he went to obtain the aid of Mr. Craig, a clergyman of the Scottish Episcopal Church, in order that the old nurse and her grown-up charge might together receive the Holy Communion, which at that time was rarely, if ever, administered privately in the Presbyterian Church, of which Betty was so staunch an adherent.<sup>1</sup> When the Holy Communion had been celebrated, Mr. Craig left the two alone together. All night the young man sat by the old nurse's bed, and spoke to her words of peace and comfort as she was able to bear it. She died with her hand clasped in his as the morning broke on the first day of 1834.'

Yes, and it would have been exactly the same had dear old Betty lived to see him Primate. Some words come back to one's memory. He was an illustrious man who said lightly, 'So old Tait's away.' The answer was, 'Yes, gone to Paradise.' The rejoinder came. 'Very

<sup>1</sup> God be thanked, all that is changed.

good, but he won't be Archbishop of Canterbury there.' And indeed he would not. But though he could not take any earthly elevation where he went, he would take with him, wheresoever, the unspoiled heart of that long-departed New-year's-eve. Which is far better.

Too much is made of the Archbishop's Presbyterian extraction and education, as though these did in some degree disqualify him for his place. No doubt, his father was an Elder of the Kirk. So were his two brothers: and they sat regularly in the General Assembly, where Sheriff Tait of Perthshire was an outstanding man. Many times, in May days just departed, the writer beheld the two Maclagans, brothers of the new Archbishop of York, sitting in that Venerable House. And in his youth he preached, each Sunday afternoon, in a Scotch parish church, to the Archbishop's father and mother. Dean Lake of Durham, in a strain which falls familiar on the ear,<sup>1</sup> expresses his opinion that Archbishop Tait, in his Episcopalian life, 'made serious mistakes, both in word and action.' Then comes the apology for the uncultured Scot; which will provoke a smile in some readers:

'But when we think of the manner in which, born and bred in a different Communion, he gradually learned, in a time of great difficulty, to understand and even to sympathise with all the varieties of the English Church, and of his constantly increasing determination to do justice to them all—a determination which, I believe, would have gone much further, had his life been preserved'—

<sup>1</sup> Vol. II. p. 607.

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ARCHBISHOP TAIT OF CANTERBURY

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And so on. Here is a bit of that high-bred provincialism, too common in the Anglican Church, which is based on absolute ignorance of things Scottish. There is no gulf at all between the best in the Church of Scotland and the best in the Church of England. Presbytery is accepted, as suiting the genius of the Scottish race: but it counts for nothing, when compared with such vital questions as those of a National profession of Christianity and a National Church. Not an anti-state-church Presbyterian, but a good Anglican churchman, is brother to most men worth counting in the Scottish Kirk. And should the day come which shall put Scottish churchmen to right and left, that will appear. It is twenty-seven years since Mr. Froude, after his very first evening in Scotland, spent in the company of some who are mostly gone, said to the writer, 'I see your best men are exactly like our best men.' And it is many a day since Dr. Liddon, on his first day in St. Andrews, said how astonished he was at the sympathy he had met in the Kirk: said that though a system he liked not had gradually 'crystallised, through the fault of nobody living,' he found himself drawn, in true affection, to the men. Yet everybody knows that Liddon was uncompromising in his ecclesiastical views: even to a degree which certain of his Scottish friends found hard to bear: indeed did not bear but with frank expression of astonishment. When Bishop Wilberforce came to Scotland, and went about with his eyes blind-folded, he did indeed accept as true, and record in that very regrettable diary, various stories about the Church which were rather more outrageous

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than if he had stated that black was white. And on August 11, 1861, he wrote therein of 'the bitter, levelling spirit of Presbyterianism': a spirit which may possibly once have been, but which is utterly extinct among educated men. Quite as much narrowness, bitterness, and wrong-headedness, may be found in certain strata of the Church of England, as anywhere North of the Tweed. Read many of the letters which Tait received, not all anonymous: and this will be apparent. The future Archbishop had not far to go; and had nothing at all to get over. Of course, to the end, it remained impossible for him to believe that all vital Christianity was confined to the members of Churches with three orders. It was with him as when Principal Shairp went to Oxford in the beginning of the 'Movement,' and could but feel *If those men and women I have known in the Kirk were not Christians, I cannot expect to see any.* But gradually, Tait, in lesser things, not only understood the Anglican Church quite as thoroughly as Dean Lake, but even caught the atmosphere he lived in to a degree which amused a countryman. Meeting for the first time a Scottish parson who had studied Gothic churches for many years (it was under the shade of Canterbury), he said, 'Did you ever see a Cathedral before? I mean an English Cathedral.' Here appeared the natural belief of the travelled Scot that his brother Scot knows nothing. Ere the Scottish parson could reply, another dignitary, quite as famous as Tait, said, in a loud voice, 'He has seen them all. He knows a great deal more about them than you do.' Whereupon the ready Primate, with his sweetest

smile, went on, 'Ah, but you must come and see Lambeth. That is quite as interesting as any Cathedral.' Scotsmen for the most part understand one another perfectly. It was an Englishman, not a Scot, who once said to the writer, speaking of a saintly woman of high worldly place (indeed very high), 'Between ourselves, I fear she is very little better than a Presbyterian.' The words were rendered in a whisper, as stating something too dreadful to be put in audible words.

We did not need this biography to assure us that only by some incredible mistake could the statement have crept into Bishop Wilberforce's Life,<sup>1</sup> that Tait said, 'You will be the real Archbishop; I shall only be so in name.' And again, 'I do not care how soon the world knows what I know, that during your dear father's lifetime he was in reality Archbishop of Canterbury, and I was only his lieutenant.' Anything farther from the actual fact could not be imagined: fifty instances occur which so testify. Tait could not have acted under the orders of any mortal: least of all under the orders of Bishop Wilberforce. And Tait was not a gusher: though he was sometimes very outspoken. Such as knew him would testify that the sentences ascribed to him are singularly unlike his ordinary talk. As for his estimate of his brilliant contemporary, we find it expressed with perfect frankness. 'The Bishop of Oxford was as eloquent and indiscreet as usual.'<sup>2</sup>

The writers of this Life have done their work very fairly, and very thoroughly. The defects of the book come

<sup>1</sup> P. 337. Edition in one vol.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. II. p. 5.

of its not being merely a biography, but a minute history of the main events and controversies in the Church of England during Tait's Episcopate. We are told nothing but what we knew before : and many things are suppressed which many knew : knew not through irresponsible gossip, but surely. The frank revelations (in some details) of Bishop Wilberforce's Life, make a striking contrast with the reticence here. In the main, the Lives are like the men : though Tait could be very frank sometimes. And surely this Life would not make any modest and reasonable man ask to be Archbishop of Canterbury. Lambeth is all very well, though 'the most depressing of homes' in the judgment of one once the head of the family there : Addington in May, with those acres of rhododendrons, with the grand woods, the Scotch firs of Perthshire and the heather, can redeem the big, ugly, featureless house : and the little church is charming, with its quiet churchyard where Tait, Longley, and Sumner sleep, with only the green grass above them. Possibly it may be pleasant to take precedence of a Duke ; and the income is handsome when a fleeced Primate has actually got hold of it. One such, a humorist, is said to have preached his first sermon from the text, 'A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves' : and another, doing homage to the Queen, said she was the first official he had met who had not asked him for fifty guineas. But the responsibility is awful to a conscientious man : and unless to a man of very exceptional tastes, the work is incredibly wearisome. Every wrongheaded crank, every insolent

idiot, every conscientious bearer of a testimony, from Lord Shaftesbury on one wing to Dr. Pusey on the other, with Dean Stanley away out in the open far from both, has his representation to make to the Archbishop as to what is ruining the Church of England: and his representation, often extremely lengthy, must be considered, and wisely and courteously answered. Not every answer can be as brief as that which in a line told a correspondent that the Archbishop did not see any necessity for the correspondent supplying an alleged deficiency in the Lord's Prayer. Then the dreariness, the utter lack of interest, of the fierce contentions on details of ritual and the like: all related in the Life with conscientious fairness and intolerable prolixity. The biographers were bound to do it, one feels: the fault is not theirs. Here is Scotland again, for quarrel-someness and wrongheadedness and making vital of the pettiest matters. Well might Newman, still Anglican, write, 'O rail not at our brethren of the North': our brethren of the South, though on different details, are exactly the same. And all these dreary squabbles must be patiently gone into by the Archbishop. Nothing must be contemptuously daffed aside: as Tait once said in Perthshire, *It wouldn't do*. Patience must be illimitable. And then the letters: the baskets-full to read; the baskets-full to write. Every Bishop of a large diocese has this cross to bear: but the Archbishop is a quasi-Patriarch; and from every corner of the earth where the Anglican Episcopate, or anything like it, has spread, the entreaty for counsel in all perplexity, for sympathy in all trouble, comes

to Lambeth or Addington. One knows the meaning of the deteriorated handwriting: of the signature abridged to the utmost: of the gradual cessation of all punctuation. It tells a pathetic story of overwork: and that in the way which takes most out of a man, next to vehement oratory; perpetual letter-writing. A Bishop's letter is a touching thing to see: less so indeed when a Chaplain who has learnt to write exactly like him pens the letter, and the blameless Prelate does but add his name. Not many human beings realise what it is to write seventy letters in a day. The writer remembers how Dean Wellesley of Windsor once said to him, with asperity, 'You could not make Stanley a Bishop: he writes such an abominable hand.' But what would that hand have grown to, after twenty years on the Bench? It is not so many years since the writer walked, side by side with the Archbishop, up and down by the bank of a little Scottish river. 'What insanity it was in A.', he said, 'to work himself to death as he did!' Then, in a worn voice, with a sorrowful face, he expatiated on the foolishness of overworking. Ah, like other good men, wise for everybody except himself. Only anonymous letter-writers, as a rule, take upon themselves to admonish the Primate of All England. But the writer thought, within himself, 'There is not a man in Britain, to-day, overworking more than you.' Never hurried nor flurried: nothing morbid or fanciful about him: good, honest, brave, strong, cautious, far-seeing: astute without shadow of craftiness: placed very high, yet with head absolutely unturned: had but the burden been brought

within man's bearing, he need not have had that solemn warning before sixty, he ought to have lived to fourscore.

Then the sitting next the ministerial bench in the Lords, at any moment liable to be called on to speak in the name of the greatest National Church in Christendom. No wonder that somebody, the first time he had so to speak, was in a state of trepidation which a lay peer irreverently called 'a bluc funk.' 'Why is not somebody else there?' was the question put to one who was criticising a Primate's action, having himself declined the Primacy. 'Ah,' was the quiet answer, 'that man would have disappeared. He would have been in his grave. It is too much for anyone.'

Tait was helped by his vein of Scottish humour. He listened to an amusing story with real enjoyment: and he told one admirably well. The sorrowful face, with the sad smile, added to the effect. Some remember one which Dean Stanley repeated at a Bishop's dinner at Lambeth on the authority of a Scottish friend. It elicited from the Archbishop no more than 'A very good story': but it is literally true. On one of his latest visits to a certain country house in a Scottish county, he went alone to the post-office to send a telegram to his brother. He wrote it out. 'The Archbishop of Canterbury to Sheriff Tait,' and handed it in. The sceptical old postmaster read it aloud in contemptuous tones: '*The Archbishop of Canterbury*': and added, 'Wha may ye be that taks this cognomen?' The Archbishop, taken aback, remained silent for a moment. The morning was cold, and he had a woollen

comforter wrapped round his neck : but on second view, the postmaster thought he looked more respectable than on a first, and added, ' Maybe ye're the gentleman himsel'.' Tait replied, modestly, ' For want of a better, I am.' On which the good old Scot hastened to apologise for his first suspicion of imposture : adding, ' I might have seen you were rather consequential about the legs.' Then he added words of cheer, which Tait said truly were vitally Scotch : ' I have a son in London, a lad in a shop ; and he gaed to hear ye preach one day, and was verra weel satisfseed.'

It was during that same visit that one was impressed by his odd suspicion of pressmen. A conspicuous London clergyman had written some sketches in a daily newspaper of immense circulation, which had attracted much notice. ' Oh,' said the Archbishop, '*he's just a reporter!*' And there an end of him. And though it cannot be recorded, it cannot be forgot, how something condemnatory of the extreme ritual of a well-known London church, awakened a deep but musical voice of remonstrance. No one can say that that house was divided against itself. But there was a loving diversity of opinion and of liking, which was quite well understood. The good son Craufurd, early taken, thought the Church of the Future would be ' higher than my Father, lower than my Mother.' And standing by the altar in the pretty chapel of a Bishop's house, out of which a beautiful conservatory opened, the good woman said to the Bishop, ' How convenient for bringing in flowers ! ' The Bishop had no objection. But the Archbishop silently shook his head, though not austerely.

Archibald Campbell Tait was born at Harviestoun, in Clackmannanshire, on December 22, 1811. The family had conformed to the National Kirk ; but the strain was originally Episcopal. The blood was purely Scottish ; and Tait, to the end, was a Scot. Even the accent could never deceive a countryman. I have heard English folk call it English. It was very Scotch indeed. He was well-connected, his grandfather being the Scottish Chief Justice. He was the ninth child, and was born club-footed. This was corrected : but not quite : he was ‘never a good processional Bishop.’ He was baptized in the drawing-room at Harviestoun, by Dr. MacKnight of the Old Church, Edinburgh : ‘a large china vase’ being used on such occasions. The Edinburgh house was in Park Place, near the Meadows. His mother, a woman of the sweetest nature, died when Archy was not two years old. The father was a most lovable man ; but it was not from him that Tait inherited his caution. First, the High School of Edinburgh : then the New Academy, an admirable school, in the most unattractive surroundings. Here Tait was head-boy in his year : ‘Dux.’ At sixteen, to Glasgow College. Under the care of the authoritative but devoted Betty he lived in a lodging in College Street, looking on the grim but solemn façade of the old University buildings, all vanished. I have heard him speak with great feeling of those days. Sir Daniel Sandford was Professor of Greek : a very great man in his day. He died on his birthday : forty. I remember well how startled the Archbishop was when told this. It was suggested that Arnold was but forty-six. But he re-

plied, 'Ah, in those years a man does the best work of his life.' Professor Buchanan held the Logic Chair: Tait says a man 'without any shining abilities.' Not the ordinary verdict of Glasgow men. Tait worked extremely hard, getting up at 4.30 A.M. He was all his life a pattern of conscientious goodness: like another, he had been 'born before the Fall.' There is a touching little diary, of hard work so long past. But many Glasgow students worked as hard and did not come to anything. James Halley, who died early, and who was terribly handicapped, 'beat Tait' for the Greek Blackstone: but generally they ran a very equal race. Here he attended 'the Ramshorn Kirk,' now known as St. David's. Finally, he got one of the Snell Exhibitions to Oxford: not improbably for the reason he suggests, the hospitalities of his relation at Garscube. The Snell Exhibitions are held at Balliol; and here Tait, a Tory at Glasgow, gradually turned a Whig. To the end of his life he was for Roman Catholic Emancipation and Endowment. His father, greatly beloved, died while he was at Oxford. In November 1833 he took his B.A. degree: First Class in Classics. Being entirely dependent on his own exertions, he remained at Balliol and took private pupils. But in due time he became Fellow and Tutor of Balliol: and now the struggle of his life was over. He became 'much more of a High Churchman than I was: nor has the Church of Scotland so much of my admiration as in former times.' Quite naturally, he passed into Anglicanism: being confirmed at Oxford as a young man. And on Trinity Sunday, 1836, he was ordained

Deacon on his Fellowship by Bagot, Bishop of Oxford. At once, he set himself to clerical duty in the unattractive Baldon, five miles from Oxford : and, still busy with tutorial work, he served that cure diligently for five years.

In these early days, he thought of the Moral Philosophy Chair at Glasgow : but more seriously of the Greek, a very considerable prize. I believe that he might have had it, in succession to Sandford. But having taken English orders, he had a difficulty about the University tests, which others did not feel at all. It was the turning-point in his life. Lushington got the Chair, to be succeeded by Jebb, both Senior Classics. Tait's life was to be in England : he determined 'to remain an Episcopalian.' Everyone knows how in March 1841 he was one of the Four Tutors who signed the famous letter concerning Tract 90. The letter was written by Tait. And he wrote, with some asperity, of those 'who regard the Kirk of Scotland as the synagogue of Baal.' He very decidedly preferred Anglicanism, both in government and worship : but, to the end, his heart warmed to the Church of his father, if not of his grandfather. In a little while, the 'great door was opened.' Arnold died on Sunday, June 12, 1842. And of eighteen candidates, after long perplexity between the two youngest, Tait and C. J. Vaughan, the decision was made on July 29, and Stanley, who thought no one really fit to take Arnold's place, received 'the awful intelligence of your election.' Tait was inaugurated on Sunday, August 14, Stanley preaching the sermon. He wanted some months of being thirty-one.

The story henceforth is within living memories. An adequate Head-Master: not a great one. He had the help of a Composition-Master from the first. The present Dean of Westminster (Bradley) says, 'His sermons were sometimes really impressive. More than this I can hardly say.' Principal Shairp wrote: 'Tait was certainly by no means a born school-master. He had not himself been at an English public-school.' And he had to get on with assistant-masters, who thought Arnold's place might be occupied, but never filled. On Midsummer day 1843 Tait was married to Catherine Spooner. 'The bright presence of the beautiful young wife' was outstanding at Rugby, and afterwards. Besides other things, she was quite equal to unravelling the most complicated accounts, which had perplexed trained business-men. And this in the early Spring of 1848, when Tait seemed dying, and dictated his farewell to the Sixth Form. He got better: but it was a relief to all when, in October 1849, he accepted the Deanery of Carlisle: being, as Dean Lake writes, 'a Protestant, with a strong dash of the Presbyterian, to the end.' The Dean adds that in the Rugby of Arnold's memory and of Stanley's biography, 'a little cold water, from time to time, kindly administered, was not without its uses.' And the unexcitable, humorous Scot, was eminently the man to administer it.

In May 1850 Tait and his household settled in the Deanery at Carlisle. He did much as Dean: but it was his work on the Oxford University Commission which marked him out for elevation by a Liberal Government.

In March and April 1856 the awful blow fell, whose story has been touchingly told: Five of six little daughters died of scarlet fever. Between March 10 and April 10 they were laid to rest: and father and mother were never the same again. And on September 17 Tait writes in his diary that he had this morning been offered the See of London: that now (11 A.M.) he was to take an hour of prayer, though 'I have no doubt of accepting the offer.' 'God knows I have not sought it.' It might have been as well, in stating the considerations which pointed to Tait, to have omitted some lines which yet recall a savage sentence in the *Saturday Review* of those days: Who wrote it? Some think they know. The Prime Minister was Lord Palmerston. And even the friendly biographers say 'it was indeed a bold step on his part to send Dean Tait to London.' He was consecrated in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, on November 23, 1856. The well-meaning Lord Shaftesbury was 'alarmed' by the Bishop appointing Stanley one of his Chaplains. 'The Bishop knows not the gulf he is opening for himself.' We all know the good man's way. The wonder is that he did not say (as usual with him) that 'thousands and tens of thousands were startled.' But in a fortnight's time he wrote, 'It is all quite right. I have no more apprehensions.' Stability of mind is a fine thing.

Troubles came, of course. The Divorce Act: Confession: St. George's-in-the-East: are ancient history. The open-air preaching: the services in Exeter Hall and in certain theatres: the evening services in Westminster

Abbey and St. Paul's ; and in Bethnal Green : the Primary Charge, reaching to near five hours, and certainly up to date : the offer in September 1862 of York : are remembered as of yesterday. The controversy as to *Essays and Reviews* brought letters from Dr. Temple which must have been very painful to read. Nobody dreamt that Temple was to be Bishop of London himself. 'You ought not to make it impossible for a friend to calculate on what you will do. I do not care for your severity, I do care for being cheated.' Then came Bishop Colenso, and Bishop Gray. The question of what was called Ritualism grew warm in 1860. All Saints', St. Alban's, St. Peter's, London Docks, became prominent ; and a 'religious' newspaper spoke of 'that ecclesiastical bully, the Presbyterian-minded Bishop of London, who has shown himself as narrow-minded a bigot and as unchristian a gentleman as ever disgraced a Bishopric.' In April 1863 the 'Bishop of London's Fund' was founded. Through all, the work of the largest diocese in the world went steadily on. And on November 13, 1868, being at Stonehouse, in Thanet, the letter came from Mr. Disraeli which offered the Primacy. The offer was accepted the same afternoon. The circumstances are quite well known.

Most readers will acknowledge the wisdom of the part taken both by the Archbishop and the Queen in the difficult matter of Irish Disestablishment. On November 18, 1869, when only fifty-eight, a stroke of paralysis fell, from which his entire recovery was something miraculous. Probably the Church owes the introduction

of Suffragan Bishops to so striking an instance of fatal over-work. In the earlier days of the Archbishop's illness, Dr. Temple was appointed Bishop of Exeter, having (as Dr. Pusey averred) 'participated in the ruin of countless souls.' Early in 1872 Lord Shaftesbury besought the Lords to take action against Ritualism: declaring (of course) that 'the fate of the Church of England is trembling in the balance.' But he found it 'hopeless, thankless, and fruitless work to reform Church abominations.' Nothing need be said of the Athanasian Creed, save that Tait was violently abused by some. As little of the Public Worship Regulation Act. At the close of May 1877 the Archbishop came to Edinburgh to the funeral of his brother John. He visited the General Assembly, then in session: which rose to receive him. The death of his son, May 25, 1878, was an awful blow: and still heavier that of his wife, who died at Edinburgh on Advent Sunday in the same year. Many know their graves, in Addington Churchyard, side by side: 'Mother and Son.'

The life of dignified drudgery went on a little longer. It was at the Royal Academy Banquet of 1880 (he wrote his speeches for such occasions) that he said, 'I am sure that the general effect of looking day after day upon a hideous building is debasing—I will not say demoralising.' The words have often been quoted to the end of improving Scottish parish kirks. Tait had no knowledge whatever of music. No man (with an ear) who sat by him in Canterbury Cathedral while the Litany was sung, will ever forget it. In a loud speaking voice, the Primate produced a

discord which made the nerves tingle. Being at Paris, he 'went almost every day to the Madeleine.' Shade of Lord Shaftesbury! Then at Lambeth, on just this June day, 'Interviews and business all day long till I was nearly mad.' On July 23, 1882, the diary says, 'Still alive, but very shaky.' In August he was from Monday to Thursday at Selsdon Park with the Bishop of Winchester, 'alarmingly feeble.' Yet the humour lingered: To a worrying applicant, 'Tell him he is a consummate ass, but do it very kindly.' But he ran down fast: on Sunday, September 3, he thought he was dying. Some weeks more were given in the quiet sick-room at Addington as the days shortened. But 'it is better I should go now.' Early on a Saturday morning all were summoned. A separate farewell to each: then the benediction in a steady voice. 'And now it is all over. It isn't so very dreadful after all.'

He went at seven on Advent Sunday morning. It was on that day, four years since, that his wife had gone before him. He was seventy-two. As Chalmers said of another Primate, 'He had passed through the fire of worldly elevation, and the smell of it had not passed upon him.' It was Archy Tait of Glasgow College that died.

## CHAPTER V

DEAN STANLEY OF WESTMINSTER<sup>1</sup>

‘YOU could not make Stanley a Bishop: he writes such an abominable hand.’ And indeed when in departed years the not infrequent letter came from him, one could but go over it repeatedly and write above each word what perhaps it meant. Then gradually the sense appeared. Little things, we know, may keep a great man back from what he would like: and in the latter years Stanley would have liked to be a Bishop. Doubtless that illegible manuscript came nearer to the question of his fitness for the great office than his incapacity to put on his clothes, the way he cut himself in shaving, the unconsciousness whether he had taken his necessary food, and the awful confusion in which he kept his bedroom. But there were other reasons, as everybody could see. Outsiders naturally think that the greatest men in the Anglican Church should fill its highest places: forgetting that these are places of special and very exceptional work, for which men so illustrious as Dean

<sup>1</sup> *The Life and Correspondence of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., late Dean of Westminster.* By Rowland E. Prothero, M.A., Barrister-at-law, late Fellow of All Souls’ College, Oxford. With the co-operation and sanction of the Very Rev. G. G. Bradley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. In Two Volumes. London: John Murray, 1893.

Church, as Stanley, as Liddon, are far less fitted than others who must be placed a thousand miles below them.

I heard the words : they were said only to myself. I looked at the stern face, which was gazing right on. We were walking, pretty fast, round and round the cloister of St. George's Chapel in Windsor Castle : for an hour exactly, on that day of drenching rain. The speaker was the Great Duke's nephew, Dean Wellesley of Windsor : who knew very many strange things, and (now and then) spoke out with a startling freedom. If I durst but record what I have heard that remarkable man say, how these pages would be read ! Yes, and how fiercely what might be written here would be contradicted by divers cautious and subservient souls : who would contradict it precisely because they knew it true to the letter and the spirit : not to add the fact.

I am not to begin my account of Dean Stanley's Life, and of his Biography, by any attempt at an estimate of his character, and of the actual work he did in this world. Many have already essayed to do all this : and, so far as concerns the facts, I do not much disagree with what I have seen said by anybody. Stanley's character was easily read : its lines were very marked : and the man was transparent sincerity. You might like him and approve him or not : it was easy to understand him. He awakened the keenest possible likes and dislikes. You might think his work in the main a good work : you might think it mischievous and soul-destroying. Thirty years since, when I had said something in his praise, a very stupid and

illiterate Scotch parson said to me, 'Dean Stanley! He's a pickpocket. He gets his stipend under false pretences.' A very hidebound and narrow soul once refused to meet him in this house, because he was 'a Latitudinarian.' The religious paper called *Christian Charity* stated that Stanley's teaching led directly to INFIDELITY: so was the word printed, for emphasis sake. Keble and Pusey, saintly and sincere, refused to preach in Westminster Abbey when he was there: thus 'coming out and being separate.' The lovable Liddon declined at first: but thought better of it and did preach: of course admirably. The well-meaning Lord Shaftesbury was 'alarmed' when Bishop Tait made Stanley one of his chaplains: 'The Bishop knows not the gulf he is opening for himself.' When Temple was made Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Pusey averred that he had 'participated in the ruin of countless souls.' It may be hoped that the good man was mistaken. Who now has a word to say against the decorous and excellent Bishop Temple of London? All this is merely the way in which theologians express themselves. It was even as my dear old Professor of Divinity, Dr. Hill of Glasgow, lecturing to his students, briefly made an end of a great movement by saying, 'those pestilent publications, the Tracts for the Times.' And it mattered just as much when the saintly Dr. Muir of Edinburgh declared in my hearing at least fifteen times, that to kneel at prayers and stand at praise in the Kirk was of the instigation of the Devil. Long ago, when John Knox in this city spoke of 'the Trewth,' he meant his own opinions. And when he spoke of the Popish

devils, he meant people who did not agree with him. All these things are outgrown. Had we lived then, and held strong convictions, we should have spoken even so.

In this room where I write, when I look up from my table I see the eager little figure with the sweet refined earnest face standing before the bright fire which to him was life, and visibly expanding in its warmth. When I close my eyes, I hear the voice flowing on and on, a very torrent of eager speech: uttered where he was sure of sympathy, if not of entire agreement. Tulloch's grand presence is by, and his silent attention. The lovable Hugh Pearson sits in that chair which I can touch: it was always *Arthur* and *Hugh*. In writing, it was H. P. I look at these shelves, still here as when he saw them: I behold Stanley eagerly going along one side of the chamber, and saying with great rapidity 'I could begin at one end of these shelves and read on to the other.' Till of a sudden, 'No: I stop here: I could not read this.' It was a volume of sermons by Guthrie: to whom, strange to say, he never did justice. And indeed on a September Sunday in Edinburgh in 1862, he 'heard' two preachers, one Guthrie and the other not: and strongly expressed his preference of the one who in popularity was pretty nearly nowhere in the general estimation. Hugh Pearson was with him all that day: it was that evening that Stanley, in absence of mind, seized up a piece of buttered toast in his fingers and handed it to Pearson, who received it after a moment's hesitation. It is not from these volumes that the living eager Stanley looks out: but from one's own remembrance

of words and looks, greatening and brightening upon one since I took up the pen. One's eyes are dimmed : thinking of the little vanished hand : thinking of the pleasant voice that is still : seeing the beautiful refined face : discerning, plainly as when present, the worn little figure standing in front of that fire, turning from side to side, and pouring out a stream of speech which was entrancing ; and sometimes quite incisive enough. Stanley was a lovable saint : but there was nothing of the sheepish about him. He could defend himself. And he could stand up bravely for any one whom he held to be oppressed and persecuted.

One remembered Froude's saying, sometimes : that Stanley could be tremendously provoking. Provoking in the same way in which Newman was : just one sharp sentence in a long discourse which pierced somebody to the quick, which reached him where he felt most keenly. It was so in that farewell sermon, when he left Oxford for Westminster. It was in Christchurch Cathedral : he chose the place. He had long been silenced as a preacher in Oxford so far as that might be. And now he quoted to divers of those outstanding men who ruled the great University the words of Chalmers concerning it : 'You have the finest machinery in the world, and you don't know how to use it.' It was distinctly presumptuous in Chalmers to say so ; an outsider, speaking in great ignorance. It was extremely irritating when Stanley repeated it. I vividly recall another occasion, over many years. Dr. Lees of St. Giles' at Edinburgh and I had dined at the Deanery on a Sunday, before a great evening service

in the Nave at which Stanley was to preach. The long procession entered in all due state: the Choir first, then many clergy: and amid that surpliced train, walked side by side, unvested, the two ministers of the Scottish Kirk. We sat in the line with divers Canons, on chairs arranged in order. I remember yet how the fine old man next me shrank away as from pollution. Had I been a Canon, I should have done exactly the same. To him, after the training of his life, it was even as it would be to me if a Muggletonian, incapable of spelling, were set to preach in the parish church of St. Andrews. Which indeed may quite possibly be after I am gone. But as Stanley told me he once said to John Bright when the great Tribune developed his views as to what was to come of the Church of England,—said with extreme rapidity,—‘I hope I may be dead and buried before that comes.’ The view developed was as to the actual method of dis-establishment. All the parish churches were to be put up to auction, and sold to the highest bidder. Then Stanley added, with a ghastly look, ‘Think of Westminster Abbey being sold by auction!’ Two suggestions were made, neither of which pleased him. One, that the Ancient Church would move heaven and earth to get it. Another, that it might be carried away stone by stone and set up again beyond the Atlantic. The serious conclusion was that a national building like the great Abbey would never be sold, but might be mediatised: remain as a grand monument, attached to no religious ‘body.’ As for the parish churches, here for once Liddon felt even as did

Stanley. I see the solemn expression with which Liddon said, walking in the still October sunshine amid great trees yet green, 'I don't see how the visible continuity of the Church of England could be maintained if she were stripped of the fabrics.' And indeed whatever Communion possessed the Cathedrals and the parish churches would be in the vulgar estimate the Church of England. I do not know whether or not a most illustrious statesman is of the same mind still concerning that proposed spoliation, as when he said to Liddon in the most fervid tones, 'I would fight with my hands to prevent *that*!'

Considering how small a place St. Andrews is, it is wonderful how much has of late been written about it. The latest volume is Mr. Andrew Lang's. It had to be bright and charming, coming from that pen: but not every one will quite take in how much vital, weighty, and important truth is given there in the liveliest fashion, on pages which sparkle and effervesce. But it is good both for places and for persons to meet the occasional taking-down. And St. Andrews is taken-down in these volumes. No doubt we need it. A very friendly and able writer, essentially a Londoner, in a most kind review of the present writer, deemed it necessary to admonish him that the death of the greatly-beloved Principal Tulloch did not eclipse the gaiety of nations: and that the world got on perfectly well without the sweet smile of Principal Shairp. I knew it before: knew it perfectly: but those losses made a terrible difference here. Now Dean Stanley was so much to St. Andrews, 'my own St. Andrews,' that it is

trying to find how very little St. Andrews was to him. The words come back, 'our own University of St. Andrews': and indeed he was Lord Rector when he said them: 'I never can work so well as at St. Andrews: there is something here which is not at Westminster, which is not at Oxford.' It is not that there was anything but absolute sincerity in such sayings, and many more: 'I have got into St. Mary's College, and I am happy': when housed under Tulloch's roof. It is that the intense sympathy which made him at home here, made him equally at home in fifty other places. We could not expect to keep to ourselves the man who knew so many historic cities, so many famous men. And the Kremlin, St. Petersburg, Rome, Avignon, Nuremberg, were more by far than our wind-swept ruins. It pleased him to sit in the General Assembly: but it had pleased him incomparably more could he have been at Rome when the Conclave elected a Pope. One never forgets 'There's nothing in the world so interests me as an ecclesiastical curiosity.' Some of us here he regarded as approaching to being ecclesiastical curiosities. And when he first preached in the parish church here, a brilliant London periodical had the philosophy of the case ready. 'Dean Stanley, being tired of the Abbey, is rushing about seeking all sorts of queer pulpits to preach from.'

Or is it that the authors of these excellent volumes know little or nothing of Scotland: and care even less? I cannot but think that if Stanley had written his autobiography, Scotland would have *bulked larger*: if one may

use a horrible church-court phrase, in which, and the like of which, Stanley delighted. He held them as wonderful instances of extreme degradation of the language: and having got a list of them from Shairp and myself (Tulloch cautioning us not to give it) he poured them out when presiding at the dinner of the Literary Fund. The biography is a piece of most faithful work: the man is truly represented here, even to foibles which we never thought foibles. We can remember nothing but good of him. All that is said in these two volumes is right, is fair, is laboriously accurate. But it must be said: The man does not live and move, hurry about and eagerly talk, start up from his breakfast and forget he has eaten nothing: quite as it used to be. I know what the dignity of such a biography demands: I bow to the better judgment of Mr. Prothero and Dean Bradley: no writer could be more competent than either: and the pen is always restrained by a good taste which never for a moment fails. But still, I look back: I see things through a mist of tears. I walk in these streets, on the Links, beside the weary, bent, slight little figure: Bishop Ryle of Liverpool is just the same age, and they entered Oxford the same day: Would that Stanley could have been given the like stalwart frame! I see him, just in from a four-miles round on the 'green,' having promised to lie down and rest before dinner where much talking must be, laid hold of by certain devout women, and feebly starting to go out a bit again, looking sadly bent and shaky: it was near the end. I hear the voice, as he looked from the 'Ladies' Links' on the green

waves of the famous Bay tumbling in on the sandy beach, 'Ah, Westminster is very good, but there's nothing like this there!' And a Scot likes not to read of 'the Rev. James Caird,' as the great preacher of a preaching Church and country for the last forty years. We call him the Very Rev. John Caird, D.D., LL.D., Principal of the great University of Glasgow. I see Stanley told that we heard much of Bishop Magee of Peterborough as a pulpit orator : I reminded that he had listened to both Caird and Magee at their best : asked how he would place them. I hear the answer, given without hesitation and with extreme fervour : 'Caird first : and the Bishop second, *longo intervallo*.' Then, preaching for Hugh Pearson in the charming church of Sonning, when the organ was under repair. Service over, H. P. regretted that the music was not so good as usual, there being no organ. Then the great Dean, passing by the pipeless case, 'Bless me ! Neither there is. I had never remarked it.' It was driving from Twyford to Sonning Vicarage that Stanley met what greatly pleased him. He was just married. Lady Augusta and her maid were inside the fly, and Stanley had climbed to the box beside the driver. 'I see you have got Lady Augusta Bruce inside,' said the friendly Jehu : 'I used to be at Windsor, and knew about her there.' Said the Dean, 'Not Lady Augusta Bruce now : Lady Augusta Stanley. She's my wife.' To which the driver replied, with unsimulated heartiness, 'Then, sir, I wish you joy. You have got about the best woman in the world.' It may here be recorded that the pulpit whence Stanley had descended on that day

without an organ, drew forth one austere remark from Bishop Blomfield of London. 'So you have got a stone pulpit,' he said to Pearson. 'I don't like it. I prefer a wooden pulpit. In most cases, it is much liker the preacher.'

I have seen many photographs of Stanley, but that at the beginning of the Biography is quite the worst I ever saw. It is singularly unfortunate. It gives the idea of a much larger man. And it has a fixed, stony look which is far indeed from the mobile, ever-changing face we knew. Of course, the features are there: but a stranger would never guess how refined, how small they were. I have seen Stanley, for a minute or two, look like that: two or three times of the hundreds in which I have watched him intently. Not in the pulpit of the Abbey did he look so grave. Once, perhaps, sitting before a great fire in the vestry of the parish church before going to preach, I saw that look, and thought it strange. But even then, the face was half the size which is here suggested.

'I should have been a dull, heavy, stupid son of a Cheshire squire, one of a sluggish race, but that my grandfather married a clever lively Welshwoman': we have heard these words more than twice or thrice. When Arthur Penrhyn Stanley was born on December 13, 1815, his father, afterwards known as Bishop of Norwich, was Rector of Alderley: son of Sir John Thomas Stanley, who in 1839 became the first Lord Stanley of Alderley. The biography tells us that the future Dean was christened Arthur, 'mainly, doubtless, in honour of the hero of

Waterloo, whose name was at that time on all men's lips : partly, perhaps, like the first-born of the first Tudor King, in memory of his Welsh ancestry.' But this is a bit of imaginative history : some here know better than that. In this house, I have heard him say to a little boy, ' If I tell you I was born in the second half of 1815, can you tell me why I am called Arthur ? ' There was but the one reason known to himself. In September 1824 he was sent to a preparatory school at Seaforth, a quiet hamlet on the Mersey, taught by Mr. Rawson the parish clergyman. He was bright and clever : but he could not learn arithmetic. The biographer does not know, what I have heard Stanley say, that Mr. Rawson declared that Arthur was the stupidest boy at figures who ever came under his care, save only one, who was yet more hopeless : being unable to grasp simple addition and multiplication. But while Stanley remained unchanged to the end, the other boy was to develop a mastery of arithmetic altogether phenomenal. He was to be the great Finance Minister of after years, Mr. Gladstone : the Chancellor of the Exchequer who could make a Budget speech en chaining. The future Premier was a good deal Stanley's senior, but they met. The boy's judgment is, ' He is so very good-natured, and I like him very much.' Stanley had no ear for music ; and no sense of smell. The latter implies the almost utter absence of the sense of taste. I see and hear him at Tulloch's dinner-table, when some mention was made (by one ignorant of the facts) of a great man who lacked power of smelling, vehemently tapping his nose, and exclaiming, '*Here, here!*'

He told how once in his life, driving through a fragrant pinewood in the Alps after a shower, he had what he supposed must be the sense of smell for just half an hour: 'It made the world like Paradise.' And indeed, any who were allowed to penetrate into retired nooks in the Deanery in departed days, were well assured that its master had not that sense. If he had possessed it, the sanitary arrangements would have been seen to, and the Dean would not have died when and how he did. It is terrible to think that the beautiful little face was not recognisable when it was hidden for ever. Hugh Pearson was not allowed to see it. Not that it mattered. As Samuel Rutherford said, dying, 'Glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.' And the old friends have long since met *There*.

When at Seaforth, the boy was taken to a three hours' missionary meeting at Liverpool, hard by. At the end of it 'I felt rather sick, and had to go out.' I thought of the day on which I went with him to hear a Privy Council judgment. We were in what he called 'the dress circle': but after an hour of Lord Chancellor Cairns: 'I can't stand any more of this: Come away.' It was pleasant, going from the Deanery to Downing Street, to see all the cabmen, and a host of others, take off their hats to him. And thus early in the boy's life began those travels which to the last were such a delight and rest. Well I remember, going away from St. Andrews, the last words in the railway carriage, 'Travelling tires one in body, but it is such an unspeakable refreshment of mind.' But he went on, to a friend who was going abroad, 'I

don't care a bit for snowy Alps: give me a historic German city!'

All the world may rejoice that he went to Rugby: not to Eton as the young Gladstone advised. On the last day of January 1829 he entered the school he was to make famous. And though Arnold was a great and good man, there can be no doubt who made him a hero to all who read the English tongue. 'I certainly should not have taken him for a Doctor. He was very pleasant and did not look old.' Stanley rose like a rocket to every kind of eminence: always excepting his 'sums.' With transparent delight he gained prize after prize. But he had no capacity for games. Still his great talents, and his entire amiability, secured him respect: 'prevented all annoyance.' Here is a glimpse:

'When after reciting his beautiful prize poem, "Charles Martel," he returned from Arnold's chair so loaded with prize books that he could hardly carry them, his face radiant, yet so exquisitely modest, and free from all conceit, that we outsiders all rejoiced at little Stanley's successes.'

Then he was elected a scholar of Balliol. And Arnold told the boys that Stanley had not only got everything he could at Rugby, but had already gained high honour for the school at the University. Soon after going to Oxford, the future Broad Churchman appears in an earnest letter to his confidant C. J. Vaughan: whom it is enough to name:

'Alas that a Church that has so divine a service should keep its long list of Articles! I am strengthened more

and more in my opinion, that there is only needed, that there only should be, one: viz. *I believe that Christ is both God and man.*

And he writes to his friend Lake of an acquaintance among the freshmen:

‘A good type of his class apparently, who quotes the Articles as scripture, the Church as infallible. I went out a walk with him the other day: suddenly a look of horror appeared on his face. “I did not know such a thing was tolerated in Oxford,” pointing to a notice on the wall. I imagined it to be “something dreadful”: It was an innocent *To the Chapel*. “Oh,” said I, “you mean the Dissenting Chapel.” “Yes, how could it have been built here? I wonder they did not pull it down long ago.”’

That youth was just as tolerant as great John Knox himself.

But no attempt shall be made here to sketch that life. There is not space: and such as would follow the history will read, with profound interest, every sentence of the biography. It grows always brighter and better as it goes on. And it is written with entire sympathy: which does not imply entire agreement. Mr. Prothero’s theory of things is probably about as near to Stanley’s as Hugh Pearson’s was: as is the humble writer’s. But who could know the man, and not love him?

In due time, First-Class at Oxford. And his famous prize-poem, ‘The Gypsies.’ Soon beginning to chafe at subscription: specially dreading the damnatory clauses

of the Athanasian Creed. Some of us remember how, long after, he laughed like a mischievous schoolboy over a foot-note he had appended to an account of the Greek Archbishop of Syra taking part in a consecration in the Abbey. 'It is interesting to remember that this excellent person, not holding the Double Procession of the Holy Ghost, according to the Athanasian Creed, *without doubt shall perish everlastingily.*' And he writes to H. P., in 1841, 'I have read No. 90, and almost all its consequences. The result clearly is, that Roman Catholics may become members of the Church and Universities of England, which I for one cannot deplore.'

He was ordained by the Bishop of Oxford, after some hesitation on his own part. In 1846, after he had become his father's chaplain, he writes of an ordination in which he had taken part in Norwich Cathedral :

'A heart-rending sight, half prose, half poetry, half Protestant, half Catholic: an impressive ceremony with its meaning torn away: a profession, really of some importance, and claiming to be of the highest, dislocated from its place in society.'

I have heard him tell the story of his first sermon, in a village church near Norwich. Two old women, after service. The first, 'Well, I do feel empty-like.' The other, 'And so do I. That young man did not give us much to feed on.' Assuredly he did not preach 'a rich gospel.'

One does not mind about Stanley being known by at least four pet names. But it startles, to find the serious

Tait, after his historic condemnation of Tract 90, addressed as *Belvedere* and *my dear Greis*. An unlucky association brings back Goldsmith's 'I am known as their agreeable Rattle. Rattle is not my real name, but one I'm known by.' It is to be confessed that after he was Archbishop, I have heard him called *Potato*. But that was by a very high churchman, who held him as little better than a Presbyterian.

Nothing need be said of Arnold's death, in June 1842, nor of the famous Life. 'I have written just two books, which really made an impression,' one has heard him say. The other, of course, was *Sinai and Palestine*. When Tait was elected Arnold's successor, Stanley was in deep despondency as to the sufficiency of his scholarship. During the Hampden controversy, Stanley wrote to his sister in defence of Bishop Wilberforce's action. Stanley did not think it wise, but he thought it sincere. And the significant words occur, 'any act of undoubted sincerity in him is worth ten times as much as it would have been in another person.' Somehow, one would not like to be defended in that particular way. On a Sunday evening in 1847 Stanley preached in the College Chapel, with the unfortunate drawback of having a glove on his head: being quite unaware of the fact. Very like the inaccurate genius who would date a letter the wrong month of the wrong year.

In the autumn of 1849 Stanley's father died: curiously at Brahan Castle, near Dingwall. Dean Hinds of Carlisle was appointed Bishop of Norwich, and Stanley was offered

the Deanery of Carlisle. He was not yet thirty-four. Had he accepted, it would have changed the course of another life. Tait was glad to leave Rugby for Carlisle. Had Stanley been there, it is quite certain that Tait's five children could not have died from the poisonous drains of the Deanery: in which case Tait would not have been thought of for the Bishopric of London, and the history of the Church of England might have been different. 'The real attraction' of the Canterbury canonry, in 1851, was that it made a home for his mother and sister. *Sinai and Palestine* appeared in March 1856. 'Nothing I have ever written has so much interested and instructed me in the writing.' The success was instant and immense. But the saintly Keble felt called to testify. Yet Stanley testified in favour of the Christian Year, when a 'rabid Protestant' declared it was of 'very improper tendency.' 'I confess my blood boils at such fiendish folly and stupidity.' In August 1856 he was at Dumfries, and visited the beautiful churchyard of Kirkpatrick-Irongray, where Jeanie Deans lies under a monument erected by Sir Walter. It is a covenanting region, and Stanley was greatly interested. In those days the writer was incumbent of that parish: but he did not meet Stanley till 1862. At this time it was put about that Stanley was to be Bishop of London: but every one knows that in September 1856 Tait was appointed. It was a curious sight to see men in the New Club at Edinburgh shaking hands enthusiastically, and exclaiming, *Archy Tait a Bishop!* Stanley soon became Professor of Church History at Oxford. 'How

many letters of congratulation do you suppose I have received from residents in Oxford? One from Jowett, and—not one beside!' Dr. Pusey, 'loving him personally,' was constrained to point out that his views tended to unbelief. Stanley replied in courteous terms, that many good souls believed that Pusey's views tended to something in their judgment nearly as bad. I remember Stanley saying that when he became Dean of Westminster, the letters of congratulation reached 600. A good many came from Scotland. But his really intimate friends were few. 'From Hugh Pearson or Professor Jowett he had no secrets.' Indeed to people far below these he sometimes told strange and intimate things not to be repeated. But not one of them, though published ever so widely, would diminish the reverence and love in which he was held by all who really knew him. Surely he had not 'verified his quotation' when he wrote, 'Trust in the Lord, as Cromwell said, and keep your *temper* dry.'

The story of *Essays and Reviews* is fully given. No one has ever related how the book came to be at all. I remember well how John Parker the younger told me that when the series of Oxford and Cambridge Essays which that house published came to a close, they had two or three essays on hand, paid for. So instead of casting them aside, old Mr. Parker thought they might as well get a few more, and make up a volume. This was done. The outcry was tremendous. But it sold the book as the Oxford Essays never sold. The tour in the East with the Prince of Wales came early in 1862. During it, his beloved

mother died. That September, Stanley and Pearson came to Edinburgh. And here the writer had the inestimable privilege of making Hugh Pearson's acquaintance. Never on this earth was there a more lovable man. And it was always most touching to see the friends together.

In November 1863, Stanley was offered the Deanery of Westminster. Dr. Wordsworth, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, and the most conscientious of men, preached against the appointment from the pulpit of the Abbey. Dean and Canon were to become warm friends. On December 23, in Westminster Abbey, Stanley was married to Lady Augusta Bruce. Nothing can be said of that lady better than she deserved. It was the happiest of all marriages. Not long after, he came to Edinburgh and gave two lectures in the Music Hall on Solomon. Substantially they are to be found in his *Jewish Church*. A great crowd listened. A worthy Philistine stated that they were about as good as Kitto's Bible Readings. In the waiting-room, before the lecture, Stanley was talking to the writer, when a bright cheery youth, wearing the kilt, came tearing in, and (morally) embraced the Dean enthusiastically. It was Prince Alfred, then abiding for a space in Holyrood. He sat next Stanley, on a crowded platform: and hearty applause followed when the Dean said Solomon was 'like our own Alfred': turning round in a marked way to the youth. On this visit, Stanley and his wife stayed with Mr. Erskine of Linlathen in Charlotte Square. And the Dean made the acquaintance of a good many outstanding

ministers of the Kirk : hardly any of whom had taken the trouble of attending his lectures. One remarked, when ushered into a drawing-room, he gave his name as *Doctor Stanley*. It was now that leaving our house, Dr. Grant of St. Mary's said to the beloved Dr. Hunter of the Tron Kirk of Edinburgh, ' Well, what do you think of the Dean ? ' Dr. Hunter was about a head less in stature than Stanley. But drawing himself up with old-fashioned dignity, he replied, ' A most charming man ; but somewhat deficient in personal presence ! ' His ' Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland,' delivered in Edinburgh, caused great diversity of opinion. Which has to be.

Mr. Prothero gives, briefly, Stanley's dream of being elected Pope. Some of us have repeatedly heard Stanley tell it at greater length, and in a varied version. I think I can recall it, nearly letter-perfect. Speaking with great rapidity :

' I don't usually attach any consequence to dreams : but this was remarkable. When I learnt that I had been elected Pope, I was in great perplexity. Not at all whether I should accept or not ; I had no difficulty about that ; but what name I should take. I thought of several, but I could not please myself. Hugh Pearson could not help me. So I thought I would go down to the Athenæum, and consult Jacobson, Bishop of Chester. Do any of you know Jacobson ? Well, if you did, you would know that he is the man that everybody goes to in perplexity ; the most cautious of men. He said, I should take it as a great compliment if you would take my name : William. Why not ?

Somehow, it would not do. So I thought I should go away to Rome, and see about things there. Forthwith, with the rapidity of a dream, I found myself drawing near to Rome: walking along the Flaminian Way. As I came near the gate, a great procession came forth, to welcome the new Pope. Then I suddenly remembered that in the hurry of coming away from home, I had wrapped the blanket of my bed round me: and that it was exactly the colour which no Pope can wear until he is fully installed in office. I was in great agony. For I thought to myself, these people will think it most presumptuous in me to wear that colour when I have no right to it. But, on the other hand, I could not cast the blanket off, for I had not another stitch of raiment about me. Driven to this extremity, of course I awoke.'

The Papacy had somehow an extraordinary interest for Stanley. Well I remember his saying :

‘My great wish in this life is to be Pope. Then I should call a General Council. I should say, “Am I infallible?” “Yes.” “Is whatever I say certainly true?” “Yes.” “Then the first use I make of my infallibility is to declare that I am not infallible: that no Pope ever was infallible: that the Church has fallen into many grievous errors, and stands in great need of a Reformation.”’

When I related this to good Bishop Wordsworth, he answered with a solemn face, ‘Yes, and that night the Pope would get a cup of coffee, and he would fall asleep and never awake.’ Another suggestion was made. When Stanley had spoken the words, a sudden loud outcry would

be raised by those nearest, 'The Pope is taken ill : he has gone mad !' A rush would be made upon him ; he would be swept out of the Council ; and next day it would be announced that he was dead. But it is quite unnecessary to discuss the steps which would practically be taken.

Long before, while still a Professor, Stanley and H. P. had a private interview with Pius IX. I would I had space to relate the details : they are most interesting and strange. One only is given in the Life : How the Pope said Dr. Pusey was like a church-bell : 'He induces others to enter the Church, but he stays outside himself.' And coming forth, Stanley's first words to Pearson were, 'Well, that infallible man has made more stupid mistakes in twenty minutes, than I ever heard any mortal make before.'

I am not to say a word of his sermons and speeches at St. Andrews : for I have told the story elsewhere, though only about half.<sup>1</sup> Very true is Mr. Prothero's word of Stanley's visit to the scene of the murder of Archbishop Sharp (never Shairp) at Magus Muir. I know that well, for I took him there. How solemnly he took it all ! 'It's an awful name, Magus Muir. Great part of the horror of the story comes of the name.' The Laird asked Stanley to write an inscription for the rude pyramid he put up to mark the spot. But the inscription was too 'Broad' for old Mr. Whyte Melville. For it was equally complimentary

<sup>1</sup> *Dean Stanley at St. Andrews* : published in *Fraser's Magazine*, and now Chap. VIII. in the *Recreations of a Country Parson*. Third Series. Also in the two volumes *Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews, passim*.

to the murdered Archbishop, and to the conscientious and devout souls who murdered him.

The year 1874 saw Stanley's culmination. In the words of Archbishop Tait, 'No clergyman, perhaps, who ever lived, exercised over the public at large, and especially over the literary and thoughtful portion of it, so fascinating an influence.'

His wife's death, on 'the Day of Ashes' in 1876, changed all this world. Yet even after that, he could be very bright and gay. Well I remember going with him round Henry VII.'s Chapel, how the eager flow of speech stopped, and he silently pointed to her resting-place, and turned away. Also how, going into the Abbey to preach, he got with great speed into his surplice ('I don't believe Stanley ever possessed a cassock,' were the words of an eminent friend), and entering his library with a solemn face, he silently patted the bust on its cheek, and then signed to me to follow him. When he went to preach elsewhere he carried 'The Order' with him in an old newspaper. There is no doubt, he got downhearted about his work. I have heard the words which are recorded, 'Everything I do is sure to fail. The public have ceased to read or listen to anything I can tell them.' Yet at a meeting of the C.C.C. Society in the Deanery, he was at his very brightest, on the beautiful evening of Monday, May 30, 1881, that day seven weeks that he died. Now and then, his spirits were uproarious. He uttered cries of approval of a paper read by one who could not agree with him in everything. As it grew towards midnight, I took Dean Stanley's hand for

the last time. ‘Yes, I’ll preach for you on a Sunday in August, if you will put me up for a few days.’ These were the final words I heard him say.

Hugh Pearson wrote, ‘He passed away in perfect peace —two long sighs, and not the slightest movement of the head or hand. There was no suffering throughout, thank God !’

And H. P., soon to follow, added :

‘What can one look forward to in the future for the Church without him ? For myself the light is gone out of life.’

But the days of mourning are ended ; and we recall life-like little details with a smile. How he enjoyed the letter which came to him after the figures were set up in the reredos at the Abbey, which began : *Thou miserable idolater!* Not less cheering was another communication, assuming a poetic form, which began : ‘In old Cockaigne did Liddon Khan, A stately preaching-house decree.’ Then the day on which Archbishop Tait, having written out a telegram at a country office, was addressed : ‘And wha may ye be that tak’ this cognomen ?’ The Dean related the story at a bishops’ dinner at Lambeth ; but could elicit no more from the cautious Primate than *A very good story.* Bits of observation : ‘I never walk along a street in an English town without seeing some name on a sign-board which I never saw before.’ This, in contrast with Scotland, where the same surname of old served a county. Nothing pleased him more, preaching at St. Andrews, than when an old woman with a huge umbrella joined herself to the little

procession entering the church, and walked a long time close behind the Dean. 'It could not have happened in Westminster Abbey.' In graver mood, writing of a visit to St. Andrews: 'I am grateful to have a record of days so delightful': the absence of the incomparable wife being 'the one shadow deepening and darkening over what else would have been unmixed happiness.'

## CHAPTER VI

HUGH PEARSON

A LITTLE memoir of Hugh Pearson was printed, and sent to his friends. It is somewhere in this room, but I cannot find it to-day. I do not need it for my present purpose. I wish to show the greatly-loved man I knew. If I had found the volume, I should have turned it over, and then shut it and laid it aside, and written from my own memory and heart. While I live, I shall vividly remember the face and the voice, many looks and many sentences. I close my eyes and I see him : sitting in a large chair which I have just touched with this long quill. The days were in which I used to say to myself, over and over, *Principal Tulloch is dead* : not being able to take it in. It was exactly so when Hugh Pearson died.

I know well that all the hours I spent with him were but a very little part of that honoured and helpful life. But they were quite enough to leave with me, for ever, the clearest idea of the manner of man he was. It is a very loving estimate of a man as true, kind, lovable, devout, as ever lived. It did one good to be near him. I fancy it is theologically certain that every human being must from time to time do wrong. I cannot remember that Hugh

Pearson ever did wrong at all. Always wise : always good : always kind. No wonder that the biographer could say that from Pearson (and just one other, Jowett) Arthur Stanley had no secrets at all. Some of us, far below Stanley, could have told Pearson anything.

It all comes vividly back, this Spring morning : from the first bright look at Edinburgh in August 1862, more than thirty-one years ago : through pleasant Sonning, which to me was always a glimpse of Paradise : Stanley used to say that Sonning church and vicarage were the ideal English church and parsonage, and Pearson the ideal English parson : then days in this house, red-letter days. Above all, a day comes back, a sad day. Pearson had his little individual ways. One was that he would come to stay at a friend's house, without giving any notice. He was ever far more than welcome. One August day, after a long lonely journey (which I think made him feel rather desolate), he came to this door : it was his first visit to St. Andrews. He made sure he was at home : knowing what a welcome awaited him here. But the faithful domestic who had stayed behind to see the house shut up had to tell him that we had all gone off that morning to Perthshire for six weeks. She told us that she had never seen a man so knocked down. I know the smile of anticipation that was on the face when he came to our door. But he asked if he might come into this study : and he rested here a little and then departed. The moment I heard, I wrote begging him to come to us where we were : but it took days before he got my letter, and he was back in England.

Then, years after, the last sight of all of the kind face, sitting beside him as he read the Lessons one morning in St. George's Chapel at Windsor. How he enjoyed the stately worship of that magnificent church! When appointed a Canon of Windsor, he wrote, 'You know cathedral service is everything to me.' For twenty years his father was Dean of Salisbury: and amid such surroundings Hugh Pearson grew up, and there his ecclesiastical tastes were formed. They never left him. And though he was Stanley's dearest friend, the type of churchmanship was not quite the same. Well I remember, walking about with him at Sonning, his saying sorrowfully of a bright youth who had become quite too Broad, 'His faith is a wreck.' But he passed rapidly from sorrowful thoughts: and pointing up to a beautiful change he had made on the vicarage since my last visit, he said, 'A Nuremberg window.' He felt sad things deeply: I have seen the face look very sorrowful: but he thought it morbid to dwell on such, if one could righteously escape them.

There are two volumes in this room, greatly prized. A little one, bound in purple (he minded these things), called *Hymns for the Services of the Church*. No Editor's name is on the title-page: But there is a Preface, signed H. P., and dated *Sonning, Advent, 1867*. The other volume is a vellum-bound *In Memoriam*: which bears 'In memory of Hugh Pearson, from his Brother W. H. Jervis.' The date is December 9, 1882. On the evening of a Sunday in this Lent, I turned over many letters which had been carefully tied up; all beginning 'My dear A. K. H. B.' all ending

'Ever affectionately yours, H. P.' Alas, there is one, written on January 7, 1882, whose last words are 'I am most thankful that 1881 is gone : I breathe more freely.' One has known the feeling of being thankful that a trying year was past: hoping something better. But the end was drawing near. Only three months remained : and I have heard him say that he was so interested in the progress of the Church and world that he would like to be allowed to watch them for a few more years. On Easter Day, April 9, 1882, he was at early Communion : and he preached at evening service, telling the people it was his fortieth Easter Day at Sonning. On Thursday in that week he died.

If you preserve only letters of special interest, it is a pathetic thing to untie a little bundle after a very few years. There, along with that prophetic letter from H. P., is the large round hand of Bishop Phillips Brooks : the clear beautiful writing of Liddon : the hand, singularly like it, of Dean Church of St. Paul's : the wonderful calligraphy of Stanley : the scholarly writing of Froude, not always easily read : the clear page, legible as print, of Oliver Wendell Holmes : two letters from historic Edgewood, signed Donald G. Mitchell; whose *Reveries of a Bachelor* so reached the youthful heart ; and the solitary letter which ever reached this house of the charming Rector of Bishopsgate, that Rogers whose name has such affinity to theological science.

I never can forget my first sight of Hugh Pearson : the extreme brightness of his look, and the cordiality of his greeting. Stanley and he had come to Edinburgh ; and on the evening of Saturday, August 30, they dined with Dr.

Crawford, the Professor of Divinity. The day before we had come back from England, where we had spent that August of 1862 : and in the house of Sir Frederick Pollock I had met Stanley for the first time. He said he was soon to be in Edinburgh, and would come and see us: all we knew of Pearson was that he was an English clergyman, and a great friend of Stanley's. Three hours that evening I listened to Stanley's talk: and Pearson's was just as interesting. They wished to come to church next morning: and our one Sunday in Edinburgh, passing from Devonshire to the Clyde (for August and September were holiday then) was happily theirs too. I took to Pearson that day, as I never had taken to any other man, save only Bishop Thorold of Winchester. Stanley might be the more famous man: Pearson was the more charming. I do not presume to say that Pearson took to me unworthy: but, as matter of fact, he often told me that he did. I shrink from anything that looks presumptuous: for within these few days an anonymous soul, writing to me, with incredible bitterness, a letter of an abusive character, declared that he does not believe that I ever spoke to even one of the eminent men of whom I have made mention on various printed pages. So I fear I have unintentionally rubbed that kindly Christian the wrong way. And it would be vain to assure him that he is mistaken. In any case he is *thorough*. He reminded me of a charitable old man who declared aloud in my hearing, he knowing that I was a son of the manse, that ' there was not a minister of the Kirk of Scotland who would give up a plate of pudden or a

tummler of toddy to save the souls of all the people in his parish.' I was but a lad : but I plucked up courage and uttered an outspoken reply.

It was that evening that Pearson said to me, Stanley having expressed some disapproval of Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford, 'You may speak of him as you like : but he is the show man of the Church of England !' I remember too, 'Like all the Wilberforces, he has the gift of sympathy.' Yet Pearson was anxious that we should understand that the Bishop was not a mere mass of geniality : he could show his teeth upon occasion : which I suppose is still needful in this world that a man may be respected. The idea is sometimes simply brought out by simple folk. A presumptuous bagman, entering a coach drawn by a horse along a little line of rails up to a Perthshire village, said, in depreciatory tone, 'A very innocent railway.' 'No that Ennocent,' said the driver with much indignation : 'No that Ennocent : we kellt a man !' There was a proper pride, too.

The record of the day says 'Stanley ; and a Mr. Pearson, Rector of a parish in Berkshire : a most pleasant man.' Ah, how well read they showed themselves to be, both of them, in certain volumes by a young Scotch minister concerning which his revered Seniors in the Kirk, specially those of them who ministered to empty pews, kept a silence as of the grave : broken only by the occasional word of oblique condemnation. 'Not a creditable book from such a quarter' : I have known. And I remember well when it was said that *The Recreations of a Country Parson* was a rowdy, slangy, and Bohemian

title such as no clergyman could decently use. So we came away. In those days I had a deep veneration for the great Church of England: which extraordinary kindness experienced from its clergy of all degrees converted to a warmer feeling. But I think I may say that Thorold, Stanley, and Pearson, were the first of their order who held out a warm hand to me.

Sunday morning was dull and dark. In August and September the New Town congregations of Edinburgh are scattered: and I was sorry that St. Bernard's, usually quite as full as it could hold, must be 'thin': save for tourists. These, in my latter years, quite made up for the absent flock. Further, the Choir, which was amateur, did not sing on these holiday Sundays. Scotland has greatly changed in church matters. The afternoon congregation now has dried up, as in England: but at that period, the great service was the afternoon. For that, one's sermon was fully written out: and read. But in the morning the discourse was extempore: that is, one had sketched on a single page the line of thought, but trusted to the moment for the words. I never had varied this usage in the three years I had been in Edinburgh: and though on Saturday night the thought had crossed me that one should give a prepared sermon to so great a man as Stanley, I resolved that he must take his chance. I did not know then that he was to hear me often enough, when I had done my best. Stanley and Pearson were apparent, in the body of the church: but after service, to my astonishment, Kingsley walked into the vestry with them, looking very bright and

alert. The Oxford and Cambridge Professors, to their surprise, had met on the steps of that Scottish kirk. Beholding these three visitors, I could not but say I wished I had given them a discourse fully written out. I hear Kingsley say, in a solemn voice, with an impressive catch in it, 'He's modest about his sermon.'

It chanced that the sermon pleased both Stanley and Kingsley; though not prepared to that end. Scottish preachers, in those days, used to lecture regularly through a book of Holy Scripture in these unwritten appearances. Thus the great difficulty of selecting a text and subject was escaped. And I had simply come that morning to the verse next in order. I have turned up my faded pages: they are strange to see. The notes take up a small page and a half. I see, yet, the eager glance with which Stanley looked up when the text was read. It was St. John iii. 5: 'Born of water and of the Spirit.' I knew not then, how Stanley, in his famous article in the *Edinburgh Review* on *The Gorham Controversy*, had treated the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. Neither did I know Stanley's interest in the Standards of the Kirk. Having said that many identify the two Baptisms, water and the Spirit, or say they always go together: the discourse went on, that fact so contradicts this teaching, that it has to be fenced about, till it amounts to nothing. It was shown that our Confession takes as 'High' ground as any: the grace in baptism is 'not only offered, but really exhibited and conferred.' It may be long latent, but it should come out at last. But now I fear I went on a line at which

many would shake a dissentient head. I said that we did not need to make up our mind whether children were invariably regenerated in baptism or not: that our duty was plain: to wit, to have our children baptised: and that as for the exact effect, that was no concern of ours: it was in higher hands. All we need is to know what to do: so far, all is plain. Many would doubtless say that this was the application of a very rationalistic common sense to this solemn question. I had come to that point then: probably without any help. For I fancy it is not the view of either Scotland or England.

Kingsley came up with me to Great King Street, hard by. The time between services, 'the Interval,' was brief. Morning service ended at 12.30. Afternoon service began 2.15. The three pleasant visitors went away to the Old Town, to hear the famous and charming Guthrie in the afternoon. I was sorry not to have them then. For St. Bernard's was quite full. And I had a discourse, new then, which in the next November was to stand XIII. in the first volume of *The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson*. The material for that volume had already been copied out. And that evening I was cheered by finding that I had taken a line which Stanley thought made sermons readable. He said that Newman's sermons were read very much because he was the first who gave each sermon a title; instead of merely denoting it by its text. I did not know this. But that afternoon's sermon claims to treat *The Vagueness and Endlessness of Human Aspirations*. The text was the famous 'Oh that I had wings like a dove!'

And though a youth wrote it, an old man may say its teaching is true.

They dined with Mr. Erskine of Linlathen. Then Kingsley, tired, went to the Caledonian Hotel in Princes Street, where his wife was : Stanley and Pearson came to us at nine o'clock and stayed till eleven. One watches a great man, rarely seen. I thought of the jagged collar, at Pollock's in London : first beholding the man whose Life of Arnold had been so much to many a young Scot. Now, as he walked in first, I recognised an ill-fitting dress-coat in which at that epoch he had been photographed. I must not repeat the touching legend of the oleaginous toast, which Stanley in absence of mind seized up in his fingers and handed to Pearson. Pearson looked at it with hesitation : but received and consumed it. Then they talked of Guthrie's sermon. I had told them of the indescribable charm of his manner : Never was more touching and holding oratory in this world. A great orator, if ever there was one. I had told them how he had impressed Thackeray. To my disappointment, they were critical. 'He had no particular message to deliver : just the ordinary evangelical thing.' Then Stanley said : 'He divided his subject into three "heads" : but he broke them down : what was said under one head might just as well have been said under another.' I began to see, that Sunday evening, August 31, 1862, when Stanley was just 47, what I became very sure of afterwards : that to think alike was the tie to Stanley after all. Guthrie's doctrine had somehow repelled him.

Long after, Pearson recalled that Sunday, so memorable to me. He did so many times in conversation: but I find a letter which had been quite forgot. I will run the risk of being accused of conceit, copying some lines. For they are interesting in themselves: and neither to Guthrie where he is nor to me where I abide does it matter now what this man or that may say. 'Here is a return to the old happy vein. I am delighted with *My Vestry Windows*. How well I remember hearing you preach in St. Bernard's: going with A. P. S. and Kingsley! An admirable sermon: which we all contrasted greatly to your advantage with one we heard from Dr. Guthrie in the afternoon.' Well, I had my day in Edinburgh: a bright warm day: but not many *there* would have said *that*. Then that letter ends sadly. Lady Augusta was near the end. 'Lady Augusta is, I understand, improving very slowly. She sees no one, and I can't help being anxious: but they tell me there is no real danger.' Then the hearty conclusion, not quite in the usual words: yet somewhat warmer than is common in Scotland even between great friends. 'No more, my dear Boyd. Ever yours most cordially, H. P.' Bishop Wordsworth, after more than forty years of Scotland, was essentially an Englishman. So it is not an exception to what has been said when my eye falls in this moment upon a letter from him, ending 'Ever yours most truly and affectionately, C. W. Bp.'

Having thus burst forth in what some good Christians may hold an ebullition of conceit, let me balance it by humbly presenting myself in the white sheet of humility.

I lately read, printed as proof of incredible ignorance and bad taste, how certain Americans, visiting Edinburgh, went on a Sunday to St. Bernard's when they might have had the privilege of hearing Dr. Guthrie or Dr. Candlish. This painful fact was given as indicating a descent to pretty nearly the lowest possible deep. This, more than once. But here is a passage from the Diary of that really honest and attractive man, George Gilfillan of Dundee, written August 5, 1863.

‘It is now nearly a year since a Mr. Appleton, a brother-in-law of Longfellow, called on me with a note from his celebrated relative. I asked what ministers he had heard in Edinburgh, and whether he had been to Guthrie's chapel. “No, he had no interest in Guthrie. He had gone to hear the two Edinburgh clergymen at present most talked of in the States, Dean Ramsay and A. K. H. B.”

‘How curious the chance medleys of fame! And so the American had heard of, and longed to hear A. K. H. B., and had a contempt for Guthrie, and probably knew nothing about John Bruce.’

‘The astounding ignorance of the man! ’

Even such, as Hugh Pearson liked to tell, was the exclamation (not to be taken seriously) of Bishop Wilberforce, when Pearson reported to him words of Pope Pius IX. Pearson and Stanley had a private interview with His Holiness, during which the infallible man (as Stanley said) made more stupid blunders than he had ever known any mortal make in twenty minutes before. One question was: ‘Is not Vealberfoss a Professor at Oxford?’ ‘Oh, no:

Bishop,' was Stanley's reply. 'Ah, Vealberfoss is Bishop : I did not know that.' Hence the moan just recorded. Another curious detail of that historic talk, which appears to have been carried on in a singular mixture of French and English. 'How is the Professor Pousé ?' said the Pope. Stanley took up the question wrongly ; fancying the Pope was asking if Stanley, then an Oxford Professor, was *épousé*, married. Stanley was just going to be married : so in a somewhat confused way he stated that Oxford Professors might marry, but that he had not done so. Whereupon the Pope, impatiently : 'That is not what I mean : I want to know how is the Professor Pousé ?' The friends replied that he was very well. Then the Pope summed up. 'Ah, the Professor Pousé is like une cloche, a church-bell. He induces others to enter the Church, but he stays outside himself.'

At this time it was very commonly put about that Stanley was shortly to be a Bishop : perhaps even Archbishop : not of Dublin, but of Canterbury. Pearson's remark to me was, 'Very likely a Bishop. I should say, very unlikely to be Archbishop.' That evening the two friends talked of an idea which had suggested itself to Stanley, who was eager for the drawing together of the two Established Churches of Britain. Tulloch had said, in his frank way, that he would have no objection to receive Anglican orders : not as casting any doubt on the validity of those of the Kirk, but simply as the legal qualification to minister in English parish churches ; not to name the holding of English preferment. So some shadowy notion, never to come to anything, occurred, that a few Scotch

parsons of the highest standing might in this sense be re-ordained : and, still holding their charges in the Church of Scotland, be made Canons of English Cathedrals. The thing would not have been popular in Scotland. I remember with what bitterness a good man said, hearing one of our best men named as conceivably so placed : ' Give him a few hundreds a year more, and he would go over altogether.' Then, on the other side, I heard a Bishop say, ungraciously, ' What would our curates think, if a lot of hungry Scotchmen were to get our prizes ? ' One could but suggest that a Scotchman, as hungry as any, for when he took his degree he had exactly nothing but what he earned, was at the moment Bishop of London. It was plain that the national jealousy could easily be aroused. Yet two Scots, both sons of the Kirk, were in a little to hold York and Canterbury.

It was this evening that Stanley said, ' I'm a Canon of the shabbiest Cathedral in England : but I'm a Professor of the greatest University in the world.' At length they must go : and in the lingering twilight of the North, I walked up with them through the trees of the Queen Street Gardens. Reaching the top of the hill, I said, ' Now when you are made Bishops or Archbishops, surely you will hold out a hand to us in the Kirk, who are not so very unlike you ? ' ' Here is a hand,' said Stanley, in his most fervent mood. Pearson said the like : and after that warm grasp we parted. Nobody will care to know : but the number of that house in Great King Street was 78. Pleasant that it was twice ' Poor Thirty-Nine.' And dear.

The first dwelling the writer can call his own in fee-simple. Just so dear, that now, after nearly twenty-nine years, that division of Great King Street is barred. As Julius Hare wrote, 'Birth has gladdened it, death has hallowed it.'

There is a gate in Ghent,—I passed beside it :  
A threshold there, worn of my frequent feet,  
Which I shall cross no more.

There entered Froude, the first house he ever entered in Scotland : there Thorold, no more than Rector of St. Giles' : though some of us made sure what was to be. There Tulloch, oftentimes. There Macleod. Coming down the hill to it, Froude told of the Devonshire farmer who, having seen a picture of the walls of Jericho going down, walked round his barn blowing a ram's horn 'till he was like to burst,' with no result at all. But I must not go that way.

From that day onward, H. P. began to write long and interesting letters. But it was not till Shrove Tuesday in 1864 that I beheld Sonning. I was for ten days at St. Giles' rectory in Bedford Square, already quite home-like : and Pearson wrote that I must come down and end the Carnival with him. On Tuesday, February 9, in the loveliest of frosty sunshine, all the world gleaming, by the Great Western to Twyford : thence, as H. P. said, 'you must Fly.' I never had properly seen such a church and parsonage before. One good of being so starved in the bare sanctuaries then universal in the North, was that one had a quite enthusiastic enjoyment of Anglican beauty.

The entrance hall was square, panelled with black oak. Pearson's study was delightful. The dining-room was more like rooms in general: only that round the walls were the portraits of innumerable Bishops. All special friends of H. P. There was a very youthful picture of him the Pope called Vealberfoss: specially odious to that illustrious Prelate. 'Like nothing earthly but a hair-dresser's man,' was his criticism: and indeed the hyacinthine locks were much in evidence. Archbishop Longley was there: not so pleasant of aspect as when older. He was the first person I heard preach before the Queen: indeed the only person save one other. I remember the sermon perfectly: it was on 'neither circumcision nor uncircumcision': the conclusion was most beautiful. As I was only sixteen, my opinion was probably of small value. The last glimpse I had of the Primate was singular. In Piccadilly, a horse had fallen: a little crowd was round it. I was driven sharply against a little figure, contemplating the horse. For he had lived long in Yorkshire. It was the Archbishop, quite alone: extremely well dressed: and with the self-same curious glance in his eye which Pius IX. had. I hastened to take off my hat: but no one else knew the good man. What facts H. P. knew about the dignitaries of Anglicanism! That day, specially, how they were impoverished by the awful expenses of coming in to their places. But the apartment which stands out in memory in the Vicarage was the drawing-room. Black oak from floor to ceiling: and when lighted up with wax candles (H. P. would have no other light in it), the warm

dark home-like glow was never to be forgotten. The record of that departed day is brief. ‘*Perfect church and parsonage: Pearson kindest of men. My ideal of a place to live in.*’ I had to be at St. Giles’ next morning, Ash Wednesday, to hear Thorold and his curates ‘do the cursin’ to a moderate congregation: I never so grudged the rapid passing of the day.

There were three curates: two of them English, and quite charming: the third Scotch, and not wholly so to a countryman. They were taught to address the Vicar as *Hugh*. The sweetest-natured of men had his ways. The Scotsman lived out in the country: the other two in a charming cottage-dwelling in the beautiful village. Of the church it need only be said that Stanley had not said a word too much of it. Pearson got it in sad estate: but he restored it. They were the first pillars of chalk I had ever seen. When I spoke enthusiastically of the loveliness of ‘kirk and manse,’ H. P. replied, ‘Ah, the living is but three hundred a year: think, when I go, of a vicar with six children and only the living!’ We went into the school. Very pleasant, the pretty healthy children rising with a word of welcome. The Christmas decorations were still there. Church and vicarage are close together, in the same enclosure. And under the church’s shadow, Pearson quietly pointed to his father’s grave. The beautiful Thames flows by, surprisingly small: a quaint old bridge near. Here it was that Bishop Wilberforce, when weary, came for a quiet Sunday: and was happy. I thought Pearson, that day, the happiest of men. The devotion to

him of his curates was delightful to see. But though his acquaintance was so wide, there was one friend who stood first: the talk went continually back to *Arthur*.

Much was said that day of friendly alliance if not actual incorporation of the two National Churches. We all knew how Bishop Wordsworth, preaching at the re-opening of Chichester Cathedral, had taken for his text 'I beseech Euodias, and beseech Syntyche, that they be of the same mind in the Lord': the E and S standing for England and Scotland. One was in perfect harmony with the three born and bred Anglicans. The only jar was when the curate came who had been born and bred in the Kirk, and when he began to ridicule the heroic Communion in which his father at that time abode. 'I'm a placed minister!' he said, sarcastically. The term, *a placed minister*, implying one set in full charge of a parish, did not appear to me in itself more ridiculous than the synonymous term, *a benificed clergyman*. It is a Scotticism, no doubt: in use among the less educated: even as *Auld Lang Syne* is Scotch for *Old Long Since*. Then, with a laugh as at something very barbarous, the Scot (whose speech bewrayed him though he assured me he was entirely an Englishman) went on to state that when staying with his father in Edinburgh, the father would come in from church and say *We had Veitch to-day*. I informed him that I had heard an eminent lawyer, coming from the Temple Church, say *We had Vaughan this morning*: and I could see nothing in the statement to laugh at. Then H. P. suppressed his subordinate: and explained to me

afterwards (what I had already surmised) that no one minded what he said. I really cannot abide the Scot who, before the Saxon, tries to burlesque the Church in which he was born. Conscientious conviction (with however little reason) that it is no Church at all, I blame not. And between Liddon and myself, it made no severance. But when a native Scot, the son of an Elder of the Kirk, begins to talk to me of 'a God-appointed ministry and a man-appointed ministry,' it makes a gulf. And gazing upon him, I recall Carlyle's downright words to a Scot ashamed of his country, 'Oh man, ye're a puir, wratched, meeserable crater.'

The little breeze of controversy lasted but a minute: and when we ascended to that beautiful drawing-room H. P. had so many interesting things to tell of eminent persons heard of but never seen, that it was hard to go, though returning to the very kindest of friends. And next day it was made apparent to the Scot that even south of the Tweed days in the calendar are not always regarded. For after Commination Service at St. Giles', and a fitting sermon from him who was to be Bishop of Winchester, the Day of Ashes ended cheerfully with a dinner-party of twenty-four in the hospitable dwelling of Mr. William Longman, where were many eminent men. Here were Froude and Ormsby, already well known. And I had my only glimpse of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, afterwards a judge. I had read a brilliant paper by him in *Fraser* on my journey up, wherein he laid down the sound principle that you should help a man, as far as may be, through painful duty. But the illustration

abides in memory, painfully. 'We must not grudge the hangman his glass of brandy.' The history of that evening records that the fare was not Lenten. And I remember well how Mr. Longman, not knowing how elevated above all prejudice we are in Scotland, made some apology for asking me on that penitential day. Just a year before, Froude being with us in Edinburgh, I asked an old curate of his father's to meet him : but received a solemn statement that he could not dine out on a Friday in Lent. On that day Dean Ramsay came to dinner without hesitation. Perhaps he ought not, that saintly man, on being told of the good parson's scruples, to have held up both his hands, exclaiming : *What a fool!* Of course, it was a quiet gathering of some dozen men only, to meet the illustrious historian.

That was my first view of H. P. in his beautiful home. I was to know it well : and fain would expatriate. But my space is brief ; and I must select occasions which stand out in memory. One such was May 9, 1877. My daughter and I spent that sunshiny day at Sonning : where it is recorded that 'Church and house surpassed recollection.' Pearson, as ever, the kindest of hosts : but the kind face was sad as we walked about on the turf, he bewailing the young friend who had come not to believe anything. I never saw Pearson look so sorrowful : but he brightened up, by-and-by. The forenoon was spent in and about the church : after luncheon to see the good old Miss Palmer, H. P.'s warm friend and supporter, in the grand house near. John Locke was of her race : and it was strange,

in the quiet library, to turn over Newton's *Principia*, bearing in a beautiful hand that it was the gift of the author. Then we drove to see the church where Tennyson was married, and to a most beautiful little church which H. P. had lately built. I was staying in London for a fortnight's rest : Pearson said I must go to St. Paul's next day, Ascension Day, to hear Dean Church. I always shrink from pushing myself on any great man : but Pearson insisted on giving me a letter of introduction, which I can testify was effectual. For having left it at the Deanery along with my card (I would not enter in), within a few hours the Dean called, I being out, and left the kindest of letters giving me choice of three days to dine with him. Three curates dined with the beloved 'Hugh' that day : very unwillingly we drove away near 8 P.M. to Twyford. I was to have another glimpse soon. On Tuesday, May 15, a very gloomy day, I went early to Windsor for a long day with the ever-charming Mrs. Oliphant. By extraordinary luck, at Slough Pearson came into the carriage : just made Canon of St. George's. I see the bright face as he exclaimed, 'Some inspiration brought us here together' : it was a happy inspiration for me. More than once he wrote to that effect : each of us had hesitated about moving on that dark morning ; and next day I had the long journey to Edinburgh. Never was H. P. brighter, happier, kinder, than on that memorable day. I must not speak of Eton, whither Mrs. Oliphant took me ; and where Tarver, Tulloch's son-in-law, showed me everything : that would demand a lengthy chapter.

But all the afternoon about the Castle, and St. George's, with Pearson. H. P.'s house was most quaint and delightful: it seemed too much for humanity that any mortal should have, within an hour of one another, two such dwellings as Sonning Vicarage and the Canon's house in Windsor Castle. But nothing could be too good for Pearson. When I went back to London, and spoke of those houses to Stanley, the Dean said, fervently, 'Ah, the man and the mountain have met!' Pearson took me to the Deanery, and introduced me to Dean Wellesley. I saw the room where the body of Charles I. lay the night before its burial: the queer squint through which, in the Dean's study, you commanded the High Altar in the Chapel: the Wolsey Chapel, and everything about the grand church itself. Well I remember, as a boy, thinking the Princess Charlotte's monument fine: now it appeared hideous. And H. P. said, 'Isn't it sad that this horrible thing is the most admired by visitors about St. George's?' Dean Wellesley was frankness itself: I believe he was not always so. Most interesting of all it was when Pearson, the Dean, and the lowly writer walked up and down long time on the terrace above the 'Slopes': well known of old to readers of that daily chronicle so dear to Thackeray. It was a charming scene. The trees below were growing into clouds of intense green. Below stretched the watery plain, Eton chapel standing out grandly. The heights of Harrow made the horizon; the two famous schools so near. How much the Dean said of extreme interest to an outsider to hear. And with what gusto he related a recent

incident in the life of a good Canon, then in residence, whose brother had been several times Prime Minister. For absence of mind, and forgetfulness of time and place, surely that benignant dignitary was hard to parallel. Still, it was rather mischievous to walk up and down with him, outside the famous sanctuary, for twenty minutes after the hour of a service at which he had to be present, giving him no warning: and then, when choir and congregation had been kept so long waiting, to suddenly demand if he were going to church, and mark him tear away in breathless horror. It appeared, indeed, that it was a needful lesson: the neglect being habitual. But it might have killed the aged lord. On this day H. P. departed for Sonning, as 4.30 approached: and the Dean and I were punctual. I wondered if anybody really cared as much for the Knights of the Garter as the prayers implied. And I thought of the wise remark of one set high: that though perhaps a Sovereign could not be prayed for too much, it might be too often. The speaker ought to know.

Everybody knows that Stanley was elected Lord Rector of our University, and, following Froude's example, gave two addresses to the students. Pearson had written to me: 'I was in town, with Stanley, when the telegram arrived, greeting him Lord Rector. It is very satisfactory. I wonder whether I shall be able to hear his inaugural address. Now I am tied more than ever.' H. P. heard neither of his friend's discourses: but he made a visit to St. Andrews, far too short, coming with the Rector to the election of a Professor. It was the year before those May

glimpses of Pearson. Everything comes back so vividly, that it is hard to think it is so long ago as Wednesday, August 2, 1876. I had a great carriage waiting at our awfully shabby station (now worthily replaced): and brought up Stanley, H. P., and Lord Elgin, who was Lady Augusta's nephew and Stanley's Assessor in the University Court. He was but a youth then, bright-looking but silent. To-day he is Viceroy of India, as was his father too. Pearson stayed with us: **Stanley with Tulloch**: Lord Elgin had to go to a hotel. Both Stanley and Pearson looked specially cheery. It was a beautiful day: like the famous 'August the third' of Bret Harte. Every corner of the little City was lovingly dwelt upon, and leisurely. The election took but a minute: then Stanley and Lord Elgin joined us: and we were quite a large party, all enthusiastic, as was fit. You may go round our ruins when it is cold weather: but you will not see them. It must be warm: that you may linger. We had a Bishop with us: one of the early Suffragans. But, as Sydney Smith remarked, 'Even Sodor and Man is better than nothing.' Willingly could I linger upon the story of that day: it has all come back. Tea here: then Stanley to rest, H. P. and I a turn on the grand sandy beach. 'So different from Sonning. Grand. Norway over there.' It was an interesting party at dinner here that evening. Besides my wife and me, only Stanley, Pearson, Mr. Whyte Melville (the Novelist's father, my chief Heritor), Tulloch, Professor Campbell, and Lord Elgin. Well I remember Pearson's consternation when I said to him that the Earl

was such a youth, besides being Stanley's subordinate in the Court, that I thought I should make Stanley take my wife to dinner. H. P. had a deep respect for the proprieties: and he assured me that in England such a thing might not be. It did not occur, in fact, in Scotland. Stanley was quiet, at first: the blow had fallen on him. But before the end of the evening he was brilliant. No other word will do. Tulloch and he departed at 11: but very far into the night did Pearson's flow of charming talk and reminiscence go on. He liked to speak of the eminent men he had known to one who sympathised. It was that night he said he grudged to grow old: Church and world were more and more interesting. The next forenoon was memorable. When I came down in the morning, the benignant descendant of Robert the Bruce was smiling before my study fire. He had to go by an early train, and wished to have more of H. P. I do not think he could have gone had he known what the day would bring forth. In a little, Stanley and Tulloch came. I knew Arthur's likings: and had the brightest of blazing fires. Stanley stood right in front of it: and blazed brighter by far. I never heard him so eloquent. He poured himself out: he dilated in the warmth which was life to him. Tulloch, H. P., and I sat and listened. What things we heard! Ah, there, this morning, is the fire: but the eager little figure, alert from head to foot, and the beautiful face, are gone. And H. P. and Tulloch are long away. At 1.30 we all lunched with Tulloch. And at 3.30 all drove down to the railway: and Stanley and Pearson departed for

Megginch, which to A. P. S. was specially dear. I could fill all the pages allotted me with my recollections of that morning's marvellous talk.

The like may be said of my last visit to H. P. at Windsor in the last May he lived: 1881. I was going on my yearly visit to Bishop Thorold; seventeen times now without a break: 'quite the best of May meetings,' was the hierarchical jest. Like divers kind old bachelors, H. P. was specially pleasant to young women: and having learnt that my daughter was in London, he hastened to call; and heard where I was going. His residence at Windsor was to begin on May 1. He went on, in his life-like way, 'It will be cheering to see you, and I will ask some of the Eton people to dinner. A glorious Easter Day here, and the best services I ever remember. There were 101 at the 8 o'clock communion, and nearly as many afterwards: very cheering, considering that my whole population is only 750. So the great man is gone from us, and with him all the romance of politics. What a gap his death makes!' Still, trouble could come, even to Sonning. In another letter, 'We have had a great loss here since I wrote to you, in the death of my kind friend and squire, Richard Palmer. He succeeded his brother, whom you remember. Now there remains only one sister, the best person I have ever known, or now ever expect to know. If I should survive her, I should give up then, and retire for the rest of my days to some cottage (perhaps in a disestablished church), for I could not begin with a new *régime* here.'

But I have recorded elsewhere<sup>1</sup> about a twentieth

<sup>1</sup> *Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews*: Vol. II. pp. 140-4.

part of the history of that visit: and dare not expatiate now. Ah, Dean Wellesley's revelations! How many things they have suggested to me, ever since! Things (sometimes) come right. But that Wednesday, May 18, was a day of rain like that of Loch Awe, and but that Pearson had a christening in London, I should not have had that unforgetable walk with the great Knower of secrets in Church and State. I can but recall Coleridge's lines :

How seldom, Friend ! a good great man inherits  
Honour or wealth, with all his worth and pains !  
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,  
If any man obtain that which he merits,  
Or any merit that which he obtains.

When we parted next day, after service at St. George's, there was no thought it was for the last time. Nor did we know that Stanley had just two months to come of this life. His day was July 18. And though he spoke eagerly to Pearson, in departing, the words could not be understood : and Pearson was not suffered to see the changed face. The Deanery of Westminster was pressed on Pearson when Stanley died. But he wrote that he was not the man at all. Many of us thought he was the very man. One has known good men in whose case one would have suspected some illusion, had they said they had declined the Deanery ('the best thing in the Church of England,' was Bishop Wilberforce's word, once himself Dean): much more the Archbishopric, like another whom I have named. Though H. P. brightened, fitfully, in the remaining months which were given him, the great interest had gone from life when Arthur died. It was like himself that H. P. went: so

beloved, so loving. ‘Unexpected this. But God’s will, and therefore best. Yet it is a bitter wrench to leave all you dear ones.’ Poor Michael Bruce, dying at twenty, had anticipated the feeling. ‘I leave the world without a tear, Save for the friends I held so dear.’

Of the little party, far more than friends, of that long memorable forenoon here in this room at St. Andrews, Stanley went first: Pearson nine months after him. Then Tulloch, more than eight years since. I alone remain. The youngest then: but this day older than any one of them lived to be.

Thinking of Stanley’s resting-place in the great Abbey and of Pearson’s under the green turf in Sonning church-yard, one remembers how on that day I found that Stanley had (strange to say) never heard of Beattie’s fine verse which contrasts two such-like. He was much impressed by it when read to him; and he took away a copy of it to be put in the next edition of his *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*. But the next edition had not been called for when A. P. S. died.

Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb  
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,  
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,  
Where night and desolation ever frown :  
Mine be the breezy hill, that skirts the down,  
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,  
With here and there a violet bestrown,  
Fast by a brook or fountain’s murmuring wave ;  
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

## CHAPTER VII

## OF A WILFUL MEMORY

IT was judiciously remarked by Mr. Carlyle (possibly on more than one occasion), that a man in a fever is not a strong man, though it may take six other men to hold him. For the poor patient's energy is not available to any good end: is not under control at all. Even so, I fear a memory cannot justly be called a good memory though it retain a vast amount of heterogeneous material, if it act capriciously, and at its own will: absolutely rejecting (let us say) the innumerable sermons one has heard, and treasuring up preposterous *Sonnets from the Afghanese*.

Various saintly persons, and some to whom that adjective is in a lesser degree applicable, have stated that the present writer has a great memory. The statement is true under the serious reservation which has been indicated. Anything useless: anything odd: innumerable small incidents forty years old, whose history could in no way be helpful to any human being: glimpses of nature, seen in summer or winter, in his beautiful country parish, or on a bleak beach unvisited through the life of a human generation: the look on a face in no way attractive, the face of one he did not in the least care for: ill-natured and stupid

speeches made in an unmusical voice : all these, and things innumerable more, often press upon him in a way that frightens : that revives as though it had happened within this hour something which befell when he was five years old. Long ago, an old gentleman (as I then thought him), long departed, said in my hearing that he 'was astonished at his own judgment' : he found himself so incredibly wise. I remember, vividly, that at the moment I esteemed the remark an injudicious one. But, in all sober earnest, I know people who are frightened at their own memory : so awfully vivid : so mighty to make past things live again which they would give much to forget. It appears to me that the punishment of past foolishness must be eternal : unless there be Lethe somewhere.

I am not to permit myself to fall into too serious a line of thought. All this has been pressed upon me by the fact that certain lines have for two days kept ringing in my brain which I had absolutely forgotten : which I read in a London newspaper before I was ten years old, and never once have thought of since : and which are absolutely stupid. In those remote days, it was deemed jocular to print passages in Cockney language : and now, as I shut my eyes, I see the newspaper : it was called the *Sunday Times*, though it came regularly to a house where no mortal would have read a newspaper on a Sunday. I think it may exorcise the intruding poem if I give it here. I will give it, letter-perfect : and I do not believe another member of the human race remembers it. It was addressed to Mr. Green's famous balloon :—

Great Gawky, wonder of the hupper skies,  
Oh how I loves to see yer body rise !  
There's lots of fear, although they tries to mask it,  
As they hangs dangling in a wicker basket.  
For me, wheneer I takes a hariel ride,  
I means to book a place hin the hinside :  
And, mounting huppards to the hupper skies,  
I shant feel giddy :—'cos *I'll shet both hies !*

Courteous reader, what do you say to a memory that of a sudden, and that continually, recalls, and urgently presses on one's attention, such material as that? Could you lay your hand on your heart, and say it was a good memory? At this moment, I put in that passage about hand and heart, because suddenly the face of an aged lady presented itself before me, and I heard her voice say, 'I should just like to ask Sir James to lay his hand on his heart, and say he has used me properly.' This important incident occurred when I was not seven years old.

As the subject is poetry, there comes to my remembrance a poem, written long ago, by a most eminent man whose reputation was rather in science than in polite literature. Not but what he wrote prose most eloquently and gracefully. Furthermore, when the writer was a youth, that illustrious man proved to him a specially kind friend. Few there are who know that Sir David Brewster, once Principal of St. Salvator's College, St. Andrews, and then of the University of Edinburgh, had ever soared into poetry. I believe he did so but once. But his poem is worthy of preservation. It is brief: but its construction is very remarkable. Five lines: each line containing but

two syllables: but they rhyme with an entire perfection never elsewhere reached. They were a birthday tribute to a sweet young girl whose name was Phoebe: who, if she lives, must be an old lady now. They are highly complimentary to that attractive personality: and then they pass, with simple pathos, to contrast her early youth with the poet's advanced age. Here they are:—

Phoebe,  
Ye be  
Hebe!  
We be  
D. B.!

It appears to me that a high level of excellence is reached in this remarkable composition. No accusation of plagiarism can possibly arise here. I do not believe that any poem, in any close degree resembling this, was ever written since the days of Jubal himself. And if he wrote anything like this, it has not been handed down. It may be objected that Jubal wrote in a language not susceptible of this treatment. It is not so. As dear Bishop Wordsworth used to say, talking of something awfully difficult in Greek versification, 'There is a way to do it, if you can find it out.' And I knew, with many others, a miraculous Hebrew scholar, who translated into Hebrew the well-known Scotch song 'Hame cam' our gude man at e'en, And hame cam' he': retaining the exact rhythm and giving rhymes. I fancy this was the most extraordinary effort ever made in the way of translation.

As these last words are written, they suggest something

quite unlike them : by a sudden association transcending that by which a crowd of schoolboys playing in the snow suggested to Douglas Jerrold Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures. The snowballs filled the air : the boys shouted : and in that instant Job Caudle and his famous wife burst complete on their author's view.

Dr. Black, minister of the Barony church at Glasgow before Norman Macleod, used to ask students to dine with him in a very kind way. Once I was there, a lad at College. Dr. Black was talking of the difficulty of persuading eminent preachers to give one a sermon : for that matter, preachers of no great eminence. He and another Glasgow minister, having a holiday in Cumberland, found there was a little Scotch kirk near : and on a Sunday morning came to service rather late, and got into a remote corner of the little building. But the eagle eye of the minister spotted them : and in the intercessory prayers he so expressed himself as to make quite sure of some aid from them. For the good man's words were these (I hear Dr. Black's voice uttering them in this moment) : 'Lord, have mercy on Thy ministering servants, who have popped in upon us so unexpectedly : one of whom will preach in the afternoon, and the other in the evening.'

It was impossible to put the Scot, an exile in remote England, in the painful position of having made a mis-statement : wherefore they did preach. I have known the like expedient successful, when employed by a very little boy. His grandfather said to him that it was impossible to take him out in the carriage for a drive that day

'Then,' said the artful child, 'you'll have made me tell a lie, for I told Robert' (the coachman) 'that I was going with you.' The little boy was a very engaging boy, and the grandfather just about the very best of men. So the result was quite certain.

In a Church where the prayers are made at the discretion of the minister, very strange intercessions are sometimes presented. I remember well, ages since, hearing old Dr. Muir of Glasgow, who was a real though eccentric genius in his day, and of whom no English reader ever heard, relate an incident which had been in his own knowledge. 'Mr. Smith was preaching at Drumsleekie: and he had come to the concluding prayer, where we pray for all and sundries (*sic*): when he suddenly remembered that he had forgotten to pray for the magistrates. So he put in the prayer just where he was. *Have mercy upon all fools and idiots, and specially upon the magistrates of Drumsleekie.* He meant no evil, but the magistrates were not pleased.'

This at any rate was not so bad as when a vulgar puritan, uttering a discourse which he presumably thought was a prayer, thus expressed himself: *Have mercy on that miserable man, who was lately pouring forth blasphemies against Thee.* It was at a 'Sabbath-observance' meeting. The miserable man was the Roman Catholic Archbishop, a peaceful and devout cleric: and the blasphemy consisted in stating that in his judgment there was no harm in taking a quiet walk in the Botanic Garden at Edinburgh on a Sunday afternoon. This awful supplication was uttered, within my own knowledge, less than thirty years ago. I

fancy that my reader will have no difficulty in deciding which individual was ‘the miserable man.’

The same Dr. Muir, on the same occasion (it was at a dinner-table) related a curious story. I was a young student of divinity, doubtless asked to fill a vacant place: Norman Macleod sat next me, and listened to Dr. Muir earnestly. Dr. Muir was a very great friend of Dr. Chalmers. I can give the words.

‘Dr. Chalmers told me that he just once went to hear the chief preacher of the Auld-Licht. He was there in good time: he was put into the Elders’ Seat. It was a terribly bare little building. The Elders were a grim set. They kept their bonnets on their heads till the minister entered: and they had each a large stick in his hand, which they used for chappin’ their noses through all the service. The minister wore no gown nor bands. He gave a very long sermon, full of sound divinity, but without the smallest practical application, and without a vestige of feeling. At length Dr. Chalmers got out, the dismal worship being ended. And his word was, If these people ever get to Heaven, they will live on the North side of it.’

This unutterably-dreary dissertation in Calvinistic theology, without the remotest bearing upon actual life, and listened to not with any idea of receiving instruction but with a sharp suspicious watch lest there should be anything unsound, or anything ‘wanting’ (such was the cant phrase), was the only part of the awful worship which was held of any account. The prayers were ‘the preliminaries’: they were listened to, but not joined in. The

Lord's Prayer was unsound. It was not a Christian prayer : and it was 'a form.' Holy scripture was never read. There was little singing, and that of a horrible character. Good old Dr. Paul of St. Cuthbert's used to tell how the first Italian music-master who came to Edinburgh (it was when Dr. Paul was a boy), being a Roman Catholic had no place then where to worship on Sunday with his fellows : and used to wander sadly about the streets on Sundays. One day he was passing the Tron Church, as the service was drawing to a close. The Beadle came to open the outer door, so that nothing might impede the rush of the congregation the moment the last Amen was said (by the minister only). The lonely Italian drew near the door, and was startled. He said to the Beadle, 'What is that horrible noise I hear?' The Beadle, much scandalised, answered, 'That's the people praising God.' 'Do the people think their God likes to hear that horrible noise?' 'To be sure: of course He does.' The sad foreigner rejoined, 'Then their God must have no ear for music': and sorrowfully shaking his head he walked away. But indeed, within these twenty years, a worthy man who left many thousands to the Kirk, and has his portrait hung up in a sort of shabby Valhalla, came to worship regularly in the parish church of St. Andrews. He found with consternation that there was a good deal of music. And he made his complaint to the minister of the parish whence he came. He told, with extreme condemnation, of our psalms, hymns, and canticles: and added, with intense bitterness, 'Now I put it to you, if that's not just an aff-

puttin' of time!' The notion that the praise was the worship of the congregation had never entered the good man's head. It was something done to give the minister a rest. And indeed there have been vociferous preachers who would run themselves out of breath, and then interject two or three verses to be sung till they should be able to be 'at it again.'

A bright young parson, too early taken, told me he had hardly ever seen a country congregation more thrilled-through, than when an admirable pulpit-orator was depicting the probable upshot of a graceless life. He said many things, which cannot be recorded here. But he summed-up in a never-forgotten sentence: which the young parson repeated with a voice choked with emotion:—

*And the end of that man is the Ropp, the Rahzor, or the Ruvver!*

Once, in my boyhood, I heard that orator: only once. The hush was startling as he repeated, many times, 'But there was no room in the Inn for poor Mary.' Each of these last two words was pathetically and musically lengthened out in a fashion almost incredible: reminding one of the miraculously-prolonged notes of the silvery bells of Antwerp Cathedral. With real pathos, and unmistakable effect, the orator painted in a realistic way the straits of the Blessed Virgin. It did not equally carry sympathy when he passed to denunciation. He stated that in consideration of room not being provided for One of whose personality the poor inn-people knew nothing whatever, the Almighty would have been justified in sending

down an avenging force, and burning up the inn and all the people in it: likewise all the inhabitants of little Bethlehem; and furthermore all the country for many miles round, with the unoffending children and other inhabitants. He went on, I hear him now, 'Trusting that such are your sentiments, I now proceed to' something else. Though I was a little fellow, a trifle would have made me get up and shriek out, 'These are not my sentiments at all. It would be an abominable shame!'

The dear man, long gone to his rest, did not really take in the meaning of what he was saying. Not any more than many rude souls who use regrettable language: 'half-ignorant,' like the Brothers in Keats's exquisite verse. And this brings to me the distant day on which a saintly patriarch, set in charge of a little seaport, spoke of the fashion in which his soul was vexed by the sailors' communications to one another. Their parts of speech were sad to hear. 'Ah,' said the preacher, in solemn tones, 'the fearful Nouns, the appalling Adjectives, and the tremendous (*sic*) Verbs, one hears down at the Harbour!' I fear me much that this witness was too true. But the sailors did not mean it: any more than the Council of Trent designed its frequent *Anathema sit* to be taken literally. Tulloch was greatly touched when I pointed out to him that the words ought not to be translated *Let him be accursed*. They ought merely to be rendered, innocuously vilipending, *He be blowed*.

With the mention of the dear name of Tulloch, an odd remembrance revives. He was the Kirk's first Croall

Lecturer: getting four hundred pounds for six lectures which did not cost him a great deal of trouble. His subject was Sin. The volume was published by our eminent firm in George Street, the Blackwoods. It sold well. But a chief authority told me one day, as I sat in 'The Old Saloon,' that it sounded odd when a message-boy came in from a retail bookseller, exclaiming, 'Gie us six Tulloch's Sins!'

It was not a Bishop, but only a Bishop's son, who appeared much aggrieved by a statement once made by the friend we miss continually. Surely humour was lacking in that dutiful man, who would stand up for his father when not attacked at all. But indeed the Principal stated, with much gravity, that a lady had given him a beautiful penknife, which he valued highly. One day, in the Athenæum, he laid it down on a writing-table, and going elsewhere lost sight of it for a few minutes. When he returned to recover it, it had vanished: and Tulloch never saw it more. But the terrible thing was, that no mortal had been near that fatal table save five or six Bishops. Here the Principal paused: and after the manner of the great orators he left his hearers to complete the sense. A pause followed. And Tulloch resumed. 'It is very sad to say that the person who had been nearest my knife was the Archbishop of Canterbury.'

The little ways of departed friends are infinitely touching to me. Tulloch told me that when writing to a friend in St. Andrews, even from Edinburgh thirty miles off, he always wrote *St. Andrews, Fife*. One thought of Dickens,

and the never-failing *Rochester*, Kent. There is but one Rochester in England : while there is a lesser St. Andrews even in Scotland, and several places beyond the Atlantic bear the name. Yet Dickens was quietly persistent, when told the additional word was needless. Stanley's unvarying *St. Andrews*, N.B., has taken a letter to New Brunswick. A letter addressed from Birmingham to *St. Andrews* only, went to the incumbent of St. Andrew's parish in that city. And Plumptre used to complain that a communication to *The Deanery*, Wells, often went to Wells in Norfolk, where is no Deanery. The caution of the lovable Double-First was, 'Mind, in writing to me, always *Wells, Somerset*.'

The most invidious mention of this city was at a large religious meeting held in a town whose name I vividly remember. There was a great hall : and two or three thousand good folk were gathered in it who apparently deemed themselves better than other people. Requests were being made that divers souls, supposed to be in evil case, should be interceded for. One arose, and asked the prayers of the meeting for a little town on the East coast of Scotland, which was 'wholly given to idolatry.' Such was the expression. A little city, with many schools, also the seat of a University. Having thus mysteriously indicated the place, the excellent individual plainly felt that no mortal could possibly guess what place was meant : and putting his hand over his mouth, he said to his friends on the platform, in a hoarse whisper distinctly heard over the entire hall,—*St. Andrews*! Being very seriously concerned in the moral estate of that city, I confess to

have been somewhat startled when I heard the tale. For, so far from esteeming St. Andrews as worse than other towns, I was strongly convinced that it was even a good deal better than most of them.

Quite recently prayer was being offered in a certain large gathering for something which may be good, or may not. I have a clear opinion on that point: but that is of no consequence. As certain words were uttered, a good man, deeply sympathising with the sentiment, loudly exclaimed *Hear, hear!* With many more, I was much disgusted. But I was also considerably perplexed. *Who* was it that the wild enthusiast desired to move to closer attention? Who is generally understood, in Christian assemblies, to be the Hearer of Prayer? The incident appeared to me a very awful one.

A pleasanter remembrance of that exclamation comes. A poet and a genius, whom the writer seldom sees but holds in warm affection, was once speaking of the preposterous and idiotic fashion of Scotland whereby the minister in the Kirk having finished his prayer, adds the *Amen*, the congregation keeping dead silence. ‘Why,’ said that man, enlightened beyond his surroundings, ‘for a man to say *Amen* to his own prayer is just as if he were to say *Hear hear* to his own speech!’ Though not more idiotic, it is in fact a great deal worse. For if the speaker did thus call attention to the sentiment he uttered, he would at least not be putting himself in stupid and cantankerous contrariety to the old and good way of Christian people from the first until now. But the unhappy thing here is, that many

worthy folk are in the belief that they are following the order of Christendom, when they are vehemently contending for some ugly and stupid fashion which is unknown save in an unappreciable fraction of the Church Catholic. An excellent old lady, listening at eighty years to the familiar chanting of the psalms for the very first time in her life, stated to me that 'it was a kind of lilt.' As for a certain hymn, well-known outside of Scotland as the *Te Deum*, it was 'just like the quackin' of ducks.' A minister who at length succeeded in getting made a 'Charity' D.D., told me that the *Te Deum* was utterly unfit for public worship: forasmuch as it led one over such a number of subjects as 'to leave the mind quite bemuddled.' In this Scottish parish, I am thankful to say that we have sung that grandest of uninspired hymns every Sunday for near nineteen years: and until now our minds are no more bemuddled than before we began that pleasant conformity to Catholic order.

Still, the opinion of all the people among whom you live has an awful weight. You remember the poor M.A. who was constrained to declare that 'the world is as flat as a pancake.' Happily, the general consensus sometimes leads one right. It was touching, when a rustic seeking baptism for his child was questioned by the parish minister on matters more elementary than seem needful. 'But how do you know there is a God?' The homely answer was, 'It's the clash o' the kintra': which means the belief of everyone he knew. The poor man was quite right. It is not every human being who is called to 'prove all things.'

I do not know that among the many visitors to this place we have ever had one more interesting than a man whose face suddenly looks wistfully at me, though he is some hundreds of miles away. Twice has William Ernest Henley come to St. Andrews, each time for two or three days: twice I have met him and talked with him elsewhere. He is little more than forty, but he looks much older. Few of a suffering race have had to bear what Henley has gone through: and I never knew a sufferer bear his burden more heroically. His volume, called *A Book of Verses*, was published in the summer of 1888, and it came very straight to many hearts. The first part of it, 'In Hospital: Rhymes and Rhythms,' has an awful realistic power. *Quorum pars magna fui* is nothing, to express the sombre and terrible truth here. But there is far more in Mr. Henley's verse than the uttering of a most exceptional experience. If there be such a thing at all as the *ipsissima* poetic inspiration, the incommunicable spark, you have it continually there. I durst not try to read uncounted lines aloud, from that pen. *The Song of the Sword* has come this year of '92: in the summer of '90 there was a remarkable volume of prose, *Views and Reviews*. The prose is admirable: but many write prose well in these days. And the views set forth are often exceptional: an unfriendly critic would say crotchety: they are vitally their author's own. It is the verse which is unapproached, in its own way, by any: it sets its writer on high. Here is a Poet: there can be no question about that.

Mr. Henley was brought to Edinburgh to edit what was

at first called the *Scots Observer*: but in a little the headquarters were moved to London: it is the *National Observer* now. When he first came to this place, it was in company with the writer's dear and tried friend Charles Baxter, to whom Louis Stevenson has dedicated two of his books: a distinction of such a kind has seldom befallen an Edinburgh W.S. One evening the friends dined here: and Henley left on one's mind the impression of a very singular individuality. He was most interesting, and indeed charming: but he was quite unlike anybody else one knew. His whole heart was in his paper, then just started: and I remember the eagerness with which he carried off, for study at home, one of the earliest volumes of the *Saturday Review*. I bound that periodical for many years: in divinity calf with red edges: I wonder if any other human being ever did the like. But when a distinguished Professor died, and at the sale of his library twenty-three bound volumes of the trenchant paper went for eighteen shillings, I ceased to bind it. And practically, the volumes are very rarely opened: any more than the volumes of a monthly magazine. Thirty years since I had a friend who possessed *Fraser* from the first number. Though the volumes were curious, and interesting, they took up much space and they were dusty: and my friend would willingly have given them to any one who would have carried them away.

In reading much of Mr. Henley's verse, one feels that there is something terrible about a man who resolutely tells the truth: utterly ignoring what we poor souls wish were true. There are those who will relate an old church legend

for its pathetic beauty, not minding that indeed it is not true: touched by it just as much as though it were true: even as the man whose faith failed him till he was sure of nothing still delighted in the hymns which he loved of old: moved as in past years by *Rock of Ages* though not believing there was any Rock of Ages at all.

On this page, I am yielding to inexplicable associations as did Mrs. Nickleby herself: wherefore let it be said that the wilful memory, as the last sentence was written, brought back vividly a day left forty years behind: if one may vary Wordsworth. Coming out of Keswick on the top of a coach bound for Penrith, and crowded with tourists, the coachman pointed to a white house on a hill with his whip, and uttered the enigmatic words, 'That's where Towser lived.' 'Who was Towser?' 'Oh, Towser, that wrote books.' A traveller mildly said, 'I think you must mean Southey.' 'Well,' said the driver, in a loud and indignant tone, 'Southey, or Towser, or something of that kind: I don't care.' Such is fame. It had been different, two days before, driving from Bowness by Thirlmere to Keswick: now enjoying the privilege of the box-seat. Passing by Rydal, the question was put, 'Did you know Mr. Wordsworth?' 'Oh yes, I knew old Wordsworth very well: He was very fond of the box-seat was old Wordsworth.' I am not sure that the coachman was personally very familiar with the great poet's works: but he was extremely well aware that 'old Wordsworth' was esteemed by many as a very great man. Familiarity had not diminished reverence. There is a simple-minded conviction with many that it is

impossible anyone well-known to them can be a person of high eminence. That conviction was clearly expressed in my hearing when I was a lad at College. I had said, in the hearing of an old lady whose brother had been a St. Andrews Professor, something implying that Chalmers was a great man. Her niece, a young woman, sat by. The startling words came, 'Ye need not say that in this house ! Jessie there has sat far too often on Dr. Chalmers's knee to think him a great man.' I was struck dumb. And the good old lady, going back to the estimate of a remote day, summed up with the exclamation, 'Daft Tam Chalmers !'

As she closed, a voice, stilled for a generation, went on : not addressing me : not speaking of Chalmers. 'Yes, he was a good man : an excellent good man. Only you could not believe anything he said.' That was his only weakness. And his divagations from truth were always in the way of exaggeration. And his very name was appropriate. It was brought in nicely in a little poem about him. Here it is :—

You Double each story you tell :

You Double each sight that you see :

Your name's Double-U E Double-L,

Double-U Double-O D !

For the old gentleman's name had been *Wellwood*. The thing was a little awkward. We were in the beautiful dwelling of a delightful old man, kind to me in my youth : and who was pretty near the incarnation of absolute truthfulness : hating even playful colouring-up. And his Christian name was Wellwood ! 'I trust,' said he, with just

a tinge of asperity, 'that it does not follow that all who bear the name are to take that line?' Many disclaimers instantly followed. It was he, that dear old gentleman, who when on a bright summer morning walking with him under his fine trees and seeing the grass golden under the sun of July I said to him 'What a lovely place you have here!' replied, with a sigh, 'Yes: if you could have a nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine years' lease of it!' And silence fell upon us. It would not do to have to go away. North of the Tweed, such a lease means for ever. Two brothers, kindly devoted to one another as the Cheerybles, abode together in that sylvan home: and I was the young parish minister. I blushed, I did indeed, when the venerable man in a meeting of the parishioners once said, 'We're all just a pleasant Family: and *that's* the head of it.' Little fit, indeed. And, as plain fact, the head of all of us was hard by: and he governed us paternally for our good. I went back, years after I was no longer a country parson, to that beautiful region: one brother had departed, and the elder of the two was left. I see the kind yet firm face, as he held my hand a space and looked at me intently ere we parted for this life. And I do not think that when Alexander was gone, Wellwood desired that long lease any more. Long-since reunited: where things are better by far. 'Heaven is better than Kentuck,' was the word of Uncle Tom. And Paradise is better than the sweetest spot in unforgotten Kirkpatrick-Irongray.

Did the ingenuous reader ever receive a letter from a total stranger, stating that the stranger wanted 60*l.* to pay

a lawyer's bill incurred through pure wrongheadedness, and requesting the reader to send that sum by post? Such a letter came to me a little while ago. And it was not a bad joke: it was very serious earnest. The stranger lived some hundreds of miles away, but still in Scotland. He appeared to think I combined unlimited wealth with extreme simplicity. Modest as the livings of the Kirk are, there are those who fancy the clergy of Scotland are very rich. I hear, to-day, a very astute old farmer say (thirty-five years ago) 'We know that the ministers are full of money.' It was the only time I ever heard the phrase. And I remembered how Charles Lamb had said that Coleridge was 'full of fun.' But that is a quite different condition. And in these days of terribly reduced stipends, which appear unlikely ever to increase, there is not much fun in rectory, vicarage, or manse.

Another bit of clerical experience. I have a friend, a parson, the incumbent of a Scottish parish. He is a very decided churchman, and has distinct views as to schism. Accordingly, fighting against his natural tendency, he determined to be wonderfully friendly with nonconformists. One morning, going to church, he met the dissenting minister going to his place of worship. The representative of the National Establishment held out his hand to the Anti-State-Churchman: and said 'I wish you a pleasant day's duty.' 'Ah, ah,' was the answer of the good separatist as he rapidly fled away. Upon this my friend resolved that he would try whether it were possible to elicit a responsive good wish from the man unhappily divided.

For seven successive Sunday mornings he took the worthy man's hand, uttering the like kind sentiment: but he never drew any friendly reply. For a day or two, with an astonished air, the response continued to be 'Ah, ah.' Then it appeared that a rejoinder had been meditated. It assumed the form, 'A cold morning.' 'Very cold indeed,' my friend sorrowfully subjoined. 'It was awkwardness,' I said to him, as he told the story. 'Ah no: it was not.' And he sighed.

As these last words are written, a cloud descends upon the humble writer: the remembrance of a grievous disappointment. It never wholly passes away: sometimes it revives painfully. This Christmas-eve brings it back: it fell upon a Christmas-eve. At that period I was twelve years old. But the scene is vivid as ever.

Upon that day, two school-boys might have been seen leaning against the window of the chief pastry-cook of a little Scottish town. No such tarts are now made by man as those that good man made. A wealthy farmer of the neighbourhood came up, and stopped when he reached us. Placing his right hand in his pocket, he rattled a vast amount (so it seemed to us) of coin; and said, with a benevolent air, 'Boys, is there onything there tempin' you?' By tempin', let the English reader understand, the worthy man meant to convey the notion of tantalising, or exciting the desire of enjoyment. 'Boys,' he repeated, 'is there onything tempin' you?' With characteristic modesty we preserved silence: but a suppressed giggle and a rapid glance at the pocket made our feelings very manifest.

Already, in fancy, were we enjoying the sustenance to be purchased with the liberal tip we made sure was coming. The good old man then said, 'Ah, boys, I see there's something tempin' you': and again rattling his money in his pocket he walked off and was seen no more. Long since, that benevolent soul has gone where cheesecakes are not: but the incident dies not in the wilful memory. And now, when at times few and far between we revisit the schoolboy spot, and pass that corner, where new boys loiter as we loitered then, again I behold the puffy red face, and hear the wheezy voice say in apoplectic tones, 'I see, boys, there's something tempin' you.'

Of a sudden, I see a cheery face, of a man in middle age who in great incompetence held an elevation of about the dignity of a mole hill. He was explaining to me (a lad) how great and influential he had been in a former sphere of uselessness. 'In fact,' said he, 'I was Omnipotent in Little Peddlington!' How pleased with himself the good man seemed! I could but utter an inarticulate murmur, as of awe-stricken admiration. I was very young. And I have ever shrunk from giving offence.

The incident recalled another day, in a village among the hills. A little man, with a deep voice, who was what we call a 'Chapel-minister,' found a workman painting the door of the place of worship without orders from himself. 'Who told that to be done?' The answer was, 'The Factor.' Then came the dignified rejoinder, 'A greater than the Factor is here!'

Graver thoughts come. A very clever and laborious

man, the Professor of Divinity in a very great University (it has near 4000 students), said to me that he had been reading up some books of Roman theology upon the solemn subject of Purgatory. He was much impressed by the length of time for which it appeared some evil-doers would be detained there. 'I wouldn't want to be let out after thirty thousand years. I would be burnt a' to bits!'

A Scotsman says *would* where an Englishman would say *should*.

Never did I see Stanley look more solemn than when speaking of the life beyond all that is here. Once, he told two or three of us, in this room, how some of Faraday's friends began to speak lightly in his presence of what may be *There*. Finally, one of them, turning to the great man who was so happy in his simple faith, said 'What do you really expect you will find on the other side of death? Will there be newspapers, and clubs, and dinner-parties?'

In a moment, the smile passed from Faraday's face, and with deep seriousness of expression and of voice, he answered :

'*Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man—*'

Here Stanley's voice failed him. The beautiful little face was strange to see. And deep silence was in this room for a space.

In that inconceivably-remote age when the writer was a lad at Glasgow College, he sojourned for a space in the

vicinity of a little Scotch town, in a lonely region. The inhabitants were incredibly pragmatical and self-sufficient. Our biggest Scotch preacher ministered one Sunday in the parish-kirk. I said to an aged inhabitant, 'Well, what did you all think of Mr. Caird?' The answer was prompt. It was likewise idiotic. 'No much: we thought his sermons no very weel conneckit.'

It may be feared that even such would be an austere reader's criticism of the present chapter. It matters not at all.

## CHAPTER VIII

## THE NEW LITURGICS OF THE SCOTTISH KIRK

THE existence of the Church Service Society is a noteworthy fact. On January 31, 1865, a meeting was held in Glasgow, at which it was resolved to found a society whose object should be 'the study of the liturgies—ancient and modern—of the Christian Church, with a view to the preparation and publication of forms of prayer for public worship, and services for the administration of the sacraments, the celebration of marriage, the burial of the dead, etc.' At the annual meeting held at Edinburgh on May 30, 1890, it was reported that the clerical members numbered, at that date, 506; and the lay members 130. Of the clerical members there were 495 resident and working in Scotland, distributed through 70 Presbyteries. There are 84 Presbyteries in the Church. Eleven clerical members were in England, and abroad. These figures are striking, as indicating a decided conviction and a strong feeling throughout the Church of Scotland. But if the membership be weighed, as well as counted, the figures become still more striking, and significant. Good Presbyterians may like the Church Service Society, or not. But the Society cannot be ignored. It reckons among its members a decided

majority of the most outstanding ministers of the Kirk. And the names of Tulloch, Macleod, Caird, Milligan, Story, and MacGregor, are well known beyond the limits of Scotland.

The circulation of the Book of Common Order,<sup>1</sup> issued by the Society, is a noteworthy fact. The first Edition was published in 1867. The sixth Edition has been published in 1890. The volume is not quite a cheap one: and, so far, it has hardly been much read by the laity. But to mention the Editions which have appeared gives but little notion of the influence which the book has exerted. You can enter few Scottish parish churches now in which you will not recognise the beautiful and familiar sentences pervading all the prayers: in which you will not find that the old traditional floating liturgy (save in the instances where its sentences are touching and admirable) has been superseded by decorous and devout supplication which has the true liturgical music and flow. The 'eloquent and impressive prayer,' at which the congregation gaped in wonder, really not thinking of joining in it: 'the most eloquent prayer ever addressed to a Boston audience' (and a very awful reflection it is that the prayer *was* addressed to the Boston audience): is dead and gone. 'A most eloquent address,' was the brief criticism of an English

<sup>1</sup> Εὐχολογιον. A Book of Common Order: being Forms of Prayer, and Administration of the Sacraments, and other Ordinances of the Church; Issued by the Church Service Society. Sixth Edition, carefully revised. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1890.

Church Service Society. Annual Report for 1890. With List of Office-bearers and Members.

Duke, when an eminent Scotch preacher had ministered at a funeral: it had never occurred to the Duke that the address was Prayer. And we all remember how the petitions, though spoken *to* the Almighty were spoken *at* the congregation: and conveyed information, or reproof, or the speaker's views upon matters political and religious, and his low estimate of such as ventured to think otherwise.

Information: as 'Bless each one of the 1345 communicants who received the sacrament last Sunday under this roof.'

Reproof: as 'Have mercy on those who permit trifling excuses, which would not for a moment be suffered to detain them from any engagement of business or of amusement, to keep them away from the place where God has recorded His Name, and promised to meet with His people.' (By an unattractive preacher.)

The speaker's views: as 'Lord, have mercy upon the magistrates of Drumsleckie, such as they are. Make them wiser and better.'

Estimate of opponents: as 'Lord, have mercy upon that miserable man who was lately pouring forth blasphemies against Thee.' The blasphemy consisted of declaring that there was no harm in taking a walk in a Botanic Garden on the Lord's Day.

It may be permitted to one who has been a member of the Church Service Society from the first, and who has (in the main) heartily approved the work it has done and the

current of tendency of which it has been partly the cause and much more the effect, to relate, as fairly as he can, the story of the new Liturgics of the Church of Scotland.

There is not time to discuss the technical and conventional meaning of the word Liturgy. Here, we are content to take the word as signifying what is its signification both etymologically and in ordinary parlance, 'a formulary of public devotion.' We know that this is not the severe ecclesiastical sense. We know, too, that there never was such a man as Lord Bacon: there was a Francis Bacon who became Lord Verulam. We know also that there is not the smallest warrant in holy Scripture for the imagery of the *besetting sin*. But accuracy beyond what is generally accepted is irritating to many. And these pages are meant not to irritate but to soothe: if indeed that may be in treating such a subject in Scotland.

It may be said, with confidence, that the growth of the Church Service Society, and the wide acceptance of its Book of Common Order, indicate a dissatisfaction, in the minds of many, with the previous state of things as relating to public prayer in the Church of Scotland. It was not that the members of the Society, at its beginning, contemplated the preparation of a Liturgy in the sense of a Service-Book to be enforced (or even authorised) by law, and to be continually used in churches. The Society, as such, holds no opinion upon that question: as matter of fact, the most diverse views exist within the Society upon that question. And even those of its members who are clear in favour of an authorised Service-Book, have ever

been strong for retaining the privilege of free prayer. *A partial Liturgy*, was the voice of Dr. Robertson of Glasgow Cathedral and of Dr. Crawford, Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh: who were the first (within the writer's knowledge) to indicate the flowing tide. I may presume to say that the suggestion startled one; and it was made in my hearing twelve years before the foundation of the Church Service Society. All that the Society aimed at was the elevation of the tone of common prayer, both in devotion and in literary grace: by setting before youths entering the ministry, and doubtless before their seniors too if still capable of education, better models than the chance-recollections of prayer offered by one's parish minister, or by an occasional outstanding preacher. Such, it is to be confessed, in their desire to keep the congregation alert from first to last, rousing them from the comatose condition into which people fall when wearily *standing* through a prayer of thirty-five minutes wherein they could have completed every sentence as soon as begun, did occasionally pray in eccentric fashion. This was called a *striking* prayer. 'We know there are blessings going to-night, and we put in for our share.' 'It must be acknowledged that hitherto Thy people have been in a sad minority: but we look on to the day when they shall be in an overwhelming majority.' 'For, as Thou knowest, men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of the national emblem.' 'Teach us to remember that for every sermon we hear, we must render account upon the Day of Judgment.' 'Thine was not the cheap charity which tosses

away superfluities.' It is the writer's determination to give no instances which have not come within his personal knowledge. And he is quite prepared to indicate (to anybody who has a claim to ask) the church where the 'First Prayer' on a communion Sunday morning (the congregation standing, save that about half had sat down in exhaustion and wrath) was somewhat more than thirty-five minutes in length. And the officiating minister was a good and able, though very narrow and bigoted man. His prayer was not made up of rambling repetitions. It was a good prayer, carefully thought out: only insufferably tedious. He was a man incapable of saying, 'And now, O Lord, we will relate an anecdote.' Such a thing has been. I have known a good member of the Free Kirk who, after an awful wedding-service, wholly extemporised, and containing a hit at Norman Macleod (at that period distrusted by many for his views on the Lord's Day), approached a parish clergyman, and said, with agony in his face, 'I never was in favour of a liturgy before: but henceforward I am clear for a printed service for marriages.' It was on such an occasion that the words were uttered, 'We thank Thee that Thou hast given us wumman, to make us koamfortable.'

It is enough to indicate the sort of prayers from which the Church Service Society desired to deliver the Church and the country. I am not to suffer myself to recall, even to my own memory, the sorrowful instances of irreverence, folly, and vulgar clap-trap, which have too frequently formed the matter of graceless anecdote. Everybody

knows to what a degree such stories are put about in Scotland. I have heard them told, from personal recollection, by Professors of Divinity who used to have to listen to strange prayers: and never with more telling effect than by a student of divinity who at the moment was Lord Chancellor. It is no more than just to say that these eccentricities in prayer are exceptional and abnormal: that although one in a long life has heard such perhaps half-a-dozen times, the strangest of them never were heard either by one's own ears, or by those of any mortal known to us: they are matters of floating gossip and tradition: certainly much exaggerated, possibly absolute inventions. The actual standard of prayer has always been good: on very few Sundays in one's history have the prayers actually heard in public worship been other than decorous and devout: on many Sundays the prayers have been so beautiful and uplifting that it seemed as if they left nothing to be desired. And it is simply untrue that you cannot join in what is called an extempore prayer. One knows what has been said, times innumerable, by those trained to a liturgy. But it is entirely a question of what you have been trained to. No doubt there must needs be the act of listening to the petition: the act of assenting to it: the act of joining in it: but the mind acts with lightning rapidity when doing a familiar work: and with a devout Scot, trained to the old ways of the Kirk, when the prayer is said by a minister in whom he has confidence, and whose way he knows, the acts are practically simultaneous. Who does not know that this is true? When even so great and

so fair-minded a man as the good Archbishop Whately of Dublin declared that it is impossible duly to join in an extempore prayer, because you do not know what is coming, all this merely proved to an old (or even a young) member of the Kirk that the good Archbishop was talking of a matter which his training had not prepared him to understand. What he honestly declared impossible is perfectly easy and natural to one brought up to it. You must serve an apprenticeship before your work grows skilled work, and so comes to be done with facility. You must be educated up to joining habitually in either liturgical or unwritten prayers.

But while we deny, firmly, that the absurd sentences which have often been quoted south of the Tweed as samples of Scottish public prayer are other than a preposterous caricature of the actual worship of the Kirk, it must be admitted that a Scottish congregation is helplessly in the hands of the officiating minister for its worship. The congregation's sole security lies in the good sense, good taste, and devout feeling of the minister. If he be a fool, he can make the entire service as foolish as himself. The most admirable of liturgies cannot make the congregation quite independent of those who officiate: as he will confess who has heard the half-inspired prayers of England irreverently gabbled, or (still worse), theatrically declaimed: as he will confess who has heard a conceited, self-conscious blockhead *acting* a lesson of holy Scripture. But, in the Anglican Church, it is hard to quite spoil the beauty and devout felicity of the unimprovable sentences as they flow.

It is not left to deacon or to priest or to prelate to decide, possibly in extreme haste and under the most painful nervous tension, through what fields of thought or feeling the flock shall be led that day. It is sad, when the hungry sheep look up and are not fed, through the exhortation : but it is a bitter thing when devout souls would lift up their heart, hoping for comfort or guidance, and are dashed down from the help of prayer. You may smile, sorrowfully enough, when you read the report in the newspaper : but to any devout mortal possessed of average common-sense, it must have been a very jarring and awful experience to be present on that occasion (it was at a meeting held on the Lord's Day) when a certain unbefited person, in the orders of the Kirk, and in charge of a congregation, 'said, in his opening prayer, that it was not fiddles or organs or trumpets or hymns, or extracts from the writings of some old sinner, who was perhaps in hell himself, but it was the Holy Spirit that was needed in the Church.'<sup>1</sup> It is most true, that there is but one Inspirer of all good prayer : but did He inspire such prayer as that? Coleridge said that he never knew the value of the English Book of Common Prayer till he attended worship at some remote churches in Scotland. It may be doubted if he ever heard anything quite so irreverent and unbecoming as that lamentable sentence. And the woful thing is, that it is just the man who could utter such words as to Almighty God, who would be the last to feel his need of liturgical help. Assuredly, in the Kirk, it has hitherto been plain that

<sup>1</sup> *The Scotsman*, September 1, 1890.

those ministers who can pray the best without book have been most anxious for a prepared formulary. For the standard they set before themselves is so high that their best endeavours fall sadly short of it.

Educated Anglicans, fairly well acquainted with the worship of tribes thousands of miles off, are commonly so ignorant of the ways of the other National Establishment in Great Britain, that they may often be heard repeating, in good faith, stories concerning the prayers of the North, which any sane Scotsman could inform them were incredible and impossible. I have heard of a Cambridge man who declared that in a parish church in Scotland he heard a hymn sung wherein the lines occurred—

My heart is like a rusty lock,  
Oh, oil it with Thy grace.

Of course this was a falsehood. Quite lately, the writer heard a lady of condition, incapable of intentional mis-statement, say that in a Highland Kirk, she heard the minister pray that 'as there is but one Shepherd, so there may be but one sheep.' This would make the Church of Christ very small indeed. But the good lady's ears had failed to catch the final syllable: of course the petition was that 'there may be but one sheep-fold.' It is a well-known sentence of the floating liturgy: and Mr. Ruskin would approve it. In equal good faith, the writer was recently assured, by a lady, that she had been attending a church where the minister absolutely refused to pray for the Prince of Wales: specially excepting him from the

usual supplication. Naturally, I enquired in what form of speech this eccentric variation from ordinary form was carried out. 'Oh,' replied the excellent lady, 'he said, every Sunday, *We pray for the royal family, ALL BUT Edward Prince of Wales.*' I had no difficulty in discerning that the mistake arose through the minister's peculiar pronunciation, *Albert Edward* being so rendered as to sound *all but Edward*. Within the last few weeks, the Moderator of the General Assembly was designated, far South in the garden of England, *The Mediator*: this by a person of high culture. When doubt was expressed as to the accuracy of the designation, the impatient reply was, *The Mediator, or something of that kind.* Let the Anglican reader be cautious in accepting anything related as to the Church of Scotland by hasty English tourists. Such may relate very preposterous things.

Although liturgical prayer was beyond question the use of the Kirk for long after the Reformation, it is to be admitted that since the Revolution in 1688 read prayers were, as the rule, unknown till within the last thirty years in the national worship of Scotland. Anglicans will be surprised to learn that read prayers were equally disused when Episcopacy was established by law. To the Philistine mind, Episcopacy means, essentially, the Prayer Book and the surplice. But Scotch Episcopacy, till comparatively recent days, knew neither the one nor the other. The prayers were 'conceived': the robes were black: the worship was not to be distinguished from that of the Presbyterian Establishment. You had to watch minute

details to make sure whether the officiating minister had been ordained by a Bishop with Presbyters, or by a Presbytery without a Bishop. Thus the characteristic prayers of Scotland were what those who like them call *Free*; and those who dislike them, *Extempore*. In many cases they were indeed extempore: made on the instant for the instant: often extremely well. And assuredly an able, ready, and devout minister attained to a very perfect adaptation to time and place. One recalls the vulgar quasi-argument of a vulgar person, about ready-made prayers not fitting any more than ready-made clothes. In some cases the prayers were written, and committed to memory. In more cases, probably, they had through long use gradually crystallised into a form: the same thing was said every day, but it had never been composed: it had grown. Surely this is in the experience of most Scotch ministers. But the outstanding fact, apparent to all, was that the prayers were said without book. Neither printed nor written page lay before the minister. A strong and brave man, here and there, brushed aside the tradition: it never was law. No human being can produce the statute of Church or of State which forbids the reading of prayers. Chalmers read his prayers in the Divinity Hall: he read them when Moderator of the General Assembly. A man in a thousand had told his Presbytery that through failing health he could not extemporise or repeat his prayers; and he got permission to read them. But it is unquestionable that it was a very startling thing to average Scotch worshippers, when it was proposed that prayers

should be read in church. It was only Restoration : it was called Innovation. And the impression went about that there must be some lack of the right spirit about the man who could not extemporise his prayers. It became necessary to argue the question of liturgical or free prayer, as in the presence of judges to whom the issue was entirely new. And there was a very strong bias against the disturbers of the peace, the vilipenders of the good old way, who proposed change. I heard it stated in a church court that the reason why Dr. Robert Lee proposed to read his prayers probably was that having wholly given over praying in private, he had lost the power of expressing himself in supplication : he being an evil man, not merely uninspired by the Holy Spirit, but positively inspired by the Devil. The Moderator apparently regarded this as legitimate argument, for he did not intervene. And various members of court vociferously conveyed their approval.

We all know the probable fate of any man who proposes reformation : whether in locomotion, in æsthetics, in politics, or in public prayer. But when the question of worship came to be thrashed out, the reasons, if you set aside mere prejudice, or a more respectable cleaving to the dear old way, appeared to be all on one side. No doubt, it took a little while to see this. Dr. Robertson died early : Dr. Crawford, who had mainly started the movement, had become Professor of Divinity, had been got hold of by those who persuaded him that he must be silent, and in fact never had the nature of the controversialist. So the battle, at the first, was fought, all but alone, by Dr. Robert

Lee. It was singular that it should have fallen to him. He had little ear for the melody of liturgical prayer. He valued dogmatic freedom incomparably more than ritual. His taste, in matters ecclesiastical, was exactly the reverse of Catholic. His marvellous cleverness and smartness, and his capacity as a hard hitter, seemed not quite the characteristics of the man who was to mend the devotions of the Church. He was as alert and bright a debater as ever I listened to: but even a great Lord President dismissed these qualities with the single word *flippant*. And though a most amiable man, he was (in public) not conciliatory. I was present in the Presbytery of Edinburgh when he was pulled up for the first time for his 'Innovations.' They were as nothing to what is done every day now in many churches. To kneel at prayer, instead of standing (or lounging): to stand at praise, instead of irreverently sitting: to have the help of the sacred organ: these were all, save the little printed prayer-book, which had some modest beginnings of responses. The Bible says, 'Let all the people say Amen': but the Kirk had for a time said, 'Let nobody but the minister say Amen': surely a most unscriptural and preposterous fashion. The two estimable members of Presbytery who brought up the matter, Dr. Simpson of Kirknewton and Dr. Stevenson of South Leith, were studiously conciliatory: indeed, upon the merits, they seemed thoroughly with Dr. Lee: only they thought the law forbade such change, however desirable. But the incredible bitterness of some members against Dr. Lee filled a young parson, fresh from

his beautiful country parish, with astonishment and even with consternation. It appeared, however, ere the end of the debate, that no love whatever was lost between good Dr. Lee and his opponents. In fact, he was extremely provoking. It was in the Assembly Hall. I see Dr. Lee arise to make his reply : lay aside a great wrap which used to be called a Highland cloak : and stand out, keen, polished, self-possessed, fluent : the ideal of a debater. I fancy he had made up his mind that the Presbytery was against him : for he took no pains to soothe them. ‘ My congregation and I do this and that,’ he said : ‘ Is there any harm in that, *most reverend Brethren*? ’ Then he related, with great tact, a farther step in his progress : and again and again, in most provoking fashion, came ‘ Is there any harm in that, *most reverend Brethren*? ’ The words were said with an unconcealed sneer, which made it too apparent that the speaker did not revere or even reverence his brethren in the smallest degree. And many good men were plainly rubbed the wrong way.

Coming to the essential merits of the question between prayers written and not written : and putting aside such collateral issues as whether liturgical prayers had actually been used in the Kirk and whether they could constitutionally be used again : the question became a very simple one. For it is as certain as that two and two make four, that, so far as concerns the congregation, public prayer is always of necessity a provided form. It is never the extemporaneous nor the free prayer of the congregation : it is a form provided and imposed upon them by the officiating

minister. The congregation cannot even (as with a prayer-book) look at the service beforehand, and resolve whether it be such as they can, in conscience, in feeling, in good taste, join in and accept as their own. Nobody knows what the form is to be till it is actually produced: not even the man who is to produce it. Often, from sentence to sentence, he is groping his way. Often, he knows not what is to come next. Often, he feels deeply that he has not said what he desired, and wishes he could withdraw or amend the words. *That is to say*, and *By which I mean*, Principal Tulloch told me, were words familiar to him in the prayers of a fine old professor of his youth.

The question is not, Form or No Form? The only issue is, Shall the form be provided deliberately, calmly, with serious consideration, and by the combined wisdom of a company of devout and earnest men? or shall it be provided in great haste, nervous trepidation, and utter blankness, without a vestige of devotional feeling, by some youth without religious experience, and quite unable to interpret and express the needs and feelings of good old Christian people tried in ways of which he knows nothing at all? Lord Campbell tells us that the morning he had first to pray in the Divinity Hall at St. Andrews, 'I heard the bell cease, and my heart died within me.' Is that a fit mood in which to extemporise a form of prayer? We know, God be thanked, it is not always so. It is not even commonly so. The form is provided by a good and experienced minister, well knowing the case of his congregation, tolerably free from nervousness, and with his memory

stored with decorous sentences, the traditional liturgy of the North : he can hardly go wrong. But for arrangement, for words, for all that is essential to public worship, neither the congregation nor the minister himself has any assurance of what is coming. Not merely on the minister's spiritual frame, but upon the humblest details of his physical nature, the congregation are helplessly dependent for their prayers. 'The Spirit is not in this place,' said an emotional Evangelist, preaching for good Dr. Craik of Glasgow : one of the best and most cultivated of Scotch ministers in his day. But Dr. Craik told me, with much indignation, 'I said to him, after church, that the Spirit would not be in any place if a man ate two pounds of beef-steak at breakfast that morning.' The statement was humbling. But it was true. A physical miracle need not be looked for.

Many years ago, the writer was one of two who were sent to ask the late Dr. Veitch, of St. Cuthbert's, to conduct the prayers of his brethren upon a specially interesting and solemn occasion. Dr. Veitch was one of the ablest and best ministers of his time : and he had not the smallest sympathy with the Church Service Society. Indeed, he disliked and distrusted it heartily. But he listened : and I remember his reply, given very solemnly. 'No : I cannot undertake the duty. Here, in my own study, quietly by myself, I can think of what ought to be said on so special an occasion. But I have not that command of my nervous system that I could be sure of saying it when the time came. So you must excuse me.' I was young then, and I did not venture to say what came into my mind : 'Is

not that reason why, in your study by yourself, you should write down the suitable petitions, and thus make sure of saying them worthily when the time comes?' I knew well that if I had said so much to good Dr. Veitch, he would never have spoken to me again. But my belief then was what it is to-day: and I thought I had hardly ever heard a stronger instance of the service of liturgical prayer. Nor do I forget what was said to me by a saintly minister who for fifty years ranked high as any; and who detested Dr. Robert Lee and all his works. Each Sunday morning, he said, he went to church under an awful burden of misery, through his anxiety about his extempore prayers. He was unutterably miserable in the vestry before service. He was miserable while the opening psalm was being sung. He was miserable when he stood up to begin his first prayer. But he took the psalm which had been sung for his theme: and he tried to cast himself on God's help: and gradually the burden lifted, and he got on heartily with his prayer, and peace came to him. I looked at the beautiful face: and I thought, If the burden of conducting public worship according to our order lie so awfully upon a saint like you, with a record of half-a-century, what ought it to be for me, going each morning to minister to a great congregation of educated folk and to pray in their name? Not but what it lay heavily enough; for in those days the morning prayers were *bonâ fide* extemporised, and continually varied: one went to church under great nervous tension: but it was not quite like that morbid terror of a far better man. But I knew too well what he

would have said had I suggested that he might prepare his prayers. That would have been ceasing to trust simply in the Holy Spirit. Singularly, he never thought of trusting to any supernal aid in the matter of his sermons. They were carefully written, and read: which appeared inconsistent. And the good man plainly thought that to go through this superfluous misery each Sunday morning was 'spending and being spent': it was the right thing to do. Well one remembers the awful nervousness of our greatest preachers in those days in the vestry before service; and how one envied the composure of Anglican friends in the like circumstances. One would try to go through anything, if the congregation were to gain vastly by the minister's suffering. But the congregation did not gain at all. The strain of conducting public worship was intensified to a breaking pitch by requirements which could add nothing to the edification of the flock, or to the beauty of worship in the house of prayer. And when, as in Kyle, the sermon had to be got by heart and painfully repeated, often as a manifest schoolboy task by a poor man plainly reading from his memory, and without a vestige of the spontaneity of extempore oratory, one can but wonder how the *sair-hadden-doon* minister lived through the thing at all.

*It's Peace*: were the words of one of our outstanding ministers, when I met him on a Sunday morning going to his church: as he held out his handsomely-bound prayer-book. And indeed the relief is unutterable: even to such as have in their memory great store of devotional material:

even to such as can without much strain extemporise their prayers. I have seen men who used to be in abject trepidation before service, now glancing over their Book of Common Order with a calm and benignant face. Of course, it is of no consequence whatever to the congregation whether the prayers are read or not. If the people kneel down (so far as may be), and bow their heads, and seek to join in the supplications, they will not know whether the prayers are read or not, unless by their being a great deal better than usual. One remembers an ignorant busybody approaching his parish minister, and saying that he 'felt it his duty' to inform him that he feared some of the congregation would be aggrieved by Professor Story's having read his prayers at evening service the day before. But the answer was ready. 'Pray, how do you know that Dr. Story read his prayers? I fear that instead of devoutly joining in the prayers you were staring at the minister. I don't myself know whether the prayers were read or not: and you ought not to know either.' It is wholly for the minister to consider how he shall best lead the congregation's devotions. There can be no more absurd superstition than that the prayers are inspired in any sense which absolves the minister from doing the utmost he can with the faculties and opportunities his Maker has given. In praying, and in preaching, as in all other human work, heaven helps those who help themselves. And it is a singular inconsistency that old-fashioned Scotsmen who still maintain that the minister ought to rely simply on

divine aid for his public prayers, would be extremely indignant if the minister failed most diligently to prepare his sermon.

There are singular people who object to liturgical prayer on the ground that it lightens the burden of the officiating clergyman. I remember vividly hearing one such, many years since, exclaim, 'I like to see a man burst out into a perspiration when he's prayin'' His desire was that the poor man's nose should be held as close to the grindstone as possible, in the conducting of public worship as in all other things. The speaker on that occasion was not a churchman: but it may be feared that a like sentiment is not unknown among the laity, both rich and poor. We may venture to say that it may be absolutely disregarded. And the kind of folk one thinks of may be assured that the burden of the Scotch clergy will remain quite heavy enough, though a prayer-book were imposed by law to-morrow.

It is difficult, at this time of day, to believe that Dr. Robert Lee and any who were supposed to sympathise with him could have been regarded, and treated, as in fact they were, by men of any account. And there is no good in reviving the details of painful controversy, now happily past. Yet one recalls the day on which a venerable clergyman, backed by two or three of the like mind, solemnly declared to three suspected younger brethren, that all who approved Dr. Lee's innovations were perjured persons inspired by the Devil. A Professor of Divinity informed the writer that 'nobody connected with Robert Lee' would

be thought of, for a desirable living near Edinburgh. When Dr. Lee preached in the parish church of St. Andrews for the University Missionary Society, a blameless Professor,<sup>1</sup> under the excitement of the time, screamed out to certain ladies passing under his window, 'Are you going to hear Bobby Lee?' These words he appeared to regard as a logical argument against Dr. Lee's ways. A worthy Edinburgh minister said to the writer, on many occasions, that the Lord President of the Court of Session<sup>2</sup> had assured him that in case of the question coming before him whether innovating ministers were entitled to draw their stipends, he would decide that they were not. It appeared so unlikely that a judge of high eminence would inform a gossiping individual what his judgment would be on a question not yet raised or argued, that those who heard the story felt assured there was some strange mistake. The writer has in his possession a solemn letter of excommunication addressed to himself by a saintly minister, long a dear friend. The writer at that period had brought in no innovation whatever. But he had publicly said that he approved the bringing in of the organ in their respective churches by his Father and his Brother. One smiles at these poor attempts at terrorism: smiles at them now. They were very serious things, less than five-and-twenty years since. Nor should it be forgotten that innovation in ritual was at that day supposed by many to indicate adherence to a certain school of theological thinking: which, though numbering Lee and Tulloch among its members,

<sup>1</sup> Shairp.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Colonsay.

appeared not unlikely to be crushed out. 'Execution must be done,' was the word of men who, if uneducated, were Thorough. 'Surely there is room for Macleod and Tulloch without,' was the sentiment of a good man who was Thorough if ever mortal was. Of course a man may be thoroughly in the wrong. And possibly some of us, at that time and in those circumstances, should have been wrong too.

Just a word may be said of the *personnel* of the Church Service Society from the beginning till now. Its first President was Principal Campbell of Aberdeen. When he died, Principal Barclay of Glasgow succeeded. After him came Principal Tulloch of St. Andrews. And when that great and lovable man went, he was succeeded by the Duke of Argyll, who is now President. The present Vice-Presidents (who have held office for many years) are Principal Caird of Glasgow, Professor Story of Glasgow, Dr. Snodgrass lately Principal of a College in Canada, and Dr. Boyd of St. Andrews. In the Editorial Committee, which prepared the Book of Common Order, and which practically does the work of the Society, all schools of thought in the Church are represented : High, Broad, and Low. Professor Story is Convener. Among its members are Professor Milligan of Aberdeen, Dr. Sprott, Dr. Macleod of Govan, Dr. Leishman, Dr. M'Murtrie, Dr. Cooper of Aberdeen, Professor Mcnzes of St. Andrews, Dr. Mitford Mitchell, and Mr. Carrick of Newbattle. Anybody who is informed on the present state of the Kirk will understand the import of such a list ; and will know

how fairly the work is done when it is added that those men, though widely differing on many points, work kindly together. The sixth edition, just out, was prepared by a lesser Editorial Committee, consisting of Professor Story, Dr. Sprott, Dr. Boyd, Dr. Campbell of Dundee, and Dr. Muir of Morningside. It is to be acknowledged that from the outset until now, Dr. Story has been the leading spirit in the Society: after him, Dr. Sprott. Both are men of whom the Church may be proud. Dr. Sprott's knowledge of Liturgics is wide and most accurate: and thirty-five years since, almost alone, he held and taught his present doctrine. Dr. Story is well known as, since Tulloch was taken, on the whole the most outstanding speaker in the General Assembly. For incisiveness, for grace, for the occasional restrained touch of pathos, he will bear comparison with the best speakers in any deliberative assembly in Britain. For the lighter sportive touch which, in prose and verse, lightens ecclesiastical controversy, he stands alone. And as trusty friend, on whom those who know him best feel they can lean heavily year after year, some of us lack words to speak of him worthily. Of Dr. Leishman, who is minister of a quiet pastoral parish in Roxburghshire, it is enough to say that when one seeks to picture the ideal Country Parson, learned, devout, peace-loving, pretty close to the first meridian of clergyman and gentleman, many of us think of him. And recalling the self-denying holiness of Cooper, the wonderful combination of zeal and tact in M'Murtrie, the genial earnestness of Donald Macleod, the youthful learning of Carrick, and the

lovable qualities of divers other friends on that Editorial Committee, one wonders how they should ever be vilified, even by the very poorest specimens of poor humanity. The writer is proud to range himself with such good men. He does not pretend to write of them impartially. We are all 'right dear friends': and time does not chill such affection.

It is noteworthy that Dr. Robert Lee, who had been the very first (after Chalmers) to revive the custom of reading prayers, although a member of the Church Service Society, did not take an active part in the preparation of its Book of Common Order. He had compiled a Prayer-Book of his own, which was in use in his church of Old Greyfriars. Possibly he was disappointed that the Society did not adopt or approve his book: which in point of fact never commended itself to some of the most active members of the new organisation. The writer, for one, thoroughly disliked Dr. Lee's book: not the less that he has heard it read in church in the peculiar tone in which one might read out a newspaper. The genuine liturgical flow was quite lacking in most of Dr. Lee's prayers, which were to a considerable degree original. They were likewise, very naturally, flavoured with Dr. Lee's theology; which was more advanced than was in those days common. The prayers of the Church Service Society tended to be 'High': they were in any case severely orthodox: those who compiled them did not think that at this time of day originality was much to be sought after in public devotion, and they drew their material from the Catholic Church's

rich store of devout thought and expression. The music of true liturgical language, which never palls by repetition and which lends itself so admirably to actual reading, was a most marked characteristic of the Euchologion. The prayer-book of the Church Service Society was, in all respects, extremely different from Dr. Lee's. And in the judgment of some who prepared it, it was beyond comparison better.

The first edition of the Euchologion was published in the summer of 1867. It is interesting to mark how the book has developed, and changed, in the editions which followed, down to the sixth, published in May 1890. That first edition professed no more than to provide material : from which members might piece together their own prayers. But it was a new departure : if a return to the older and better way may be so named. The old 'preaching prayer,' the 'eloquent and impressive prayer,' which even if it touch at a first hearing does so sicken upon repetition, was absolutely discarded. The ancient, simple, and devout felicity was brought back : and it seemed to many as though it were doing any congregation a real kind turn to lead them from the worst, and sometimes the intolerably bad, to that which was infinitely better. The second edition, published in 1869, still confined itself to materials for the construction of a Sunday's service : while offering formal services for Baptism, for the Holy Communion, for the admission of Catechumens, for Marriage, and for the Burial of the Dead. The third edition advanced to the provision of complete services for the morning and evening of the five Sundays

which may occur in a month. From that edition, progress has been steadfast: not always, it is to be confessed, in a direction approved by all members of the Society. Some of these regarded the prayers as too dogmatic in tone, and the sacramental teaching too 'High': though no one has maintained that it is higher than the authoritative standards of the Kirk. Even to this day, when the Book of Common Order is regularly read in many churches, and more or less closely repeated in almost all churches wherein the younger clergy minister, it is unusual to find the office for any Sunday morning or evening read straight through. The office is pieced together by the officiating minister, from different parts of the book. Only thus can the seasons of the Christian Year be followed, and the special circumstances of the congregation be recognised. In one or two cases where these special prayers are ignored, and the daily service read straight on, the effect is extremely wooden and disappointing. It is exactly the opposite of what was intended by those who prepared the volume.

Without further detail, which is uninteresting unless to experts, let us look at the latest edition of Euchologion.

It is a handsome volume of 412 pages. It is divided into three Parts. The First Part contains tables of Psalms and Lessons for Ordinary and Special Services throughout the year: likewise the order of Divine Service for the morning and evening of the five possible Sundays of the month. The Second Part contains the Litany: Prayers for Special Occasions, and for the Christian Year: also additional forms of service for such as desire them. The Third

Part, which for convenience is bound separately, contains the order for the Communion, for Baptism, for the admission of Catechumens, for Marriage, Burial, for the ordination of Ministers and the admission of Elders, and for the laying the foundation-stone of a church, and the dedication of a church. We are not concerned to deny that several of these titles imply a considerable change of feeling in Scotland from that which prevailed even thirty years since.

Beginning with the ten morning and evening services, we may say that some would much rather have had but one morning and one evening service: sufficient variety being given by the Psalms and Lessons for the day, and by the prayers for the seasons. And at this point it may be mentioned that, although the Society has given forth no voice upon the subject, many of its leading members strongly approve the fashion which has of late been adopted in various churches, of placing the communion-table at the east or quasi-east end of the building: setting the pulpit forward, outside the chancel-arch and to one side of it; and using the pulpit only for the sermon: the prayers being said by the minister so kneeling among the people as to make it plain that he is not speaking to them but for them. The beautiful parish churches of Govan, the Barony of Glasgow, and St. Cuthbert's in Edinburgh, may be regarded as representing the ideal now aimed at. Those who have worshipped in them must have remarked the deep devotion of the crowded congregations: the manifest joining in the prayers and not merely listening to them: and the marked distinction made, to the great

advantage of both, between the devotional part of public worship, and the preaching. It may be said with confidence that while Prayer and Praise are made much of, the sermon will not be vilipended : forasmuch as members of the Church Service Society are the most outstanding preachers of the Church, and are not likely to belittle their special vocation.

It is known that the Directory states that the service is to begin with prayer. And while most ministers have felt that to join in hearty praise is the best means of bringing a Scotch congregation into a unity befitting common prayer, some have been in use to ask the people not *to worship God*, but *to compose their minds to the worship of God*, by singing the opening psalm or hymn. Thus the Directory was recognised. But the custom is antiquated. And Burns has made classic the solemn *Let us worship God* with which the public services of Scotland in fact begin. The first rubric of the first Morning (not Forenoon) Service in Euchologion runs thus: the words *may begin* being a reminder of what is past :

*The Congregation being assembled, Divine Service may begin with the singing of a Psalm or Hymn ; then, the Congregation still standing, the Minister shall say—*

Suitable introductory sentences from Holy Scripture. These are varied, and for the most part very happily chosen. After these, the minister says *Let us Pray* : and he and the congregation kneel down, and go on with what used to be called *The First Prayer*. We prefer, now, to say *The Prayers*. First, comes a brief *Prayer of Invocation* :

at the end of which it is desired, but not always attained, that the congregation say *Amen*. Next, *The Confession* : followed by *Amen*. Then the prayer *For Pardon and Peace* : a declaratory-absolution : with *Amen*. Next, *Supplications* : prayers for divers graces, and for the season of the Natural and Christian Year : full room being given for free or extemporaneous supplication fitted to the circumstances of the congregation assembled. All these end with the Lord's Prayer, said aloud by Minister and Congregation ; and ending with *Amen*, said by all. It was felt that where the Lord's Prayer is said but once in the service, it ought to come with the substantive prayers of the people ; and not, as in fact it often does, following a brief collect before sermon. And, as the people have not commonly the prayer-book in their hands, it is necessary to preface the Lord's Prayer. Where this is not done, one has sorrowfully remarked that it was half over ere the congregation had fully joined in it. In the first Morning Service the great Prayer is introduced in touching words which some of us learnt from Archbishop Sumner of Canterbury : *Through Jesus Christ our Lord : in whose prevailing Name and Words we yet further pray*. I am aware that this preface has been found fault with : some declaring that they can discern no difference between it and certain others of lamentable character : *in whose beautiful words*. But he who says *that* may say anything. And few will regard him.

Now follow the Psalms for the day, to be said or sung : the *Gloria* ending each Psalm. In the sixth edition it is

for the first time suggested that before the Psalms the minister should say *O Lord, open Thou our lips*: the congregation responding, *and our mouth shall show forth Thy praise*. After the Psalms comes the Lesson from the Old Testament: and it is particularly suggested that it close with something other than *Here endeth the First Lesson*: which in point of fact one generally hears. The rubric now says:

*Then shall be sung the Hymn TE DEUM LAUDAMUS, or other Hymn or Psalm, after which shall be read a lesson from the New Testament.*

This being done, the rubric goes on:

*Then shall be sung the Hymn BENEDICTUS, or other Hymn or Psalm, after which may be sung or said by the Minister and people standing, The Apostles' Creed.* It would be incredibly small scholarship to discuss the question whether its name be true to fact or not. And where the Creed is said at all, though the occasional inconsiderable soul may 'leave the kirk' on account of it, I can testify that it is said heartily.

The Intercessory Prayers follow: it being suggested that, first, the minister say *The Lord be with you*: the people responding, *And with Thy spirit*. With doubtful propriety, they close with the Thanksgiving.

*Then a Psalm or Hymn is sung, or, when convenient, the Anthem.* While this is being sung, the minister who is to preach enters the pulpit, and after a brief prayer *For Illumination* preaches his sermon, ending with an ascription of praise. It is most desirable that during this the congregation signify their assent by standing up, and answering

*Amen.* A very short collect follows: after which the alms of the congregation are collected, and laid upon the Communion-Table. A final hymn is sung, which ought always to be one in which the whole congregation can heartily join: and the senior minister who has taken part in the service closes it by pronouncing the Benediction.

Such is the Morning Service according to the new Book of Common Order. The Evening Service follows the like order, the *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* coming in place of the *Te Deum* and *Benedictus*. When these are sung regularly, it is needless to announce them: and it is touching and pleasing when the congregation stand up and heartily sing them, unannounced.

In all preceding editions of the Euchologion, the Intercessory Prayers came after the sermon. Several influential members of the Society regret the change. It is found that the congregation listen with greater interest to the sermon when it comes last, and that any impression made by the sermon was apt to be lost when it was followed by lengthy prayers, of necessity somewhat formal in character. Deep sympathy does not, in fact, attend the public intercessions, either in Scotland or in England. And the devoutest Anglican congregations are found to greatly abridge them, however irregularly.

What has been said may give the non-professional reader an adequate idea of the type of worship aimed at by the Church Service Society. It is indeed liable to the objection that it is not wholly unlike to that which, through many ages, has commended itself to many millions of

devout folk, belonging both to the Church of Scotland and to other branches of the Church Catholic. It is hardly liable to any other objection. And in deference to the wishes of certain good churchmen of blameless record, provision is made for the service being offered without the Apostles' or any other Creed. The writer will not forget how earnestly good Principal Shairp entreated that the Nicene Creed should be given too. He has frequently heard it used in Scotch kirks: and that by the saintliest and wisest. Of course, if you do not believe any Creed at all, you are quite right not to say one. But in that case, it is not wholly clear how you happen to be either in the Church Service Society or in the Church of Scotland.

It would be wearisome to any save the professional expert to give any account of Part III. of Euchologion. And such as desire to know it thoroughly had best examine the book itself. I venture to say that devout believers of all communions will regard it with thankfulness. And where the Holy Communion is continually given to the sick and dying, the order, being abridged, will be found wonderfully touching and uplifting. The writer gratefully acknowledges that it is many years since his revered Professor of Divinity, the late Dr. Hill of Glasgow, showed him how to drive a coach and six through that preposterous misapprehension which for a long time forbade this blessed ordinance just to those who needed it most. Said the dear and dignified old minister, with great solemnity: 'My young friend' (the writer was once young), 'any minister is free to celebrate the Communion anywhere in his parish

where he can collect a congregation. And a congregation, we know on the highest of all authority, may consist of two or three.' The writer has given the blessed sacrament out of church, times without number. But never, Roman-wise, to one : always to a *congregation*. As for the Burial of the Dead, there is but one service possible for the English-speaking world at the grave. Read the sublime words hundreds of times over, and you will find their pathos and grandeur only grow. Ay, though you read them sometimes, in humble hope, over very poor Christians. Read them over the revered and beloved ; and you will never doubt their inspiration.

The worship of the Ideal National Church, it may be said with confidence, should admit both the Liturgical and the Free or Nonliturgical. The more cultured will ever prefer a liturgy: will object to be helplessly in the hands of the officiating minister for their prayers. Plainer folk, who still look up to their minister as much more learned and wiser than themselves, will be content that he interpret their feelings and wants, in prayers made on the instant for the instant. And there seems no reason whatever why a National Church should not provide both ways. The best in both the Church of England and the Church of Scotland have said so to the writer strongly. In recent letters which one has read in the newspapers, it has been made only too plain that good people have rushed to the conclusion that what suits themselves best must suit everybody best. Which is illusion. Let each have what suits him. I fancy there is not a man in the Church Service

Society who would grudge even the old 'eloquent and impressive prayer' to such as feel they need it and it helps them. And though no educated person can doubt that liturgical prayer was the way of the Kirk in her best days, and that Knox never dreamt of a Church without a Prayer-Book, still, such questions really need not be debated. They are of as little practical effect as the question whether Knox knew what the locomotive engine would be to the traveller by the Flying Scotsman. If this generation chooses to have liturgical prayer, it will put aside as irrelevant the issue whether the Church of three centuries since had it or not.

It is indeed a great work, and a grave responsibility, to provide supplications which may be used, in darkness and light, by tried Christian people through many coming years: and the compilers of this new Book of Common Order, themselves grown old, have felt it such. They see defects in their volume; but they do not think their labours have been wholly unsuccessful. If there be something too much, perhaps, of the orthodox but wooden infelicities of Continental Protestantism; and of prayer, absolutely without beauty or pathos, only commended by the use of such as Knox; the Editorial Committee have gathered from many other fields too. They have desired to draw from all sources where they could find what may be helpful: venturing sometimes on a pathos beyond the sober restraint of Cranmer and his co-workers: taking from good men who left the Church below ages since, and

from some who were taken as yesterday. If they have culled from the Anglican Prayer-Book many of its exquisite collects, in their severe perfection, they have ventured likewise to take from St. Augustine the pathetic 'From Whom to be turned away is to fall, to Whom to be turned is to rise, and in Whom to abide is to stand fast for ever': and they have placed on their page Dr. Crawford's very real and comprehensive supplication, 'Grant us in all our duties Thy help; in all our perplexities Thy counsel; in all our dangers Thy protection; and in all our sorrows Thy peace.' And a hush falls upon most congregations when, as Evening Prayer draws to its solemn close, our Blessed Saviour is addressed as 'our life, the light of the faithful, the strength of those who labour, and the repose of the blessed dead.'

*THAT PEACEFUL TIME*

## CHAPTER I

## HELPED BY NATURE

I HAVE had a month of absolute rest ; I do not remember when I had the like before. Thirteen hours of travel part me from my parish : so that calls of duty which would be irresistible if I were within two hours' reach are disregarded. The good people must learn to do without me. And I am to be five Sundays absent from those dear friends : of which four are already past. It is a mistake for any clergyman to preach too regularly in his own church, or churches. It is bad both for the congregation and for himself. One result is that the congregation tends to become unreasonable in its expectations. Before this little time of rest began, I had ministered in my own churches on twenty-nine of the preceding thirty-one Sundays : the two Sundays of absence being days of specially exhausting duty in two great cities. Yet some grumbled when I came away. I regarded them not, save by recalling St. Paul's wish, that he might 'be delivered

from unreasonable men': the accurate translation would be 'crotchety men.' One's heart was more touched by repeated communications, conveyed in the kindest possible words, which represented that I was 'sorely missed.' That is extremely proper. One would not like not to be missed by kindly souls to whom one has given one's very best for eight-and-twenty years. When I return home in a few days, and take up the reins as often heretofore, let me hope to be greatly valued. Though I have spoken, let it be added, of absolute rest, it is such rest as is consistent with preaching morning and evening each Sunday here to a very considerable congregation in a lofty church with a great developed chancel, demanding no little exertion of a failing voice. And when I make mention of preaching, I mean (according to the use of the North) conducting the entire service, save that the lessons are read for me. And the service of Scotland takes it out of an aging man. The lessons are read with no little dignity and solemnity; and that by a man who took his B.D. with high credit.

A man who is usually driven beyond his strength is made to feel, in such a time of rest, that it would not be expedient to retire from work altogether. The interest would go from life: you would break down and depart. You cannot live upon your past work: no matter how long and hard it has been. And you forget things, sorrowfully, when you have passed quite away from them. The feeling, half painful, half pleasant, with which you sat down and took up the pen, is wholly forgot when you take up the pen no more. I know one who, having undertaken

to write a considerable book, no part of which was to be published till all of it had been written, was painfully possessed by a morbid fear that he never would finish it : in which case all his labour would be lost, as (in point of fact) it never could be finished at all. Wherefore he toiled at it in a killing fashion : and often put on record in a private history always very sad to read, that if he were but suffered to finish this work, he never would attempt anything more. The book was finished : was published : was very successful : but though probably nobody ever read it with greater interest than its author, he could not bear to read the daily record of its composition. There is no one you will ever pity more than you have pitied your own poor weary self of departed days. And this without anything of unworthy selfishness. Yet that solemn vow that this work should be the last was broken like other vows. You must work on, as long as you can work at all. It is very hard, oftentimes, to work ; it is still harder not to work. And above all, if it be the nature of the being to write, he will write while he can take up the pen.

I did not come out to think of this at all. That magnificent Strath : and this miraculous summer evening ! It is but the twenty-sixth day of July ; yet already the golden hue of harvest is widely spread forth below : where the fine river winds down the broad valley, and the great black hills rise above the yellow gleam. The scenery is Highland ; vitally and unmistakably Highland ; yet it is not like Perthshire or Argyllshire. It has a character of its own : there is an undefinable but strongly felt difference.

Stop: and gaze: and take things in. The ripening rustle is at one's feet: there is a fresh warm breeze which makes waves over the cornfields, which makes an *Æolian* harp of the telegraph-wires overhead. The landscape, vast in extent, is black towards the west; where the way tends, at the base of these great rounded hills, towards Loch Marce and Skye. Eastward, where a few miles would bring you to the sea, the valley widens into a considerable plain. The plain is now in shadow: save that, far away, there is an oasis of sunshine, a round expanse of blazing green and gold amid the gloom: like the bright days of one's life, which have gone away. When a boy, one would have thought that the people who live in those paradisaical fields must be happy. However that may be, I can thankfully testify that this beautiful aspect of valley and mountain, of dark wood and steely river, has pleasantly helped one pilgrim to-day. You come out, with some little worry stinging you; and in the second plane of the mind there is a long anxiety from which you are never free. But as you plod on, with a heavy foot, patient Nature waits for your attention: gradually she takes hold of it: weans you from your sad thoughts: smiles in your face and murmurs in your ear: till your old heart is lightened wonderfully.

Just at this point two little school-girls came cheerfully along the road, and smiled brightly upon the stranger. They stopped, and in the soft pleasant Celtic voice related what their names were, and their years: also the six miles of daily walk to and from school, and how hard were their

lessons. Their ages were ten and eleven: their lessons appeared to me far too long and difficult. But the children looked so bright and happy that I felt sure their instructor was kind and reasonable. The westering sun shone upon the little faces; and a threepenny-piece to each made the faces delightful to see. So we parted, having become old friends. As the little feet tripped away, I thought of Longfellow's lines; and wondered how far they had to go. If one were the possessor of a four-leaved shamrock; ah, if one were but for a moment what Martin Elginbrod, sleeping under the sod in the Highland churchyard, dared to imagine ere he lay down to his rest: how good and happy these little people would be. I note, with great approval, the outward signs of reasonable happiness and goodness in the grown-up folk who abide all about here: and I am hopeful. I trust the little feet, when grown bigger, may never go far south of Inverness. Specially I hope that they may keep far away from Glasgow.

If I could venture to set down all that came into my mind during that lonely walk, it would not be quite suitable to this page. For I wandered off into tracts of theological thinking: and wondered at grim yet sincere religionists in lovely regions like these, who have set up for God a bigger and more powerful devil, selfish and touchy beyond expression; as little like the blessed truth and the merciful Saviour as any horrible Hindoo image with seven heads: and then have given the holiest name to that ghastly idol. I remember well a faithful preacher

of my youth, who complained bitterly of a worthy soul who spoke of a number of happy children, hardly beyond infancy, as *little angels*. ‘*Little devils*,’ roared the kindly preacher of the hopeful Gospel: ‘*that’s what they are!*’ Which statement was cheering to those entrusted with their training. And yet, spite of Lord Palmerston’s declaration that we are all ‘born good,’ it cannot be denied that the heart-breaking sin and misery which have sometimes been developed in later and worse years must have all been (in some sense) latent in the little heart when the little face was so innocent and bright: having so lately come ‘from God, who is our home.’ I do not care for the rigour of logic; as matter of fact, it does not lead us to vital and essential truth. That comes oftenest by sudden intuition. And I will hold with Wordsworth as to the place we came from: as to what we are when we come. If ‘Heaven lies about us in our infancy,’ we cannot be such ‘little devils’ after all. Yet things may be latent. Were all the processes of thought which are written on this page present in the formless fog which some would make the origin of all things: potentially containing every thing which ever was to be here? Truly that fog was a wonderful thing, if it contained not merely all trees and flowers, those round hills with the purple heather covering them, that green grass and yellow corn, all diamonds and steel: but likewise the warm devotion which I saw last night in God’s house on divers rapt faces, and this bewilderment with which I am now thinking of the whole question. It takes nothing from the

miracle of Creation, though you suppose that a 'first impress' gave to that unpromising original the potency of all that was to be. 'I know that Thou canst do everything.' The patient sufferer said those words long ages ago. The wonder is not diminished if everything was done at once.

It was a great Double-First, the most wrong-headed of the race, who put in print the tremendous declaration that he really thought that Mr. Fletcher of Madeley was better than Christ. And one thought, under that sudden blow, with what unspeakable horror that kindly saint would have heard of the comparison. Down in the dust at the pierced feet! That is where he would have held himself worthy to be placed. And the first prayer would have been for forgiveness to the poor soul that dared that awful comparison. Yet, if kindness is to be measured by the immediate removal of pain and evil without regard to law and to consequences, there are many good women and good men who are a great deal kinder than God Almighty. That poor old creature I prayed with to-day, who has never been free from grievous pain for two years, and has no prospect before her but of increasing agony till it kills her: do you think if I had been able to work a miracle I should have come out of the cottage door leaving her as I left her? That little boy coming along the road, that human being of five years old: do you think I should leave him the farthest chance of going to the bad if I had the power to make all his life good and happy? Well: there is One who could do all that: and does not. My

faith is firm that it is because He has good reason: and that all the crushing perplexities through which we cannot see any more than through that granite cliff will be cleared up some day. But why the long weary ages of sin and sorrow, at all? Why should even Carlyle be able to say, looking round this terrible world, 'He does nothing'? It is not so much a moral government under which this universe goes on now, as the faint dawn of a moral government coming. Yet there is enough to make Matthew Arnold see that 'the stream of tendency makes for righteousness.' There is enough to make Ruskin cry aloud with the voice of an old prophet, believing where he cannot prove, that 'you are ultimately to get—exactly what you are worth.' Yet, with it all, it cannot be denied that every Court of Justice, every magistrate sitting on how humble soever a judgment seat, every police-constable, is doing all he can to mend the imperfection, the slowness of God's moral government. When I behold a male brute abusing a poor woman, and intervene in the most decisive manner and that on the instant, is it not because though the mills may grind exceeding small, yet they grind a great deal too slowly for me? It really does not suffice to me that I should look on as the cruel blows fall, and say, 'Ah, it is punishment enough for you that you are such a brutal savage, and you will quite understand that in about thirty years.' Yet it is to be remembered, too, that the burning wrath which has stirred in me at callous cruelty, and the prompt measures taken to stop it, form part of the lagging administration of the great Lawgiver whom we cannot see.

It is the old saying, *God mend all*. It is the old reply (which surely Himself inspired), *Nay: but we must help Him to mend it*.

I do not know that any reader, seeing the track of thought into which I have got, would say that Nature has helped me much on this bright evening. Yet true it is that these black hills, and that great strath now blazing in the sinking sunshine, have made thoughts bearable which sometimes are not bearable at all. After all, the forlorn hope of humanity is but a very small minority: though this is little comfort to those who are submerged, who are beaten down. And there must be an unimaginable patience and power of looking on at hideous evil and letting it just go on, in the almighty Power which is above us all. Of a sudden, as a gleam from those ripening acres comes to one's sight, some relief comes in a way which is inexplicable. It was Arthur Helps, that wisest and kindest-hearted of men, who said that an amusing little story takes the heart away from trouble as much as anything in common experience.

I have a friend who is a singularly helpful preacher. And helpfulness is what we want now. Never in this world was good man more free from self-conceit. Yet he told me how for a moment he felt flattered, some little He went to abide for a space at a little town by the Western sea: where the resident parson is good, but beyond words wooden. A homely elder approached him on an early day: and said, very earnestly, 'Ye maun preach to us some Sunday while ye're here.' My saintly

and old friend was pleased. He said to himself, 'Here, in this remote place, my reputation has reached before me: and there is a general desire to enjoy the privilege of my excellent ministrations.' But in that moment the cold splash in the face came. For the devout old elder, holding up both hands, said with an earnest sincerity not to be misinterpreted, 'Oanyboaddy, oanyboaddy, rayther than Mr. Snooks!' As though he said, 'You're a very poor hand: but the very poorest is better than the awful orator we hear weekly!' My dear friend felt the incident as somewhat mortifying. But being the most self-forgetting of mankind, and absolutely incapable of the arts of the Pusher, he came next Sunday and did all he knew to guide and comfort such as were needy. I know no man who can do such work better; very few who can do it as well.

A Pusher is detestable, and contemptible. Some day I may write an accurate history, fully vouched, of certain Pushers I know. Yet it is not pushing, in any evil sense, when a human being avails himself of legitimate opportunities, honourably open to him. Surely it was so when a decent tenant-farmer, away in Cornwall, came to pay his rent. This done, refreshments were offered. 'Will you have port or sherry?' was said, in kindly tones, by as good a woman as is known to me. But the dear man was not one to miss a chance. He answered in a monosyllable, uttered in a deep voice and with a solemn aspect. The word was *Bawth!* And he got them both: and departed apparently none the worse.

I turn to go back to where is my temporary home : recalling certain words of a forgotten or in any case unread author, to the effect that there is natural scenery so sublime that it could soothe even remorse. That of course is nonsense : rank nonsense. A sudden bursting upon the view of a scene of inexpressible awfulness might for the instant quite engross the mind, to the exclusion of everything else : but the terrible inward pang would speedily be back again. It is quite another thing to say that nature can calm away fret and worry. The stillness soothes nerves and heart : the grand beauty takes us out of ourselves. Surely it has been so since ' Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide.' Yet exceptions will occur. I know one who once, thirty years ago, stood for a full hour in a sheltered nook, whence he gazed on one of the grandest of the Bernese Alps. The sharp peaks cut into the blue sky : the great snow-fields were stretched out : every now and then there came the thunder of an avalanche. And these things were new and strange. Yet, all the while, the thought of a petty and sordid trouble possessed him : and the cowardly anticipation of vexation which seemed sure to come, but which in fact never came. Ah, little things are great to us little folk. And sometimes not even the Alps can get at the quick of us. I knew, in departed days, a very hard student who had gone in for certain competitions whose result then seemed as life and death. As the decisive day drew near, he was wrought into a fever of anxiety, which ceased not waking or sleeping. Wherefore, hoping to be calmed, he betook himself to his young sister's

grave. It was in a grand churchyard : in a quiet spot of it : and there, time after time, he tried to recall the sweet face and the last words : tried to take in how little all present anxieties would seem when he came to be laid down there : how soon that might be : and even asked her if she could hear him, to say a word up There for her poor restless brother. Sad to say, these things availed not at all : and he turned his steps towards the old quadrangles unrelieved. That was his experience. In the issue, everything went well. He got all he ever wished, or hoped. But he said he would not willingly go through the like again. And he wondered when people talked of academic quiet. It seemed to him a specially nervous and feverish life : for such as aimed at the highest rewards. Of course, these men were few. The most took things easily. For myself, when I look, most days, at the athletic and unworn frame of a famous Senior Wrangler, I always think *How anxious you must have been!* Hard enough for him : much harder for those whom he eclipsed. Yet he walks away, with a grand swing, the most unaffected of men : just as if he were nobody in particular. I suppose on most days he forgets all about it.

We do not look far on, we who have grown old : we are content with a little thing. That field of intense green can meanwhile (God be thanked) soothe eye and heart. The long slope of that great mountain (it is a mountain, and a famous one), with the setting sun over it, is enough. Far away from this place, I look continually at the top line of a green hill against the sky : I see it every day. I can-

not explain how or why : but, as certain fact, it commonly suffices to somewhat cheer. Often has one looked at it when cheer was greatly needed. And on this beautiful evening of a restful day, I have of a surety been helped by gracious Nature. No doubt this gentle influence gets home, because there is nothing now to greatly worry. One has known times of great anxiety, not about things of personal concern but of public, wherein so mild an anodyne would not have sufficed. You remember how Wordsworth desired, 'in hours of fear, or grovelling thought, to find a refuge' in sublime architecture. The sonnets are renowned: are classic: are quite beyond being quoted. Give us that too: though there have been days in which Westminster Abbey would not have helped: in which Winchester Cathedral did in fact leave one very perplexed and anxious. Beyond æsthetic thrill, there is something to be found in a church : there is an end now of 'no praying allowed here' : though this strange help, which I have seen sought with a face that seemed near to despair, may be found under the shadow of Ben Wyvis as well as under the roof of King's College Chapel. Indeed, there is no limitation at all, either of time or place. We have supreme authority that fault will not be found though we 'pray without ceasing' : though we 'pray everywhere.'

## CHAPTER II

## GROWING OLD

HE was a big man, of stately and formal manner ; and he had by several years over-passed the threescore and ten. But he was well and cheery ; and under that pleasant inspiration he of a sudden said to a cynical friend, who was commonly ill and depressed—

‘ I feel I am growing younger every day ! ’

‘ No doubt of it,’ was the unpleasing answer ; ‘ you will soon be in your second childhood ! ’

Sour old soul ! He disliked people and things in general ; and he steadily depreciated all merit save his own. It was he who told me that the vilest preacher he ever heard was a man named Caird.

‘ After he had preached for five minutes, I should not have been surprised if he had cursed and sworn in the pulpit.’

Even such were the gracious man’s words. Even such was the pervading tone of all his criticism of every mortal but himself. When he had gone through life in this benign spirit, he died. A devoted friend preached a sermon on the occasion, and published it under the suitable title, *Heaven*

*the Believer's Home.* I spare all comment. Not dukes and princes alone have their toadies.

Twice before now has the present writer discoursed of *Growing Old*, each time with entire sincerity. But there are human beings who feel the approach of winter too soon. The extremest case was that of John Foster, who, coming in from a walk, would say—

'I have seen a fearful sight to-day: I have seen a buttercup.'

*Premature*, surely; as the awfully cautious man replied, when somebody congratulated him on being made a Bishop: he having the Prime Minister's letter in his pocket at the moment. Of course, that did not make the event absolutely certain. In precisely similar circumstances, I know one who wrote: 'If all goes well, I shall be' such a thing. But when this writer produced his earliest chapter *Concerning Growing Old* (most of it was dictated, not written, because he could not write), he wanted a good deal of being Half-Way; and he did not understand things as he understands things now. Then, after thirteen years, he recurred to the subject: giving the result of lengthening experience. The first essay attained a remarkable popularity: possibly (as a kind friend suggested) because it did not deserve it. The second found favour too, and brought many letters from unknown friends. Now twenty years more have passed over: and he takes this subject for the last time. I note that my old friend, the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, has rather wearied people by too frequent references to his advancing

age ; though (be sure) he never has said the hundredth part of what he has felt. And there are those to whom the rapid lapse of time is not a pleasant subject. The writer has a very accurate memory (for some things) ; and it has somehow been borne in upon him, of late, that when a young woman has remarked that it is long since we last met, and I have answered, 'Yes, it was just this time thirty-four years' ; a certain disapproval appeared on the pleasant face. For a good and kindly face will be pleasant to look upon for far more than thirty-four years.

We drop things we used to do : meaning that this shall be only for a little ; thinking that after a rest we shall begin again. Ah, no ! the pleasant old way, which seemed an essential part of our life, is gone for evermore. We begin to go to bed early, just till we get over this weariness. But we are not to get over this weariness here. It is indeed giving up ; but we fancy it is not, and so comfort ourselves. It is not as with the idle lad, who wrote home that he felt 'a growing indisposition to every kind of exertion.' It is not that : the will to work is here. We work all we can, and many times far beyond our strength. I do not want to be selfish : and I know well that it is a sore trial to any man when he begins to feel his work beyond his strength. But it appears to me that it is specially trying to the preacher when that comes to be. Things are so much the same ; you get into the robes, which possibly tend to be somewhat shabby. You ascend to the accustomed place easily enough ; it is not as when the good Dean Hook, who thought aloud, not

knowing it at all, said in a loud voice as he went up the pulpit stairs in Chichester Cathedral—

‘I shall never get up ; I know I shall never get up. I have got up, after all.’

By many years of training, the congregation has been taught to look up eagerly ; there is the audible hush. But, sometimes, there is the terrible exhaustion within. Every word is an effort. It is a grievous thing to be giving your sermon, watching for sentences to leave out, because you really have not strength to say them. In such circumstances, the plan is to preach extempore : that is, if you can. Unless things be very bad indeed : unless you be what homely Scotch folk call ‘very far through’ : this will tide you over : you will get through without that painful sinking, under which it sometimes seems as though you were to faint off wholly. But you will be very dead-beat when your work is over ; there will be that wretched nervous weariness and restlessness which some know. Let it here be said, that afternoon services are not for the preacher who has grown old. Indeed, afternoon services are now drying up, even in this Scotland where they used to be the great ones. One knows churches which are quite full in the morning, and nearly empty in the afternoon. Yet, through a stupid conservatism, people will not, in many places, have the second service in the evening. Even in Scotland, people are tending to come to church just once on Sunday : which means just once in the seven days which make the week : and it is not everywhere that the evening service will be well attended. Only in ex-

ceptional places will it be crowded. But the preacher who is nearer to seventy than to sixty, and who must preach twice on a Sunday, ought definitively to say that it must be morning and evening. This, with a sleep, if it may be, between. Morning and afternoon cannot be. When the morning service is at eleven, and the afternoon at two, it is flatly impossible. It will shorten a life which is shortening fast enough already.

I know the reader is disposed to say, Why this bit of autobiography? Why this talking of shop? Because what is said is deeply felt: and the writer is thinking of very many besides himself. Each second Sunday it is his duty to minister in a very large church at two P.M., having just finished a morning service. He has done it for many years; but he cannot do it much longer. Morning and evening services are still most enjoyable: more so than forty years ago. But the afternoon is painful penance: is all but impossible. There is reason why it should be kept up; and it will be kept up. I am responsible for it; and wish no other. But there will be another voice: more equal to the duty.

It is perfectly understood by me, and by many more, that there are folk who, if they get what they like, care not at all what it costs to somebody else. 'He looked very weary on Sunday,' I have known it said. But the answer was: 'Yes, but the sermon was very touching.' I will not signify of whom this was said: but it was said. I have known those whose enjoyment of a grand Highland pass was not in the least diminished, though the poor horse

which pulled them along was plainly in miserable exhaustion, and sharp pain at every step. I have known mothers and daughters whose enjoyment of extravagant dress and entertainments was not in the least diminished by the sight of the weary anxious face of the poor struggling drudge of a man, who toiled to earn what they tossed about gaily. And I wondered with wonder quite beyond words how they had heart to do it.

Further, it is distinctly unwise, as well as wrong, for any mortal to kill himself by excessive overwork. You will get no thanks whatever. It will all be taken as a matter of course. And the announcement of your demise will be received with much composure. Just this day ten years since, the writer had the opportunity of reading a sketch of his life, in connection with a notice of his removal. This was in a paper of high character and great circulation ; not, indeed, published in the writer's native land. Confusion had arisen between his lowly self and a famous dignitary of the Anglican Communion. But what most impressed was the composure with which the story was told, ere passing to livelier topics. Not without a start was the legend perused by certain under this roof. And a humorous friend, in a paragraph in a local newspaper, set out that forasmuch as the journal of that day announced that I was to minister in the parish church here on the approaching Sunday, it appeared probable, and indeed might be taken for granted, that I still survived. Such a statement, when brought close to one, strikes. I never forgot the latest words said to me by an

old friend, who was also a great scholar. He looked at me intently, and said—

‘I am still alive, and able to express myself. But very weak. Farewell.’

Human beings differ greatly, and one is no rule for another. But I had made sure that as life drew to its close, there would be little care touching the stings which get at mortals through their vanity. Rather let us say through their sense of what is due to them. And, indeed, with many, through their having got to the end of their tether, through a keen sense that they have got far better than they deserved, through the transference of their interest in the prizes and blanks of life from themselves to their children ; this is so. It startled me when I saw one of the best of men, a saintly scholar, who had seen four-score years, and for very long had held the highest level of the reverence of all who knew him, not a little discomposed when a very inferior man was put over his head to a very insignificant elevation. I had thought he would not have cared. But he did care. And singularly, all the more that he thought the thing was done to vex him. I knew the facts, and could hardly think there had been any such intention. But had it been as he fancied, it seemed reason for profound contempt for souls capable of such behaviour. And I have known a singular trouble, which can by possibility fall to very few of the race. But the few to whom it falls feel it. It is, with general approval, to reach one of the greatest places which can be held by man ; to hold it nobly ; yet now and then to say

to a very near friend, 'I'm not one of the great Exarchs of Melipotamus.' Doubtless very extraordinary places have been held by very ordinary men. I sometimes walk about a little Surrey churchyard where this is impressed on one, deeply. And the most modest of men would not like to be a mere stop-gap. Yet a truly great man once said, 'For want of a better, I am'—no matter what. Further, the incapables who have been set on high have generally been the very last to discern their incapacity. Our great genius wished that we might 'see ourselves as others see us.' It is far better not. If some mortals had that vision, they would flee to the wilderness and be seen no more. And even ordinary decent folk, fairly-well filling modest positions (such as the present writer), are not a little startled when someone gifted with the perilous gift of mimicry, *takes them off* in gesture and voice. 'Surely never so ridiculous as that!' has been the anguished cry. 'That mass of awkwardness, and apparent self-conceit, was never *me*!' Grammar had to yield to the emotion of the moment. There is some consolation in the reflection that all imitations have to be somewhat caricatured. Yet the fact may have been bad enough.

There was a professor long ago, in a little city where homely supper-parties were the use. One evening late, in his own dwelling, a clever undergraduate was giving imitations of some of his colleagues in the Chairs of the University. They were perfectly rendered, and were received with peals of laughter. The good professor, in an evil moment, said—

‘But you have not taken me off. What am I like?’

The youth had tact enough to say that the professor had no peculiarities, and so could not be represented in that special way.

The professor still insisted. The youth sunk into silence; but in a little while, when conversation had become general, a wild yell was heard, and the youth was seen violently scratching his head, and in extraordinary tones uttering some philosophical propositions.

‘Who on earth is that?’ said the bewildered instructor.

First silence; then a general roar. The professor discerned the state of matters, and said with great asperity—

‘We have had quite enough of that kind of thing, young man.’

The party soon broke up. And I fear the undergraduate had made an enemy.

It was a great Chief Justice, many years removed, who was listening with much approval to the story, told at his own table, how a scoffing young member of the Bar had been giving imitations of the manner of divers judges of renown. It was unwisely remarked—

‘But even your lordship is not safe from the ribaldry of that graceless young man.’

On the instant the Lord-President drew himself up to his very stateliest; and, with an awful accent, and a most extraordinary gesture, said—

‘I was not aware that I had any peculiарities of manner! ’

The rest was silence. But people thought much though they said nothing.

Was it that professor, or was it another, who was kept in awful subjection by his wife? Whoever he was, he too had a party at supper, all men. At a late hour the masterful woman retired, and the professor was (for a space) free and open. He began to expatiate, like John Stuart Mill in his famous volume, on the subjection of women. He demonstrated their inferiority to men in all respects; and specially maintained that in every dwelling the wife must be made to know and keep her humble place.

‘In fact,’ he summed up, ‘every man should be Julius Cæsar in his own house.’

There was universal approval. But in that self-same moment, the door of the chamber was opened. An awful head appeared, arrayed in the fashion of that distant period. It was she who must be obeyed. And a terrible voice, which crushed the stoutest-hearted guest, exclaimed—

‘Gentlemen, it is quite time that you were all away home.—And you, Mr. Julius Cæsar, walk away up to your bed!’

The beaten man arose, and without a word he slunk away. Long experience had taught him who was the stronger.

Looking back, as one looks back now, one feels very

deeply how far the recorded history of a day comes short of giving the reality as that day went over. That is, to a mere reader. Yet if you wrote the history yourself, and if your memory be good, you have but to look at the lines on the faded page, after ever so many years: and the whole life of that time is brought back. The old time comes over you; and the little story is infinitely pathetic. Everyone knows what Wordsworth wrote about 'A day like this which I have left full thirty years behind.' Less than thirty years will suffice. Just to-day, the writer looks back upon this day forty-two years.

'What do you think of the old place, Lord C——?'

That was the question. He had come back, at the height of success and fame, an old man, to where he had been a little boy. He came to the dwelling of a very aged lady who had known him then: and having rested awhile, he went out alone, to revisit the scenes of childhood. Then he returned, and silently sat down with her.

'What do you think of the old place?'

He said nothing. But he put down his head upon his hands, and sobbed like a little child. I knew the man: and once at something I said, I saw the tide of remembrance come back; though this time he only smiled. But it was a very sad smile.

There are drawbacks about the faithfully kept diary, written regularly at morning and evening of every day. The great drawback is, that it brings back the past too faithfully. There is no mirage; the beautiful haze is not allowed to gather. Not many people in these times read

‘Grongar Hill.’ Not many have ever heard of Dyer; but his lines suggest themselves: lines which possibly suggested far more famous lines which begin the ‘Pleasures of Hope.’ The distant summits which look so beautiful, ‘clad in colours of the air,’ are ‘barren, brown, and rough,’ when you come near them. ‘The present’s still a cloudy day,’ and the diary makes the long-past present. One thought tenderly of the dear old time, pensive and hallowed; but you open the page, and though you had carefully left out all mention of what was painful, it is there between the lines; it comes back again, the jarring, the worry, the petty provocation, the shabby dodge, the lying mischief-maker, and, as Dyer put it, ‘still we tread the same coarse way.’ Yet, remembering all this, the gains are great. The path crumbles away behind you, if you have not told the story of it. And in these latter days, in which you forget things sadly, you do not feel that you have lived at all the time which is not recorded. It was but yesterday, under the shadow of Ben Wyvis, here farther north than I have even been before, that a good man said to me, of a sudden—

‘What’s the good of keeping a diary?’

I said just one brief sentence. The speaker was a stranger, and one felt we were so hopelessly out of sympathy that one could not be troubled to say more. Now and then one meets a stranger who is disposed to argue. In almost every case, the thesis he maintains is that black is white, that two and two make twenty, and the like. I never on any account argue with him. A further word:

the diary will keep you up to your duty. You must work hard and steadily indeed, if your work looks much when written down. Very much may be told in a word: the long wearing exertion looks so little. Think of Elihu Burritt's 'Forged fourteen hours, then Hebrew Bible four hours.' How could he do it? It is as Mr. Dickens' modest statement: 'I thought of Mr. Pickwick and wrote the first chapter.'

Two things are certain. One, that there is no wish whatever to be younger. Dickens was a youth when he wrote that we should all be young again if we could. Philip Sidney was young when he wrote of the shepherd boy, piping 'as if he would never grow old.' Lord Lytton, indeed, appeared to grow old unwillingly: so did my dear old Professor, Buchanan of Glasgow. But the healthy thing is to be glad and thankful one has got on so far, fairly well. There is deep interest, indeed, in the career of those who are to follow you. The second certainty is that you are well-pleased, and quietly grateful, when the day is peacefully through. It has brought many prosaic duties, the same daily, and though the work of some is exciting many times, yet things quietly attempted and done have generally earned repose. Then the evening rest is wonderfully grateful, when there is no worrying interruption: and to the aging it must be as a law of the Medes—No work after the last meal of the day. Thus kindly sleep comes on most. And, as the great preacher of my youth, Henry Melvill (who never got his due, and is forgotten), once said in his eager way, 'What can He give them better?'

Though I fear now, that is not the meaning of the famous text.

Finally, you have learnt not to give utterance to much you have come to think : you keep it to yourself. It might be met with vehement argumentation. It would find no sympathy. And after all these years, you recognise yourself. You, lined, and white, and sometimes shaky, are the identical being at whose round, rosy face, you looked in the glass when you were a little boy. It was of poor Prince Charley, in the degradation of the closing days, that the true genius, Louis Stevenson, sang in touching lines. They will not come true, unless there has been moral and spiritual degeneracy.

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone !

Say, can that lad be I ?

## CHAPTER III

## THE SUNDAYS THERE

THEY were curious: very unlike Sundays at home. But many things here are unlike things at home. To arise in a great hotel, very handsome and pleasant indeed, yet where the guests number a hundred and twenty: to have one's breakfast in a large apartment, as one of that considerable company, amid the inevitable stir and bustle, not to say clatter and hubbub: to discern many signs that the men who abide under this roof are quite emancipated from Scottish ideas as to the observance of the Lord's Day: these things are strange. Then to walk away by a path through fragrant clover, which makes all the air delightful to the sense: to enter into a pretty church, fitted to the place (for its west front reproduces that of Fortrose Cathedral), where one has the pleasant sense of freedom from responsibility which can never be in a church of one's own: to find there a large congregation, very many of which have plainly never been in a Scottish kirk before: who know not what is meant by a *paraphrase*, and are in some cases surprised to find that there is any praise at all: who introduce innovations into the worship which startle the natives, as frequent and hearty responses of *Amen*, and

prompt arising in sympathy with the ascription which concludes the sermon, turning in so doing towards the altar: those things are pleasing indeed, but some of them are unfamiliar. As for the cheering attention and the perfect hush with which the exhortation is listened to: these things happily never fail. After the first few sentences, one feels at home. And never anywhere did brighter or more sympathetic faces give heart to any preacher.

The church is new; and it had to be built wholly by voluntary liberality. Wisely, instead of producing, complete, a structure of inferior character, the builders have made the first outline of a really fine church. The chancel is temporarily furnished in the very plainest way, and there is no stained glass at all. For years to come, there will be scope for devout wealth to bring its offering here. But when the church is furnished as it is made to be, it will be (for Scotland) a beautiful one. All will come in time: let us hope, in our time.

Little things surprise good folk who have never wandered beyond that lovely strath. A good girl of possibly twenty years, coming out of church, said to a companion, in a bewildered fashion, but with the soft pleasant Celtic voice: 'It's the queerest service I ever saw. He read every word of his sermon.' Doubtless the discourses she is in use to hear are in Gaelic, and Gaelic is the language of poetry and oratory; every Gaelic preacher holds forth quite extempore; sometimes, too, with an unsimulated fervour which sweeps away even such as do not understand a word that is said. Yet in this place, where the 'kist of

whistles' might have been deemed unknown, a good harmonium accompanied the singing ; the organ is a luxury and can wait. And in the little choir which was got together for those Sundays, there was one charming voice of such wonderful power, sweetness, and expression, that it was not surprising that its possessor is well known over that region (which is a wide one) as 'the Patti of the North.' Furthermore, for every good and charitable purpose that voice is lifted up as freely as beautifully.

Scottish folk, young and old, quite readily ask for information. I had touching little instances of an unsophisticated curiosity. Yet none come back more vividly than one near at hand, and not a week old. I was coming out from a certain grand churchyard, having fulfilled a brief sad duty there ; and under the western gable of a cathedral which was once magnificent, was putting off my gown. Four little individuals approached : two boys, two girls, the eldest not six years old. They were in no degree in awe of me : which is my desire. One boy, speaking for the rest, said to me with an anxious look, 'Were ye preachin'?'—'No, my little folk,' was the reply ; 'I was burying a poor young woman.' A pause ; then, solemnly, and with a latent thought of self, came the question, 'Was she big?' Big means grown-up, in these parts. 'Yes, she was seventeen : much bigger than you, and a very good girl. But even little people like you may have to be brought here. Are you good children ? that's the great thing.' The four voices answered together, firmly, 'Yes.' Then a word of blessing, and we part. They were not in

the least afraid of the solemn but cheerful burying-place ; there is nothing here about a funeral to cause the old heathenish horror I remember long ago. Yet there was a personal concern : implied, though not expressed. One recalled the old man in Ayrshire, who after a burial said to the minister, 'Div ye ken what I aye think at a funeral ?' The minister expected some devout reflection ; and made enquiry what it was the old man thought so regularly. 'I aye think ' ; he paused, awe stricken : ' I aye think, I'm desperate glad it's no' me !'

The minister was disappointed. Yet it must be admitted that a famous verse in the famous Elegy conveys, in more graceful language, a not unsimilar sentiment as to the fashion in which poor humanity quits 'the warm precincts of the cheerful clay.' It depends, doubtless, greatly on the present mood, how we shall think of the great change. There was absolute sincerity when the greatest Scotsman (and surely all but the best), hearing of an old friend's death, wrote with a failing hand, 'I could have wished it had been Sir Walter.'

Does Sunday begin with Saturday evening ? I used to be taught so, long ago. Not at all in the sense that the evening and the morning are the day : or that the sacred day ended when Sunday's sun went down. It was rather because a certain quietude of spirit was becoming, in preparation for the holy hours which were drawing near. It was thought that one could not pass very swiftly from worldly worries or amusements to elevated devotion of heart. But where I abide, we have changed all that ; and

though any scene of special gaiety would still be commonly regarded as unbefitting the evening of Saturday, a little quietly cheerful society is deemed a very good preparation for the special duties of the Lord's Day ; even for such as are to minister in its public worship. The mind passes with a helpful rebound from the gay to the graver : when health and heart are as could be wished. It was in a specially bigoted region that a lugubrious Pharisee once said to a brisk bright friend of mine, departed : said, in a dolorous whine, ' Whawt's the best preparahtion for a weel-spent Sahbath ? ' My friend told me that he saw the question was not put in good faith, but with a view of estimating his condition : ' trying his speerit ' ; and accordingly he replied, in the most matter-of-fact tone, and with a cheerful intonation quite removed from ' the Bible twang ' — ' Well, I should say, a good night's sleep. ' But the Pharisee, looking upon him as from an immense elevation, and conveying clearly that he was in benighted case, made reply, ' Naw, a gude warsle wi' Sawtan ! ' Then departed, casting an unfriendly look upon my good friend. It was not as when one, known to me, was extremely pleasant in his talk with those who did not belong to his Communion ; but somewhat spoiled the effect by stating that he felt it his duty to be civil to heretics in this life, forasmuch as he had no hope of ever seeing them in any other.

It indicates a great breaking away from old fetters, to look round this Saturday evening. For this is in Scotland, and very far North. Yet cheery dancing is going forward in this great chamber, to the music of a very decent band

set upon a day at one end of it. It is no longer regarded as a duty to be ‘unhappy on Sunday,’ or unhappy because the blessed day is drawing near. Innocent amusement is judged a very fit and right thing, by all whose opinion is of the smallest value. Dancing is esteemed a very pleasant and innocent amusement. And the Kirk has advanced several thousands of miles since the day when it condemned ‘promiscuous dancing.’ There is no doubt at all what that meant. Once, in the house of my revered old Professor of Divinity (just as devout and good a Christian as I ever knew), I was present (being a youth of twenty) at a great dance. And, having conveyed his charming daughter to her seat, I said humbly to my admirable instructor (who rose just as high as is possible in the Kirk), ‘What exactly is meant by that “promiscuous dancing” which is so severely condemned?’ With a benignant yet extremely dignified smile (no one not a fool would presume upon him), he answered, ‘Of course it meant that men and women should dance together. There was no harm in men dancing with men, and women with women. But,’ he went on, casting a kindly eye upon the gay groups round, ‘that way of thinking has quite fallen into desuetude.’ And indeed it appeared to me that it had.

If a thing be done at all, it is right that it should be well done. And the dancing here was remarkably good. It was pleasant to behold the graceful activity of various pretty young women; for the dances were by no means walked through. But it was a singularly touching and impressive spectacle to witness divers huge men, of

eighteen, twenty, and twenty-two stone, flying about wildly in Highland reels, and uttering the frequent yell. I know how Lord Eldon, long Lord Chancellor (thinking only of himself, and not at all of a suffering community), said, '*Never give up*'; but I really think that when a man's head is bald, and his hair (if any) white, he had better give up dancing. For dancing, he looks like a fool; and one pities the poor girls who must dance with him. But the stout men were only in middle age, and their activity was pleasing and pathetic. It brought back to me a picture of not many years ago. The stately Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews was not merely one of the greatest scholars of his time, but one of its chief athletes. A dear friend of mine who is a great preacher, but a very little man, was with me here; and we were walking with the Bishop about his pretty garden. We came to a fine tennis court, provided when the house was a College Hall: and in an evil moment the Presbyter challenged the Prelate to a game. The Prelate was fourscore; but the wonted fires were wakened. And how Presbytery went down before Prelacy! I see, clearly, the grand old man of six feet four flying about like a boy, with ready hand and eagle eye. The Presbyter did his best; I can say no more. It was a humbling sight. The action of his legs haunts me still. And he generally missed the ball.

Though belonging to the Kirk, I did not mind; I rather liked to see my Brother smashed. I am free from sectarian prejudice. It did not use to be so in this country.

But we are emancipated. Let us relate a significant fact, bearing upon this statement.

It was a winter afternoon, darkening fast to night. There was intense frost, and on a country road the snow lay six inches deep. It was in Scotland. I will say even more: it was in Aberdeenshire. A good man, the Head of a Roman Catholic College, was walking home in the failing light, when he beheld in the middle of the road a dark object in the snow. Drawing near, he found a little cobbler from the neighbouring hamlet, lying unconsciously drunk. The Jesuit could not leave him to perish. So with difficulty he raised him from the ground, and with great difficulty he managed to steer the helpless fellow-mortal to his house, half a mile off. Though unconscious at starting, he had partly regained his senses when he reached his own door; and he uttered some words of thanks. The good-natured priest said—

‘Maybe ye wad not be so ceevil, if ye kenned who I am.’

But the answer was ready. Not without dignity, the half-articulate cobbler replied—

‘Ou ay, I ken ye fine. Ye’re a Cawthlic Priest. But I’m a man aboon a’ prejudice! ’

The incident was essentially Scottish. Taking all the circumstances into view, one may say it could not have occurred in England. And why should not a poor man, who works faithfully with his hands, be free from prejudice: just as free as though he were a Prince or a Peer?

When I was a small boy, aged twelve, I was sent to

school, and each Sunday was compelled to go twice to church. I remember well, how I thought to myself, continually (I durst not say it out), that if preachers were anxious to be as tiresome as possible, making their sermons absolutely incapable of being listened to by young or old, they could do no more than they did. The daughter of a great Chief-Justice told me that sixty years since she and her sisters, clever girls, were marched regularly to a church I have seen, hideous outside and abhorrent inside, where they suffered tortures through an awful tediousness unknown elsewhere. 'The very idea of ever feeling the least interest in anything said in church never entered our heads!' Those were the days of what was called 'High-handed Patronage,' in which a man was stuck-in to a place in the Kirk not because he was fit for it, but because he had influential friends. And possibly the idea in the Patron's mind was as that in the mind of George II., who declared that his experience as a King had led him to the belief, that *any man in Britain was fit to hold any place he could get.* Vividly I recall how at that early age, I used to look round on the congregation, and think it strange to see the preacher going on in a solemn voice, and not a soul listening to one word he said. I used to wonder how he could do it. But gradually, as I grew up, I found that one of these dismal orators would have thought there was something wrong, had he (just for once) found a whole congregation intently listening to him. And the suspicion, and hatred, in which these awful souls held any preacher who habitually held the congregation in that rapt attention

in which the proverbial pin could be heard to fall (there were a few such even then), were quite beyond words. The contempt and loathing, with which I heard, as a boy, a dignified person speak of the early appearances of a senseless creature whom he called *Tom Chalmers*, I never can forget. Tom preached a sermon in the parish church of St. Andrews (which I was one day to know well) on drunkenness. For the first half of the sermon he showed how pleasant a thing it was to get drunk: 'he spoke of the wine *reaming* in the cup'; and then in the second half he gave an awful *per contra*. That was his first manner. But it was plain that the damning fact, not to be got over, was that people held their breath as the youth went on, who by-and-bye was to be recognised as the greatest pulpit orator of the century.

I am quite sure the disgusted old gentleman had never heard of Sydney Smith's axiom, *Every style is good, except the tiresome*. But a boy could see that with him, and people like him, any discourse which was not tiresome was to be held in great suspicion. The probability was that something was far wrong.

I was not a boy, but a young Doctor of Divinity, when, thirty years since, I heard a good man, the dreariest preacher of his day, loudly maintaining the sinfulness of fine churches and bright services. The more dismal and disagreeable anything was, the likelier to be the right thing. Good and hearty music was to be feared. A twelve-hundred-pound organ was an awful agency for the misleading of souls. If you had no earthly inducement to go to church, you

were possibly drawn by higher considerations. Of course there is a measure of truth here. But I said to this good man, that very interesting and impressive preaching was just as really a worldly inducement as magnificent praise or a stately church, while I never had heard those maintain that preaching must not be too good who were eager that music must not be too good. 'I agree with you, cordially,' said my departed friend, 'and if I thought people were coming to church for the pleasure of hearing me preach, I would take pains to make my sermons less interesting.' These ears heard the words. Somewhat inconsiderately, I hastened to assure him that there was no need at all for his doing that. For, indeed, his power of emptying any church in which he ministered was proverbial. And the wildest imagination had never pictured any mortal as going to church for the pleasure of listening to him. But I grieve to say that, though I spoke in simplicity and affection, as one eager to save a good man from needless self-reproach, the good man cast upon me just as evil a glance as could come from so good a man ; and speedily brought our conversation to a close.

I sometimes wonder, in these latter days, what impression the ordinary good preacher expects to produce upon the congregation by each sermon preached. Surely it is true, as was said by good Archbishop Trench long ago, that when we begin we expect great things.

High thoughts at first, and visions high,  
Are ours of easy victory.

I knew a lad, more than forty years since, who having preached, with absolute conviction and great vehemence, in a very crowded church on a dark winter afternoon, a sermon showing how foolish it is to be bad (which truth he had only found out a few days before), was filled with absolute wonder that his sermon produced no apparent effect at all, beyond causing an awful hush and many startled faces. He knew three very bad fellows who were in church and listened intently: and he made perfectly sure that each would at once turn over a new leaf. It was not so. One very bad fellow did indeed remark, 'He evidently believed what he said'; but no amendment of life followed. Another bad fellow, who had been at college with the preacher, observed, 'Surely he has become very serious.' I knew a youth who was incumbent of a pretty country parish, where he found that various respectable persons got drunk on the market-day. One Sunday, almost with tears, he denounced this sorrowful inconsistency in eager words. A benign old farmer, old enough to have been his grandfather, listened with great approval: he not merely shook his head sympathetically, but he waved his right hand to and fro, as though saying, '*Such are my sentiments.*' Yet the next day the young parson met the aged man being driven home from market very drunk indeed. Which things are discouraging. But gradually that youth found that men in his own vocation, after preaching on Sunday on the duty of meekness, fairness, and kindness, as though they had been angels, went on Wednesday to the Presbytery. There, in the matters

of spitefulness, dishonest misrepresentation, and vicious irritability as of a bulldog on whose tail the wayfarer has inadvertently trodden, these good men, so far from being angels, appeared as exactly the reverse. Surely we are dealing with warped and odd material, dealing with poor human nature. We should not mind so much if it were thus only with our neighbours. But think: How is it with ourselves? If I might venture to speak from what I know, I should say that even an earnest preacher, who believes his message fully, and not just about half, hopes mainly to comfort the sorrowful Christian, and some little to lift up those who are devout souls already, rather than to arouse the indifferent, and bring back those who have gone astray. But I will not believe but that to the very end, even closing a little week-day meditation of a quarter of an hour's duration, the preacher whom I call a preacher hopes, and even clings to the belief, that some poor soul has been helped and comforted. Sometimes, in hours of deep discouragement, the message comes from somebody quite unknown, somebody far away, who has been helped and comforted. Very big and strong men may possibly receive such messages continually: I do not know. But to some at a far lower level the lines of cheer come, sometimes, just when they need help as much as any: just when near to the breaking-down.

It needs much wisdom, and much grace, to deal with human souls. And the best may many times meet singular discouragements. He was a saint, and a lyric poet, who at a meeting of a kind of which I have no experience,

of a kind of which I like not what I hear, approached a middle-aged lady of good descent and blameless life ; and said, in an insinuating manner, ‘Are you happy?’ The good lady considered for a little space ; and then made answer in a very matter-of-fact tone, and in a single word. The word was, *Middlin’*. Somehow it shut the lyric poet up.

There are national differences. And there is a difference between country and town. In Scotland, as a rule, few desire to speak with the preacher after service. And the few are always in large towns. But if a stranger preach in a London church to a crowded congregation, it may be held as certain that six or eight or ten, mostly young men, will desire a word with him. And very touching indeed is commonly what they desire to say. I know not whether this would cease were any man ministering regularly to a large London congregation. Crying aloud to a multitude, all absolute strangers, is an experience by itself. But to deliver the message, ever so sincerely, to a thousand (or two thousand) souls, mainly the same souls Sunday by Sunday, is quite a different thing.

One has known individual beings who, on receiving testimony that they have been enabled to do some little good, are in use to suddenly get up from where they are sitting, to drop down upon their knees, and offer humble thanks in the Quarter whence everything comes which is worth having. This, of course, when quite alone.

Thirty years since, a good man, unknown to the present writer, made a severe attack upon him (in print)

for what was described as *Sham Reverence*: in that the writer, in an entirely secular magazine, had made some such reference to God Almighty. The good man was writing in a religious publication. And the special accusation he brought against me was that I did not mean what I said. How could the good man know? Of course I never noticed his observations in any way: that is, until now.

But, being condemned for *Sham Reverence*; I remembered, very vividly, how, when a youth, a very eminent man stated in my hearing that he once went to a little place of worship where a homely preacher was holding forth with great earnestness and sincerity. And sincere earnestness is always to be respected: even where its manifestations are odd. Yet it sounded strange when the orator exclaimed: 'Don't you remember the grand testimony which was borne to Him by St. John the Baptist? Don't you remember how the Baptist said, That is the Party which taketh away the sins of the world?'

It was well meant, but very awkwardly expressed. But I am perfectly sure that in the Highest Quarter things are taken as they are meant. Which is a great comfort.

Alexander the Great was a shabby little creature, to look at. One day, when the great king was surrounded by abject courtiers, a poor woman came in to plead for a precious life. One very abject courtier was of stately mien: so she cast herself on the earth before him and

poured out her poor heart. When she ended, the king drew near, and said—

‘I know who it was you meant to speak to. You shall have what you ask.’

Even so, much more confidently than I believe that two and two make four, I believe that every earnest prayer ever offered in this world came straight to the only Hearer of prayer. The stricken mortal, with awful earnestness, prayed to the only god he knew or ever had the chance to know. It was no god at all. But the supplication made its way to the right place: and was mercifully considered *There*.

## CHAPTER IV

## ALWAYS SOMETHING

IT was not far North, in that quiet place often thought of: but elsewhere, in a region which some would esteem as somewhat towards the North too. They were walking along a wooded avenue, and were drawing near a kindly dwelling, linked in memory with several who have gone away. Was it not yesterday that the venerable lord of that pleasant spot told the writer how he had brought a lovable genius, who was dwining, there for a space of rest: and how the genius, feebly walking forth, sat down in the west wind under a blossoming tree, and looked about, and just said *Paradise?* There is a turn, near the house, where a vista has been deftly cut through branches, a round opening, where green leaves frame the picture of a little town, two miles off, and far below: dark towers and ruins cutting against the blue sea. They stood, and gazed in silence: and one said, quietly, but with pride, and not with intention of conveying information, *That's Sin Tandrewce.* It seems odd to the stranger, though not to those accustomed to it, to hear the sacred name so pronounced. But surely, speaking of so solemn a place, one ought to speak accurately, and not without deliberation.

The writer will not be hurried, uttering such a name. Let us say SAINT ANDREWS !

'He was educated there,' one of the pilgrims went on, 'the man we were talking of.' Then the speaker went on : 'He's a born orator : no man more so. Tulloch, who taught him any theology he knows, used to say that once on a time he was standing in the quadrangle of St. Mary's College, when the future preacher came in to make complaint of some injustice done him in the matter of a small scholarship. Tulloch had never seen the youth before. But our lost Principal was wont to declare that though in after years he beheld the orator swaying a crowd of thousands, he never heard him so eloquent as when with intense feeling he told the story of his wrongs on that departed day. He was but a poor lad. But he was pleading for very life. And there was no question as to the pathos with which he did it.'

Ever so many years after, when he was an old man, and had risen just as high as he could rise in that vocation, I was present where he was charming near four thousand people, playing upon the human mass like a great player on a grand organ ; and eliciting the instant response whether in tears or smiles. Not quite smiles, indeed : rather howls. He told many stories, which had but a distant connection with his subject : but that mattered not. Criticism was impossible, then and there. The enthusiasm was tremendous. And there was not much in some of the stories : but how they were told ! One comes back. A mother, questioned as to her daughter's approaching mar-

riage. 'A nice marriage?' 'Just delightful, charming. Everything we could wish but only one. That is, the lassie just canna thole the man: she just hates him. But there maun aye be a something.'

Anything in the nature of reflection on this touching legend would be superfluous. Suffice it to say that the narration was received with immense applause and laughter. Nobody appeared to have a thought for the poor girl, constrained to marry a wealthy and respectable man whom she detested. Possibly the reason was that nobody believed the story. I have no doubt whatever it was a pure invention. I do not say it was invented by the wild orator. But it was devised by somebody else. And then he accepted it, without any use of the higher criticism.

But the principle is sound. 'There is aye a something.' Long ago, I was talking with a worthy man, a Scotch parson, to whom a loss had befallen. The woman with the finest voice in his choir had got married, and gone far away. 'It's a loss,' he said. 'But as ae door steeks, another opens. Something else will come and make up.'

The words were wise. But let them not now be understood in the sense that when one good thing is taken, some other good thing will come and take its place. They are to be taken in quite a different sense: or (as I think I have heard my boys express it) 'the other way about.'

When some great trouble is taken away (and such an

event sometimes comes, even in this troublesome world), for a while you are most thankful. You have peace : for a brief space, even what may be called perfect peace. But, gradually, when the real heavy sorrow has ceased to press you down, other lesser ones, forgotten in its black presence, assert themselves : come forward : grow in bulk and weight, and demand your attention to them. Circumstances in your lot, vexatious circumstances, but so small that a fortnight ago you would have been ashamed to think of them, begin to vex you now. I am supposing them real, these worries : but if all real troubles go, fanciful ones will come. Morbid fears : foolish remembrances of sorrows gone by long ago, and best forgot : vivid and stinging revival of old and even childish wrongdoings: till the needful normal amount of disquiet is here again. 'There must aye be a something.' A certain degree of disquiet is due : has to be. Anything will serve as a peg to hang it on. You thought you would be 'perfectly thankful and peaceful if that great cross were lifted off you which for years has embittered your life : if only such health and strength were in your home as are in countless others: if some anxious work were well finished which you fear to die and leave unfinished, knowing that then it can never be finished at all : if some modest measure of success were at length permitted to crown hard and weary work which hitherto has come to nothing. And truly, when you come to know, you will be startled to find the deep assurance in many men of their ill-luck. I am not to write high-flown sentiment : or I might remind you of the firm faith which

Dickens had, as you may discover in his most charming book, that if a man marries the right woman, it will be for the grand matter of soul-satisfaction, exactly the same as if he went to heaven. Ah, look to the first page of your St. Augustine: and read: and remember. 'Thou hast made us for Thyself: and our heart is restless till it resteth in Thee!' Much rubbish the Saint wrote: even such were the words to me of good Dr. Lindsay Alexander, pretty nearly his best Editor: but here are the words of true inspiration. Now, suppose such success sent as comes to one in a million: such a lot and such a home as come to one in a hundred thousand: suppose the chiefest worldly blessing which can come to aging folk, what homely Scots call 'a well-doing family': and have you not known how in such a case the ghosts of past care, humiliation, ill-usage, injustice, foolishness and wrong-doing, waken up and dog and haunt the unthankful recipient of blessings beyond number? I have known 'the dark ages' (so he called them) never cease from the memory of one of the most honoured and successful of men: the terrible struggle of those anxious years, long past and gone: the bitter recollection of having been victimised and cheated by smug folk, who if they had any conscience were certainly never troubled by it: the sore memory (in brief) of a host of sleeping sorrows which ought never to have been awaked.

Do not say that all this is morbid: as though thus you made an end of it. I tell you it is common in human experience. The shadows of the prison-house, long

escaped from, darken the sunshine and the freedom of this better day.

I have known one who, when great success came to him, and great popularity, never could get away from the bitter thought how he had been pinched and despised through years when he was just as deserving as now. When Edmund Kean, half-starved, was acting in barns to a handful of ignorant bumpkins, he was just as great a genius as when he was crowding Drury Lane. Dickens tells frankly how at the zenith of fame, he wept aloud when he thought of the neglected little boy he had been. I knew the meaning of a line I read at the end of a manuscript sermon, written on the evening of a day on which it had been given to a dense multitude of educated folk. It ran thus: 'First preached at Kennaquhair to forty-three people: several of them sound asleep.'

There are those who, when anniversaries come round, *will* go back upon the awful blow that fell as on this day these years ago. And the old time comes over them, in a grievous way. I am not thinking of the day on which one died: *that* ought to be 'kept' for evermore: and the remembrance does good, not harm. I am thinking of crushing and humiliating trouble: sorrow darkened by shame. Pass from that, my friend. I do not say that madness lies that way: but of a surety ingratitude for the past and distrust for the future.

I have known those who for fear of growing conceited, resolutely and successfully put away the recollection of cheering things. This without any affectation. Hardly a

soul, but themselves, knew the stern discipline they underwent. It was needless. Quite enough of takings-down will come, to keep us humble. That is, unless we be foolish quite beyond words.

There was a man, long ago, who told me how after many years of wearing anxiety, he came to a time in which he had absolutely no troubles at all. He had got (as Charles Kingsley said) 'all he had ever wished, and more than he had ever hoped.' It was all sunshine for a little space. He hardly knew himself for the same being. But then the something came : the something which has to be. He was possessed by an idea, which he could not dismiss, that somehow all the little provision he had made for his children would be lost. And this, for weeks of a bright summer, made up the normal load of care. It is certain that human beings set in the highest places, great nobles and kings, have had the heart taken out of all they possessed by the *Red Terror* : the fear of a smashing-up of society ; of anarchy. A decent mortal, not in any way noble but a humble retainer (he had got made a baronet for services rendered to an unimaginable monarch), said to an official of the London and Birmingham Railway who wanted to survey his little fields, that he would fight against railroads to the last, for 'they would ruin the *noblesse* of England!' Poor soul! The '*noblesse*' was not ruined at all, but made a very good thing of selling land to the companies. But supposing for a moment that the '*noblesse*' could only hold on if the millions were prevented from travelling about (even as the American

slave-holders could keep their place only while the slaves were not suffered to read and write), I fancy the nation would soon have made up its mind. It is self-evident now that the thing to be thought of is 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number.'

But there is entire freedom from fanciful fears in the family which looked out on this world through that little 'window in Thrums.' The man who works for eighteen shillings a week, thankful that his little children have their daily bread, has no alarm for a smashing-up of society. And Southey, thankful towards the end of an honoured and laborious life when in a certain February he saw the means of support provided to the end of the year, would never be disquieted about the possibility of being bit by a mad dog, or of mass being some day said in St. Paul's, or of the Athanasian Creed ceasing to be said on certain great days. Very urgent and substantial possibilities of want and sorrow are in the foreground: and they quite shut out the view of transcendental eventualities. These urgent possibilities are very real: very terrible sometimes: but they deliver us from everything else: even as a mortal disease keeps off all lesser illness. But there must always be something. Ah, 'born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward': that is, trouble will come as certainly, as naturally, as the sparks ascend. To 'live happily ever after' is a thing which cannot be. And a very great trouble, crushing you down, is good for you in divers ways. It makes you absolutely forget lesser vexations: such cease to be, in that sombre presence.

It takes the nonsense out of you: it sobers you: in a wonderful way. And it holds you in continual and most real dependence on Somebody who can feel for you and sustain you: who only can. In fact, it brings you to your knees. I am quite sure that most men and women who are going down towards the sunset have found this out by abundant experience.

If you get everything this world can give (one man in a million has done so), you grow sick of 'the whole concern': to use Professor Aytoun's classical phrase. Perhaps, like the wicked old Duke of Queensberry, you are possessed by morbid longings for that which cannot be: as that the Thames should run dry. When someone said how beautiful a spot he had by that royal river, he said in a voice which forbade the thought of affectation, 'Oh that wearisome river! always running on, and never will run away!' Without supposing that, I fancy that nowhere does life turn to such listless vegetation as in some grand dwellings. How children remember! I was a little boy, not ten years old, when I heard a great lady, to whom someone had spoken of the loveliness of the scenes amid which she lived, say with a weary sorrowful voice: 'It's not life: it's vegetation.' I never named the incident till now. But I understood it as well as I do to-day. I said to my little self, 'I thought people living in a place like this must be happy: but I see they're not.' There comes back to-day, too, out of the misty past, another voice, strange in a child's ear. A woman too. 'It's not trees and rivers one wants: it's men and women!' Ah, sad,

sad, was that woman's after career ! · One thought it strange, a little later, to mark how the girls of a family of exalted estate, living in one of the most beautiful domains in the land, continually came forth from the Paradise within, to walk for miles along the public road which skirted it. There was the craving for change : the longing to break bounds. You understand. I am not thinking at all of the 'satiety' of that vile humbug Childe Harold, who, while posing as one weary of everything, was in fact in a flutter of anxiety as to the success of the book in which he explained that he cared nothing for anything. He, and his delineator, were not so much very bad fellows, as extremely silly fellows, thinking it fine to be bad : and taking credit for having done many evil things they never did : even like certain contemptible idiots I have known. I was but a youth when I heard one such talking in phrases which were grammatically penitential of the terrible ill-doings of his life, and the view he had got of the rottenness of refined society. It was extremely plain that the real spirit was one of windy boastfulness : boastfulness of evil which in fact he had never done at all. I would have given much, that I might pat him upon his empty head : and say, 'Oh, poor Rattle, you are a tremendous fool !'

But while Byron and all his heroes were contemptible impostors, it is quite certain that mortals in no degree romantic or even interesting, have of a truth, attained to that general dissatisfaction which silly youths used to think very grand. I remember, vividly, a sour old man of no worldly standing, who, all his personal wants being fully

provided for, and he having no one dependent upon him, did in fact attain to a discontent very analogous to that which made Porson, on a memorable occasion, ban 'the nature of things.' As he could only put his position in homely verse, people only laughed at him. But he was just as rational as Childe Harold, and a great deal more sincere. The refrain which closed each verse of his lyric poem ran as follows :

As sure as daith I'm weary of the haill rickmatick.

The upshot of the matter is that if for any considerable time there be nothing really wrong, you will by and by invent or imagine something. I do not mean to grumble about. You don't grumble. But to be secretly unhappy about. I am not describing insanity. Only one who, when surrounded with worldly blessings, kept vexing his soul because thirty years before he had been very ill-used, and that for a long time. I have known another who got up the inevitable something, by continually recalling how he had been bullied at school. And one who, having risen high, and gained a reputation for wisdom, would harp (to a special friend) on the depressing fact that at a certain period of his early life, he had been (in his present judgment) quite the greatest fool in history. No doubt he had been. But few remembered it save himself. And he never forgot it at all.

Let me recall to the reader's memory certain lines of **Archbishop Trench**.

Some murmur when their sky is clear,  
And wholly bright to view,  
If but one spot of cloud appear  
In their great heaven of blue :  
And some with thankful love are filled  
If but one streak of light,  
One ray of God's good mercy gild  
The darkness of their night.

Ah, my reader : the 'some' are the selfsame people, taken at different times !

A closing word. Easily borne now is the sorrow, life-long, and piercing, which is all over : easily borne, I mean, by survivors : even by such as would have sympathised deeply with it while it still lasted on. There is a pathetic fallacy here. We recall with a smile what was no smiling matter to the poor soul who felt he had spoiled his life. 'Ah, that worthy man : what a home his wife gave him for near fifty years. But it is all over now.' Yes : but it is not a truism to say it was not over while it lasted. He was a pattern of staid wisdom : and his wife was a hopeless fool. He was an example of all the proprieties : and his wife barely kept out of the Divorce Court. Think of the wretched Premier, with a home which is matter of tragic history. Think of the miserable Lord Chancellor : how did he live and work at all ? But then they are dead : and in the biographies the facts were lightly passed over. The thing may be briefly told in a half-page, and nearly forgot by the reader, which brooded like a black cloud over half a century of life : and made peace impossible.

They never tell, these wretched illustrious ones, what vulture is tearing, as at Prometheus. Nobody mentions what everybody knows. But that did not mend things, while the awful time dragged on. It was a terrible reality in its day, though the day is ended now.

A pathetic memory comes to me, over many years, of a person in high estate who found the requisite trouble in a not quite unusual way. I see in this room the intent faces of Dean Stanley and Principal Tulloch as I read to them a sad letter which asked counsel. 'Must I go to Hell if I can't believe everything in the Athanasian Creed? If I can't believe anything at all?'

I desired to back my own quite clear belief by quoting that of others.

Stanley broke in, eagerly. 'Say No! Act honestly according to the light God gives you, and the quantity you believe has nothing to do with where you are to go.'

'Yes,' said Tulloch; 'say *that*.'

## *THINGS LEFT*

*ONE'S REAL LIFE IN THE LATTER YEARS*

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### CHAPTER I

#### WHEN WE GET OUT OF THE WOOD

BEFORE October goes : October with the russet leaves, the wonderful stillness in the air of an afternoon, the red sunsets, the occasional summer-like warmth, the occasional suggestion that goes through one eerily of the Winter chill : there is a word to say. The foliage is lingering. Some trees are ghost-like ; but many are thick, some are green, some are crimson and golden. There comes the Delectable Day, July for brightness only with a tenderer light : and hearts that are growing weary are stirred with a vague hopefulness like that which stirs in Spring. Let a word be said, before November whirls these leaves away in wrath, of a singular and long-lasting human illusion ; often very touching to see.

Let us think of the fashion in which, by our make, we cleave to the hope of better days to come. It is breaking-down, the last breaking-down, when that hope quite goes.

A careworn man says to you, *It is a struggle now : but when I get out of the wood, it will all be smooth.* I have heard it put, *When my ship comes home.* But the wood appeared to stretch away indefinitely. And the half-hopeful speaker (speaking with a sorrowful face) could have named no port in this world where that ship was lading, whence it should put out to sea. With less of imagery, it has been said in one's hearing, *When I am not so hard driven with work, nor so held down with anxiety.* It was a sweet little girl of six who said to me, *When I get well again.* Then she scanned the sad faces round her little bed, and added, quietly, *But I'm afraid there's not much chance of that.* Of a truth, the next morning made it plain that there had been no chance at all. Very simply, and under a touching restraint, the great change drawing near has always been (in my experience) alluded to. It was said by one who knew perfectly, *It's on the Cards.* It can do no harm now to say that never did I hear a pleasant possibility in the far future told of with so life-like reality and such manifest enjoyment of the prospect, as by the great and beloved Dean Stanley, talking to a hopeful lad of eighteen. *And then, when you have got all that, I'll come and stay with you in your beautiful house, and we shall have a good time.* But it was never to be.

I suppose a poor horse, struggling up a steep hill overloaded, has this notion in its dull understanding, that it will get out of the wood, get through this terrible effort, come to where there will be rest. I see, wherever I look, in intelligent man, in the poor creatures whom we call

inferior animals, even in the wistful aspect I have often beheld on an October landscape, the indications of something infinitely solemn and pathetic, and very seldom remembered by most. It is the vital belief (I dare not again say illusion) that we are to get out of the wood ; that the ship is to come home. There is an expectancy on the lined face of all this universe ; and in its weary heart. Somebody saw it, long ago ; and said what it was that would content it. Different folk, by necessity, will think and feel differently. But, to some, grander words were never written. Never was more comprehensive view : never more sympathetic pathos. Oh, *The earnest expectation of the Creature*. Put quite away the carping and peddling corrections of the Revision. There are the magnificent words : not to be matched in Shakspere.

*That* is no illusion. *That* is sure to be. The only question left us is, How wide shall be the reach of that glorious Restoration, all won for us by His life and death ? But, ere we speak of that, all-satisfying, and adamantine in its certainty, let us think of pathetic ways in which one has known tried souls make sure that they had got out of the wood when in truth they had not.

When one has written a full account of a worry which was a very jarring experience to go through, there is an illusion present to some that the trouble has been exorcised, and will not come again. When one has very seriously and deliberately spoken of old faces going out of one's little world, leaving sorrowful blanks, there comes the vain and unreasonable fancy that we have duly acknow-

ledged and recognised the fact, given it its due, and are not to be troubled with the like again. We have gone through that special aching ; and it is over. You sit down, on a gleaming October morning, beside a friend : and he says to you (this is fact), *How I could go through it, and live, I don't know. But I have done it.* One has heard it said with a composed face, a quiet voice : you knew what strong self-restraint was before you : you knew it was perfectly true. Did not both of you forget, for the time, that there was more to come to-morrow ? You had got quite away, for those minutes, from *As the sparks fly upward* : which means, you have doubtless been told, as naturally and certainly as Newton's apple falls downward. *We must through much tribulation* is a law as sure, as incapable of being escaped from or evaded, as the law of gravitation. You are never to get out of the wood, here. That is, completely. You get through the thicket that tore the bleeding feet, and you enter on a little green glade where the grass is smooth and the thorny underwood is absent. It is pleasant : and you are thankful. You are hopeful. You think nothing quite so bad can come again. You do not look that your days be evenly joyous : you are not so silly as to dream of being *happy ever after* : but surely you have reached Izaak Walton's ever-longed-for blessing, the quiet lot, and the quiet heart : surely after equinoctial blasts and buffets here is St. Luke's peaceful summer ; and surely it will abide with you. Ah, we sing the deathless hymn : we thank the gentle St. Luke for saving to us the beautiful text that inspired it : but we

forget that He did not abide, though so constrained : soon as the Face was recognised which is fairer than the sons of men, He vanished. *Only for a little while*, is the law of all that is good in this world, which (it is not doctrine but fact) is somehow amiss, and cannot content the immortal in us. Nor need you fancy that it is your own fault : and that if you were good, you would be quietly happy. There was One here who was Good, who was Best : and He was a Man of sorrows.

Do not say you are not so foolish as to admit this fancy which I have been trying to catch and describe, looking at it from this point and that. I know our spiritual experiences are evasive, and vanish in the describing of them. But this is a reality : if I might fix it upon my page.

One told the story of *How They Went Away* : and because it was the simple truth, it reached some hearts. Things came back : the step on the stair in the dark morning, the last remembrances, the words quietly said : it seemed as though one were relating a bewildering experience which was over. Ah, it was to come again, and it came again, till the house was empty ; and the aging parents left alone as they had been at the first. And these things come quickly. *Surely I come quickly*, is not in the least degree paradoxical to many hearts now. One always knew the truth of these things, in a sort of dazed fashion ; but indeed did not take it in. Do not talk of getting out of the wood : Do not think you have got out of the wood, though you be now crossing a little open

glade : you never will get out of it, here. Do not think the blast has blown over : it never will, here. This is but a lull, for a little while. Be thankful for the quiet blink, but remember what is coming. *Sure to come*, are the true words.

Did we not talk together, as yesterday, that dear young friend and I, going over every little circumstance in his Father's last days : as though it had of a truth been very terrible, but the worst had come, the worst was over, there never could be anything like it any more ? The waves were breaking at our feet, that Sabbath-day : the surgy murmur was in our ears : the stricken young face brightened some little, as we recalled simple and lovable traits that came back vividly. For though he who had gone was a great man in knowledge and wisdom, had seen many cities and men, and had instructed and moved multitudes of his fellows, something of a child-like simplicity abode with him to the last in the intimacy of intercourse with those who loved him. It had been a very dark time to go through, but light was breaking and the darkness was past. Ay, for a little while. Even a heavier blow was to fall soon. That awful stroke that fell on you and beat you to the earth,—you recall it as something quite exceptional, and never to be repeated. But the like, God knows from what quarter, will come again in its day.

It is a happy thing that by the necessity of our make and nature we live on under this illusion that we are to get out of the wood : that we have indeed already got out

of it finally. Struggling through the brake, we speak of what we are to do when we get free of it: clear of the brake for a little space, we fancy we have got out of it for evermore. In any case, it is never to be so bad again. We have made sad mistakes in the past: we have had losses: we have come through what nearly broke our heart: we have had experience of unendurable bodily suffering: but in a healthy mood we make sure these are never to come back. Goldsmith was a cheerful writer, and anything but morbid: though one remembers *In all my griefs,—and God has given my share*, yet one remembers too how soon he brightens up again. But there is a passage, not to be forgotten, in which the sunshiny writer bursts out with the declaration that the outlook would be *hideous* (that is the word) if we thought the future was to be as trying as the past. He who had *lived with the beggars in Axe Lane* had indeed got out of the wood when he was the friend of Burke and Johnson. But he had not got out of it finally; his sun was to go down in gloom. And before he passed away, saying his last recorded words in answer to the question *Is your mind at ease?—No it is not*—he had known anxiety as racking as at any time in his strange career.

*To get out of the wood* means deliverance from trouble. And that is a grand thing too. There is no more touching music in English prose than a famous sentence, written ages ago, in which a supreme poet described it: *There the wicked cease from troubling: and there the weary be at rest.* The revisers would have liked to put *raging* for

*troubling.* Lynching would properly have followed. But when pinched man or woman tells you what is to be done *when my ship comes home*, the thing meant is boundless gain. It may indeed be a very little ship which is looked for ; and the blessing to follow its coming in may be that the children shall have warmer stockings and be better fed : that the anxious father may be able to buy a book now and then. I spend the most of my life among people who look for no more. Their modest hopes are to me infinitely touching. Whenever I find a four-leaved shamrock, a blink of comfort and prosperity will shine upon certain modest dwellings, and cheer certain tried hearts. Meanwhile, my reader, remember that a kind word counts for something in present circumstances. But though our lot forbids, sternly, the coming into port of a great galleon laden with the wealth of the Orient, all for ourselves, I think we look with profound interest, and with no faintest shade of envy, when the ship comes home to one near us. The nearest glimpse of great success which we shall ever have, is when it is sent to a dear friend. It has ever been, to me, profoundly interesting to watch it closely, all the circumstances ; and specially to mark how it is taken : great worldly elevation. It is a singular experience in one's own little history, when one long known, and watched, and for many years set high as none of us here can be, is of a sudden placed all but highest in a great vocation. Of course, unless a man is a fool (which in the circumstances is impossible) he must be pleased by unmistakable proof that his long life-work has been approved.

And unless he be an impostor he will say so. But his head will not be turned. And he will be to his friends precisely what he was before. I should not like to subject some good folk I know to such a trial. I have known heads manifestly whirl round when their possessors were placed as on the top of a mole-hill. But a wise Providence made sure they should never get any higher. And, doubtless, great place is ballasted (in some cases) by a responsibility which to a conscientious man must needs be awful.

But our talk must cease. More hereafter. Though it be vain to think that in this world you or I, my friend, are ever to get finally out of the wood : though it be vain to hope that our ship will come home, bearing durable and satisfying riches : though we must just fight away, as well as we can, while strength remains, in the old weary fashion, struggling through ever-fresh worries, and many times very anxious for others and for ourselves : there are better things elsewhere. I do not see how we could live, if it were not so. And I do not believe that one reader in fifty could name the poem in which the line stands, which quotation has worn a great deal worse than threadbare : All the same, it is a grand line.

THERE IS ANOTHER AND A BETTER WORLD

## CHAPTER II

## JUST A NOVEMBER MORNING

IT is a country road, in no way remarkable to the uninformed stranger. It is a misty November morning. The large yellow leaves are lying thick on the footpath. Stepping Southward. I have not been on this spot for thirty years. Days have been in which one thought, when anybody talked of having done anything thirty years ago, that he ought to be dead. Now, it does not appear to be so.

In the latter days, busy, anxious, failing somewhat, one comes to think that all places are much alike : save for their natural features, which doubtless differ greatly. But the notion that one field is vitally different from another appears to us as it did to Samuel Johnson : appears fanciful. It does not in fact occur.

But I have suddenly found, this morning : found it out as though it were a quite fresh discovery ; that there may be a place in this world which is quite different from all other places, to some souls. I have no doubt I knew this before : and possibly have said and written it. But, going round the circle, I have arrived at it afresh : and it is something startling and new. It is Sunday morning : and a

great bell has suddenly rung out, not heard for well-nigh the life of a human generation : inviting Christian folk to prayer. It fell very familiar on the ear, and very startling too. I heard it continually when a child. I have listened to the incomparable bells of Antwerp Cathedral : I have climbed the Belfry of Ghent, and stood inside the bell Roland. But this bell has what far grander bells have not. And looking in a dazed fashion round these fields, these low trees, these unforgotten hills, one is aware that they take hold of one this misty morning as far grander scenery never did and never will. For I was a boy here.

The sea is near : and twenty miles over it there is a grand range of serrated peaks. But through this misty air one sees them not. The prospect is narrow. But it is enough, and more. And the weary individual who looks on it looks on it not without a tear. Yet though things are so changed, there is no doubt whatever of one's identity. I am the schoolboy of that remote time.

Here, on the right, by the wayside, is a little cottage. It, too, has greatly changed since the day which made it famous over the world. Continual and needful repairs have made it even as the proverbial gun : whereof no word more. It is the same only as a church (far from this spot as the East from the West), very dear to the writer, is to-day 778 years old. An Ayrshire man whose career was brief, was sorrowful, drew the first breath here, far in the *Auld Lang Syne*. This morning its door is locked : but one may at least uncover the head, passing the birthplace of ROBERT BURNS. Going on, here is a little ruined

church. And how familiar it looks! Great is the difference between recalling, and recognising. Who can reckon the vast store of little details which are latent in his memory? If I had not come back to this place, I should never have known that deep in one's mind there was the picture of that western window: likewise of that awful *Winnock-bunker in the east* once beheld of a hero who need not be named. Nor am I going to write of that sorrowful genius concerning whom I can very nearly say that *we were nursed upon the self-same hill*. It is very long since I vowed I never should write of him: that is, in the sense of expressing an estimate. For if I did, I should give offence on either side; and please nobody. And, I know not why, the embers are hot among which one would step. How dear Principal Shairp caught it! All the same, Sunday morning though it be, I repeat the lines written by a pilgrim from beyond the great Atlantic; no one being within ear-shot:

All ask the Cottage of his birth ;  
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung :  
And gather feelings, not of earth,  
His fields and streams among.  
They linger by the Doon's low trees,  
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr ;  
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries :  
The Poet's tomb is there !

For that is the Doon. There are the low trees, many in number. And that is the Bridge, known where the language is known. See what genius can do: genius seconded (in this sense) by favourable circumstances. But go and read the Poem: and you will say that not Shakspere

was a truer genius than Burns. Bigger, doubtless. Yet the little stone which casts out marvellous flashes and gleams in sunshine or candle-light is a diamond, just as much as the luckless Koh-i-noor. Nor will I admit that Robert is small in size, any more than doubtful in reality of inspiration. He was a very great man: and he was thirty-seven when he died.

He was extremely well educated: let nothing be said on that head. And possibly he did as good work as was in him to do. But oh the anxious heart he bore: and the weight of sordid care! A pension of a hundred a year (he had fifty to live on, and 'keep a horse'), and he might have lived, mellowed and purified, to fourscore. I know no more pitiful story. And these were the days of 'sinecures, and unmerited pensions.' But he was the Poet of the Poor: Tennyson of the cultured and well-to-do. No honour nor reward is too great for the Laureate: None! I say it earnestly: but think of Burns, and drop a tear.

Now and then, one gets a glimpse of the singular feeling that is between rich and poor. And we are to remember that in this way of speaking, very care-worn folk, hard-driven to make the ends meet, are to be reckoned among the rich. In truth, none can be poorer: none can plod about with heavier heart. Yet these are the people who continually give subscriptions to good causes when the wealthy refuse. Two days since, fifty yards from where I write, I walked for a little space behind two decent-looking old women. I was thinking of something else, and never designed to catch their talk: but a sentence, uttered sadly

yet decidedly, came to my ear. *If ever we get to a Good Place, we'll not see many of the Upper Ten there.* Very lowly, very anxious, very unambitious (well I know) are almost all of those who may be thus indicated in the little place: but plainly they are not beloved by some; not held in favourable estimation. What have they ever done to bring matters to this pass? I know not. So far as is apparent to me, the kind word is always ready: and the hand to yield modest help. But oh for a better understanding of one another! Or, as Mr. Justice Talfourd said with his last breath, *What we want is sympathy.*

Between classes: the Judge and Poet meant. And surely it is wanted. So should poor human souls understand each other. Wherefore should a good old woman (I see the kindly, sensible, careworn face) conclude that people just a little better off could not get to Heaven? For, as said, her words indicated not the mighty of the earth in huge and luxurious cities, but modest folk seen daily close at hand. There is a grievous misunderstanding current of a famous sentence, which makes mention of one who *in his lifetime received his good things.* Nor was it wholly needless, when, thirty years since, I heard a benignant old preacher of fourscore, with silvery hair and a fatherly smile on his beautiful face, say to a rustic congregation in a little country church, 'Now, you are not to fancy that all poor people are good and all rich people are bad.' Then he paused for a space, amid a breathless hush (he had been a great preacher in his day): and added, with great solemnity, and immense variety of intonation, these

memorable words: 'No, no, no! No, no, no!' His text was *I know thy poverty, but thou art rich.*

Straight opposite the little roofless church stands an extremely pretty one, completed but a little while ago. A stream of worshippers was setting into it: and among them the writer entered in. And this is a Scotch parish church! Truly the times are changed. The developed Chancel, raised on high: two rows of stalls on either side of it, and a beautiful organ in its chamber on one side: the pulpit set on the 'gospel side,' forward from the chancel-arch: the storied windows, grand in colour and in tracery, suggesting Westminster rather than Kyle: what would have been said to all this when one was a boy? All this change the writer regards as unspeakable improvement. There are those, not placed in confinement, who hold it all as a step in the Down Grade. For the fundamental idea in the ecclesiological beliefs of certain souls in this country is, that the barer, uglier, and more disagreeable anything is, the likelier it is to be the right thing. Beyond all question, we have moved. But one, once a Kyle schoolboy, may look back lovingly on the dear old ways of his youth. And just where one is to-day, it is not unmeet to confess that no glory nor beauty of these common days can have the pathos and the glamour of the Auld Lang Syne. Not, indeed, that Burns is the author of the inspired phrase which takes hold of the heart-strings: it was ever so long before him.

The music was hearty and uplifting at that service. I regretted that they had not the Psalms for the day, as

John Knox always had. It is oftentimes expedient to quote him to such as hold his infallibility and impeccability. It is an end of controversy. But the psalm was the hundred-and-third, sung to Gregorian tones ; and the inspired *Te Deum* was fine. There was a full congregation, and dead silence through the sermon. Few could have listened more attentively than did the writer to the sermon of that day : and not one with stronger conviction of the truth of its teaching. And indeed it came home to one going back, old, to where one was a boy. For it was designed to show that in God's wise order (if we range ourselves on the right side), things grow (on the whole) better as we go on through our life and the best comes at the end of all. To some this may seem paradoxical. But indeed it is not so : though it needs arguing out, and some frank admissions of something on the other side. The preacher, unquestionably, felt what he said on that November morning. He, a little weary, and well-entered on the Psalmist's seventh decade, had known the place as a child, and had last seen it in early middle age. My belief is that he was ministering in that church for the first and last time. For I know him to be one of those who feel that to preach in some places is impossible. To see, for once, old familiar faces, long unseen, is infinitely touching. But for some, it is bewildering ; and too much to go through.

## CHAPTER III

## NOT TOGETHER

No, not unless this world is to come to a stop. It must be one by one.

A huge strong cable is made of many slender filaments of hemp. Each little filament may break: each in time does break. But the others hold on: and so the great cable is equal to its work: and one has seen it do a tremendous work, and bear an incalculable strain. If all the slight threads broke together, the cable would fail.

So we human beings start and end separately. Each moment a life begins: each moment a life ends. But the long line of the Race is kept on unbroken.

With us, one here and there loses heart, strength breaks down: the weary wish comes for rest, and it seems as though the poor soul can no longer face the daily round. The interest goes from your work, and you set yourself to it as a heavy task. *How do you like that?* I once said to one set in high and awfully-responsible place, as concerning something he must do every day if things were to be kept right: and the answer came quickly, *I cannot bear it!* It came sharply upon me that the life of dignified labour was rounding to its close. And so indeed it proved. You

grow old and weary. A good many such have quietly said to me, in a fashion which gave assurance of sincerity, *I cannot go on with this much longer.* For I am placed where a good many of the fellow-pilgrims tell me what they think and feel. But though you or I may be failing, and breaking down, others are not. Others beyond number, still full of life and buoyancy, go on with elate step and hopeful heart ; and keep up the continuance of mankind. That is, of the little population of the little place where we live : and its work and care. The woven filaments that make the long cable of humanity each break : but they do not break together. The vast majority hold on, at any moment. But they, in turn, severally break and end, till after years the human race is entirely new. But, thus going one by one, those who go are far less missed than they could have believed. The work of the world goes on cheerily. It is rarely that any individual is withdrawn whose removal makes very many stop in their task, sit down beaten for some hours, and say *We cannot do without him.* And in that rare case, this mind does not continue long. The survivors get over things. And the identity and continuance of Humanity are secured. The vacant office is filled : some say better. The heart that was broken is (as said Sir Walter) handsomely pieced together again. As Napoleon said, *No man is necessary.* Let us not speak, nor think, cynically. But if the husband who was mourned with unfeigned sobs and tears : if the young wife whose going made the home a desolate ruin and the world a mocking blank : could come quietly in

through the familiar door, over the beaten threshold, on that day two years !

We do not wish to think ill of our race. But we have seen things. And we cannot forget them.

Nor do we blame anybody. If anywhere, here is our Maker's manifest intention. But one has remarked the marvellous power some have to put away the past, and the lost. Out of sight appears absolutely out of mind. One has looked at the picture which looks down from the wall upon things so changed : and wondered. Sitting by the warm fireside, looking on the kind and pleasant face, one has shivered a little : thinking that if one's self were blotted out, these would be just the same.

Some call this resignation. Some call it heartlessness. I am obliged to confess that I have known pleasant lively individuals who appeared not to care at all what became of any mortal, the very nearest : provided all were well with that which some call Number One.

But I put this away : I like it not. And it is somewhat of a deviation. Let it rather be said to any reader who might be disposed to exclaim, *The race would not do if every one were as tired and beaten as I am to-night* ; that although many may be even so, incomparably more are not : are so far from being so that they could not understand or sympathise with you : would write you down morbid, discontented, thankless, insufferable : would put you aside as not worth thinking about. I do not mean to say that they are right. But it is better that things be so. It is quite a different world (though in fact the same)

which offers itself on each morning to different men's view.

It is the self-same sun which on this bright Shrove Tuesday is shining on each man and woman of the race in this hemisphere. But to some men and women it seems going down in solemn shadows : the day's work is done. To others it is rising, hopeful and smiling, through a crisp air that speaks of energetic and sanguine work, of which God only knows how great good may come. And these last, God be thanked, are the vast majority. For this world has to grow better : and to end at its Best. And hopeless workers will not make it so. Yet the most resolute, and the bravest, tend to be thus in the failing days of this life. Whatever John Knox was or was not, he was brave and resolute. Yet you remember his sorrowful words near the end : that he was going away home to die : for as this world was weary of him, so he was weary of it. Not such was the mind in him in the days when he did his work ! But the look of this world, and all things in it, is to each of us what our own nature and circumstances make it. Paley's famous *It is a happy world after all*, appears to some an incredibly heartless and benighted saying. But there have been effervescent days in the history of most, when it seemed an axiom ; or at least a fact beyond question by any healthy mind.

As with the big world outside, so with the little world of the Family and the Home. The old go, and the young come into the vacant place. The old are fading : the young are blossoming into the hopeful prime of strength

and beauty. And the hopefulness of the young, and their fresh interest in life and all that concerns it, are of unspeakable help to the old, and the aging. If some fibres in the little cord of the family's continuity are losing elasticity and tenacity, others are so fresh and strong that they redress the balance, and make the odds equal. We all move onwards together, with advancing time. But though the identical day be passing over, some in the little company are advancing into beautiful Spring and bright Summer: some into sere Autumn and bleak Winter. It would never do, that all the household should be of exactly the same age: that all the strands of the daisy-chain should grow weak and break together.

It is pleasant, the smooth fat face with the sunshiny curly hair, laying a soft cheek against that of the care-worn father: the golden and the gray so near. It is pleasant, too, the strong man who has come Half-Way, lovingly tending the feeble steps of the failing grandsire.

If there were a town where all were the same age; literally growing old together: how strange it would be! Or even if the population were sharply divided into the two camps of Old and Young. But every day is somebody's birthday. We started each by himself: and in another sense than Pascal's, we shall each die alone.

I know several who have written the *History of This World* from a very special point of view, since they were children. In other words, they have daily written their Diary. It makes a work of profound interest for themselves. It links youth and age in marvellous fashion: and

it makes the old time live with startling vividness. Can it be so long ago? But I have remarked that such as preserve that record are very clear that the latter days, with all their troubles, are the Best. A brilliant writer who is anything but philosophical has declared that everybody would be young again if he could. With very many, assuredly it is not so. I know those who are thankful to be nearer seventy than sixty. On many days they are glad to think they must needs be getting near the end. This, though their lives have been fairly successful: This, apart (if anything can be apart) from any clear anticipation of what is Beyond. It is merely Nathaniel Hawthorne's growing weariness. Nor is it that the course of this world's progress has lost interest: nor that there are not some who are infinitely dear. It is rather the sense that they have done their best: that they are no longer equal to the strife: that they would give over the burden that should be borne to stronger hands. Strange, to think how eagerly and vehemently others are ready to take their place, and carry on their work. And it is pathetic, that these are not always younger. I have known a task taken up, in hope and heart, by one, years older than he who had gone to rest after grandly doing it for thirty years. The tired worker, in highest place, or humblest, drops, exhausted: and an older man steps nimbly into the vacant space and goes on excellently for long. I have known those who were worn with anxiety as to who should take up their work when they were gone: and others, good Christian men and women as any, in whose case it seemed that all

things just slipped from the relaxing hand, and ceased to be. Or the utmost that was attained seemed to be this : *My heart has failed, but you are bright and strong : Go on and work : I cannot any more.* This is humbly leaving all in Christ's hand : it is the wide sphere apart from the despicable selfishness which said *It will last my time.*

And when you go, good friend, in humility quite beyond expression ; and simply seeking to put a weary hand in the strong Hand that can lead you through no darker rooms than He has gone through before : you will not think that all this world of things is breaking with yourself : and you would not wish it so. You will think of *Them at Home* ; as the good old minister gone to his rest said to me, thirty years ago : and I never have forgot the simple phrase. Though their hearts are sad now, and their eyes wet, yet (God be thanked) there is capacity of recovery in them : and they will get over this, as they ought, and as Christ intends. They will never quite forget you. They will think of you much oftener than they will speak. But they will brighten up ; and work hard ; and take healthy interest in their work ; and be quite cheerful. You never would wish it otherwise, I know.

No, we do not break down together ; which is a happy thing. And we do not go away together ; which we have sometimes wished we might. But if Christ lead us (and He will if we are content He should), we shall come, when we have severally wrestled through these present troubles, to the Father's House where we shall all be together ; and abide so for evermore.

## CHAPTER IV

## ONLY ONE

IT was a very fine face: worn, thoughtful, keen. A great many people knew it well then, and saw it continually. But it is the use in certain vocations that men are speedily forgotten when their actual presence is removed. And I fancy that to-day it is so with one whom I well remember.

The words come back, very plainly: Can it be nearly twenty years? One thought at the time that the words were spoken with something present in his mind which was not put in speech between us. I note that some very kindly critics complain of my italics: but nothing else will suffice here.

*If you want to be perfectly clear of all lesser illnesses, just get one good mortal disease. Then you will never be troubled with any other.*

We, who thus interchanged our thoughts and experiences, were not experts in medical science. Possibly the expert would tell us that we were quite wrong in what was that day concluded. But that matters not: for it is not the subject of our present thought. The sentence,

sorrowfully spoken, has suggested something which is analogous: and which is most certainly true.

If in your lot there be one great trouble, which is to you even as the Thorn in the Flesh (I cannot stand *Stake*, though doubtless it is right) was to somebody else who has long been delivered from it: you will not be vexed with lesser troubles. You will not think of them. You will be unaware of their presence. Perhaps, in mercy they may go away; may bide away.

One has known a man continually stung, worried, distracted, with a host of little cares and crosses. They were little, but they were real, were many; and they lacerated and fevered the poor spirit. But gradually, slowly, darkening the sky, weighing-down the heart, a great and never-ceasing sorrow came: and it seemed as though all that worrying host fled away. I suppose if a large tiger were making for you, you would never observe that a little cur was snarling at your heels. No doubt the tiger is bad enough: and the thorn in flesh or spirit may be all you can bear: but there are tried folk (here is simple fact) who in solemn earnest can thank the Saviour that it came. Because it forced them to turn to the one place of refuge, with an awful earnestness. Whereas a crowd of petty stinging influences might never have sent there: rather might have irritated and chafed into impatience, into outbursts humbling to remember, into a soured, morose spirit,—all tending to make one indeed a painful thorn to all who could not evade, but must endure. Under the overwhelming trouble you are very meek: very patient with

others: very thankful when the load lightens for a little while. Even trying the question by the standard of a selfish expediency, you are aware that it is good for you that you were afflicted. It is better to be heavily beaten-down by one great affliction, than to be stung by a host of little vexing worries. These things are not, in the presence of great grief. They go, with all their humiliating train of petty temptations. You remember the broken-hearted genius, who had 'only one book; but it was the best.' Even so has it been said to us. 'I seem to have only one trouble now. But it is enough, God knows.'

Looking round upon the folk one knows well, and looking back on the history of many who have gone away, one has discerned that there are two different ways in which human beings are tried. Here and there you note a fellow-pilgrim to whom is appointed a great crushing trouble: some terrible form of bodily suffering, some unendurable stroke falling upon the family-circle, bereavement or far worse than bereavement. I have known a home where it would have seemed in the comparison a lesser trial, had the daughter only died. I have known a sweet and patient sufferer who for years rarely got through a night without an hour's struggle for the breath of life. Then, more frequently, you mark people to whom is appointed a crowd of little vexations, things perpetually going contrary: unlucky souls whose horses are continually falling lame, whose water-pipes burst abnormally often, whose children get broken bones and illnesses.

which are not dangerous but which interrupt school-work, whose servants somehow are always going away. There is a good deal which one would like to say to such sufferers, of which nothing just at present. The only thing now to be remarked is, that such greatly-worried mortals are, commonly, singularly free from great sorrow. Many years pass over, and there is not a death in the house. And the worst of all the troubles of aging men and women is unknown : the Black Sheep is not in that home. Happily, our lot is not in our own hand : and it is decided for us whether we shall be numbered with the people tried by many lesser troubles, or with those stunned and stricken-down by one greater. You cannot say which lot is the preferable. What is within the breast, the way in which things are taken, by one so lightly, by another so heavily, goes far to equalise the actual sufferance of the lots of human souls here. The weight of all the little things equals that of the one great thing : and the little things are not so well taken. *That* one has remarked. You are fractious under them, not resigned. You kick against the pricks. There is an end of that when it comes to be a knock-down blow ; or when the weary load is laid on the heart under which you think you must die.

I have heard one say : and it gave me my present subject :

' I have had more times of comparative peace since that great trouble came upon me, than for years before. For it sometimes lifts, lifts for a little while : and then I am quite free from trouble : I have nothing to vex me at

all. The iron hand soon comes down again, indeed. But while it is away, there is peace. And I wonder that I ever allowed little things to vex me as I used to do. They seem so inappreciable now, being compared with that great sorrow. Not only, too, is there peace when the trouble lifts for a little space: through all the long seasons of its worst pressure it delivers me from all lesser cares. Such are always more or less fanciful: and this is so real, that being set beside this, they fade out and disappear. Further: one learns to be thankful for a very little time of ease: takes it and is thankful for it without looking farther on: lives in the present blink of peace without thought of the morrow.'

Yes, when only one thing is wrong, everything seems right when it ceases for a little to make its presence felt. A glimpse of *perfect peace* is given. And sometimes you think it worth while to bear all you have borne, for this wonderful glimpse of ease and rest.

Besides this, too. It may not in fact be only one thing that is wrong. There may be fifteen: all capable of being reckoned up and written down on a piece of paper. Let it here be said, I always advise people who tell me that everything has gone wrong with them, that their worries are innumerable, to take a good large sheet of foolscap and write out a list of the things which have gone wrong. These good folk will be astonished to find how few the things are, when fairly faced and numbered: likewise how trumpery some of them look when set down in a legible hand-writing. It is the undefined that cows us.

Count up, write out: and it is wonderful how troubles shrink: shrink both in size and in number. But even should you be able to write out a catalogue of fifteen troubles (you will in fact not be able to exceed five, or at most seven), troubles not in themselves quite insignificant will look like nothing when set side by side with a real great sorrow. Like Aaron's rod, it swallows up all the rest. Or, as the poor Scottish widow, on whom successive bereavements fell, said to Dr. Black (minister of the Barony ages since), 'when *he* died' (she thus indicated her husband), 'it made such a hole in my heart, that everything else passes lightly through.' The imagery was homely: but it was real and true. Dr. Black was not as Dr. Guthrie, a pathetic genius: yet his voice failed as he said the words to a little party who listened in silence. I fancy that such as survive have quite forgot the occasion. But one of them, who was a young student of divinity, records it after forty years. And he hears, just in this moment, plainly as though present, the voice which has been hushed for more than a generation of men.

It may be some public concern which has so taken hold of the heart that no room is left for other cares. Let me humbly confess, for most of the human beings I know well, that the heavy weight (where it exists) is of a lowlier and more intimate nature. I am not writing cynically: I have no pretence to do so. Nor am I suggesting mere despicable selfishness: as of Goldsmith's hero who 'did not mind about disappointing other people, but could not bear to disappoint himself.' With good folk well-known to me

(and most folk who are well-known to me are good), the great trouble has never been a selfish one: not even when it took the shape of acute bodily pain. 'Don't let the poor creatures see me in one of these bad turns: it breaks their heart.' You have heard a great sufferer say something even as that. But whenever the cross was something other than direct physical agony (and here spare a thought for Robert Hall rolling in silent anguish on the floor, and only saying when the paroxysm was over, 'I don't complain, sir: I won't complain: Have I complained?'), it has always concerned the welfare, in body or soul, of some other, very dear: probably of more than one or two. Who is to care for the children, in an event which the failing heart sometimes suggests as approaching, is much more to some Christian folk than the matter (say) of the restoration of Israel to the Holy Land. But it is certain fact that there have been those who have so given their heart to what they deemed Christ's cause in this world, that everything seemed to have gone wrong when that machinery failed. It is well for us that there have been, and are, souls heroic beyond the common line of humanity. Such, in my observation, have either been lonely men and women, with no domestic ties, with none depending upon them for everything in this life and against the next: or they have been so placed in God's Providence that such as depended on them were fully provided for, I say not without their thought, but certainly without their daily toil. I never in my life saw, in actual fact, a case approaching within a thousand miles of the great humourist's picture of the wife and mother so en-

grossed in far-away savages and their welfare, that she absolutely forgot the unkempt children and the poor overdriven anxious father in the frowsy house at home. Everything the charming writer could say in condemnation of such a woman (if she ever existed, and perhaps she did somewhere) I accept and repeat from the heart. No words of reprobation can be strong enough. But the person depicted (you see) was a fool, a self-conceited fool, not without a dash of the impostor. And she is shown to us as having been encouraged in her heartless and wicked idiocy by a number of persons as bad as herself. There is no public concern whatsoever: not the minister's concern for his parish and congregation, not the statesman's care for the things of the state; which can justify the neglect of the primary duties of the family and the home. And when these primary duties have been in fact neglected (as they have been), it was not pure zeal for Christ that led to this. It was a fussy, meddling, domineering, self-advertising spirit. The misery and mischief came of the presence of an extremely hard heart, coinciding with a total absence of common sense. I could easily name more than one or two leaders of men (energetic and influential leaders too) who, when it came to themselves, and their own public appearances, were absolutely without common sense. This did not come of zeal for the good cause, but of a selfishness so extreme that it was unconscious, and of a preposterously-inflated estimate of that which is called Number One. The notion that people could grow sick of listening to them never once entered their heads.

But I turn away from a matter which some day, somewhere, shall have a chapter to itself. Forasmuch as it needs one, sorely. And I should write it with feeling. For I have for many years had to be a member of what are called Church-Courts. And words fail to express the moral loathing I have felt for certain continual spouters in them.

Nor am I now to mention names, though I might. Yet I repeat, one has known men and women, not many, who, righteously, and neglecting no other call, have given themselves to Christ's cause in this world with that devotion, that everything was right with them if that cause prospered, and everything was wrong with them if that cause languished. Of course it cannot fail. But, in fact, it may languish, this day or that, here or there.

It is often a vain illusion that you have discovered your Thorn: the one thing between you and peace, between you and spiritual betterment: and that if it were away, all would be well with you. Indeed it would not be so. A rush of other troubles would fill the vacant space. Troubles which do not now make themselves manifest to your consciousness, would do so then. Perhaps other people see, though you do not, that what you fancy your Thorn is not your Thorn at all. A man says, If I were placed somewhere else in life: if I had taken another turn on that testing day. No! In yourself is your great trouble: and you will not get away from yourself here.

## CHAPTER V

## THAT PERIODICITY OF SENSATIONS

YES: that is the lake which a recent visitor to the Holy Land has declared to be very like the Dead Sea. He had been contradicting the received belief (rendered in wonderful words in *Eothen*) that the Dead Sea is a gloomy and awful-looking sheet of water. And it is to be admitted that the famous name was given by people who had never seen the place: and that many visitors have read into the scene the impression derived from an unforget-  
gotten and awful history. But this writer of these latter days was resolved to see with his own eyes, and to put on record what they showed him. He expected, he tells us, a scene of unequalled horror. Instead of that, he found (upon that day) a bright cheerful lake, edged with strongly-coloured flowers: a pleasant ripple upon its surface. Finally, summing up, he declares that he thought it 'very like Loch Awe.'

But, just this morning, the beautiful lake wears an aspect not unlike the traditional picture of the Salt Sea. This window is high in a quaint Tower: outside, a large oak-tree is battling with the wind: and beyond, below, spreads the water. A thick mist veils it, and hides the

hills which bound it: the outlook is black, though it be a summer morning. On the right, intensely green, thick wood which no human hand planted up to a great height, and beyond the trees the bare rocky hillside, you may see the first slope of Ben Cruachan. But the wind is moaning in a wintry way. A black squall comes at intervals, with sickly sunshine between: and looking towards the loch, three hundred feet below, all is gloom. An expedition of a modest character which had been planned must be given up. And so there are time and place for these lines. They were suggested by certain words uttered in this chamber by a friend, which though uttered in my presence were not addressed to me. I need not tell any reader whence I derived my title. The passage is classical. All the same, when I quoted a line from George Eliot the other day, somebody told me that it was painful to hear any of her words repeated. I cannot in any way bring myself to like the woman. But of her genius, specially at the outset of her short career, it seems as though there can be no question.

He was looking out, the friend in question, on a July morning from the same window, upon a scene of lake and mountain which cannot be easily surpassed in this world. It was blazing summer: the world looked quite fit to be Paradise, were but evil away. He had finished writing his letters; which in these days it is to some a very burdensome task to do: and he had enquired when the next Post came in. He was told, Not till next morning. Whereupon I heard him say, looking down upon the lake,

and speaking to himself, 'Then nothing can come for a good many hours.' It was plain he meant, nothing worrying: nothing trying: nothing painful. One thought, recognising a familiar experience, That is the way in which many folk now think of post-time. George Eliot's words come into memory: 'that periodicity of sensations called post-time.' It is the time at which, from the outer world, trouble and sorrow may enter into the quiet home. The door is no longer shut in the face of the wolf: it is of necessity opened for a little space. And indeed the letter-box, always ready to receive, may give admittance to God knows what shock. We hear, only too quickly, how it is faring, all round this world, with all we care for: with the scattered members of the little household that grew up side by side. But no news is good news. Oftentimes it is a great comfort when there is 'nothing by post.' Not so very often can that comfort be.

People 'write their letters' now, as they did not long ago. It is a serious matter, at the beginning of each day in the holiday-time: and at a later period on a day of the usual work. For, notably, those whose business it is to write, know better than to exhaust their fresh energy upon their letters. The task which awaits one may be far short of Sir Walter's: but it may lie as heavily on the modest faculty which is also far short of the greatest Scotsman's: and it has to be done first. Chalmers, to the last, would have no day without a line. It may come of long habit: but there are those to whom the day seems to have been lost if it have not left some

abiding trace on the written page. One has known hard students who began very early, began before twenty, to note on the homely record of their own history as something very exceptional the occasion on which, as Wordsworth put it, 'this one day, We give to idleness.' But, whensoever it be, it is an appreciable part of the day of most educated men and women, the writing of the many communications which keep up the tie to those who are absent, those who have gone away. Some, I know, specially like a friend who never writes to them when he can help it. Doubtless there are those whose letters are always pleasant and cheering to get: but these are few. Evil news must be conveyed: if trouble comes, it is needful that we should hear of it. But some folk appear to have the unhappy luck of perpetually conveying painful tidings. And there are coarse-grained souls who will quite gratuitously convey such though there be no call whatsoever upon them so to do. They seem to think it makes them of consequence. And in a sense it does. A person whose ways you dislike, and in a measure dread, you do not in any case forget. Of course, you and I, my reader, would not desire to be remembered in that fashion. When the great heap of letters and papers which the chief post of the day brings is carried into your room by a careful hand, you have but to recognise the handwriting on one or two to resolve that these shall be opened last. It is not commonly malice or evil intention of which these things come: it is thickness of skin, it is lack of sympathy, it is a tincture of brutality.

Thus it is that to some, not business folk, a London Sunday is restful. No letters can come. Thus it is that some, learning that an additional delivery in the day has been added by a well-meaning post-office, merely think that here is another door whereby trouble may enter in. Sydney Smith liked to have 'letters dropping in all day.' Others would rather have it once in the twenty-four hours. One can, in these latter days, understand a friend's days of blessed peace, going to America in an ocean racer, quivering the whole time from stem to stern, as it tears through the Atlantic at twenty-seven miles an hour. But the fact of no letters being possible for six days makes up for all. He would give up the pleasant ones, to be sure of escaping the painful.

There was a year in the present writer's life in which it took on an average three hours daily to answer his letters. This was done in the very fewest words: and with never an apology for brevity. *That* would merely have been another sentence for the weary hand to write. Once, having been away from Friday morning till Monday evening, it took just seven hours on Tuesday, straight on end, as hard as pen could be driven, to work through the dismal task. Think of the Archbishop of Canterbury having the like on most days of his life: and never envy him his elevation. No doubt, he has help which ordinary folk have not. And you have sad views of the terrible inconsideration of many people. Scores will write to you, asking a question the answer to which may easily be found in a Directory, or Gazetteer, or Biographical Dic-

tionary, or Year-Book. Scores will propose questions which it would take four close pages to reply to. 'Tell me all about' some Institution, or complicated and debated question: is a quite common request. Absolute declination is the only thing. There are people on whom excessive courtesy is quite thrown away. 'I send you the manuscript of a book: Please arrange for its publication by an eminent House: I like Longmans, or Blackwoods: and send me the payment for it.' Along with this (from a total stranger) a great mass of written paper from Australia, the postage mainly unpaid. This may occur ten times in five years. One has a certain sympathy with anybody who has covered hundreds of pages with closely-written lines. But one's own eyes and hours must be considered. Do not open the packet. Send it straight back, having fully paid the postage: and send a brief letter, regretting that the thing is quite out of your power.

Now let me beg my friendly reader to suffer some words of counsel. They found upon much experience.

Always write a pleasant letter when you can: just as you would always say a kind word when you can. 'Man does not live by bread alone': the kind word, spoken or written, may greatly cheer, may give new heart. I am not going to get into controversy: or I might tell you the last explanation of critical science of the famous text whose first words I have quoted. When I was a young minister, toiling hard and living a lonely life, I remember well how an old clergyman, a humourist, wrote asking a sermon: and ended his brief letter by saying, 'I know

you are having a busy time of it, and I thought a little light amusing reading would be a great refreshment.' It was not much : but it was felt as kind. I see the lines yet, over eight-and-thirty years.

When you hear anything to a friend's advantage, write and tell him of it. Do not be afraid that he may get too much encouragement of that kind. A great many of his acquaintances would keep dead silence upon such a matter, 'for fear it might make him conceited.' Considerate souls!

Children, away from home, see you write home at least on each Sunday. There is no better fashion of spending some portion of the holy day. I am thankful, when I think how some things have changed for the better within my own little career. Dr. Arnold, you may remember, advised the Rugby boys to write to their mothers each Sunday. It comes back on me vividly how a really good woman, of a grim type of piety happily passed away, said to me (a youth) in a threatening tone which I quite understood, 'Most awful! Telling boys to break the Sabbath.' The minacious words prevented my speaking. They did not prevent my thinking: thinking exactly as I think to-day.

Let each reader of this page try to make post-time, on each day that dawns, as pleasant to some one friend as it may be in this anxious world. Thus a good deal may be done towards increasing the modest happiness which God thinks good for us in this present life. Suffer the writer to say, thankfully, that the most cheering things which have ever come to him have come by post. Such have

given encouragement when it was much needed : and not a few have come, even in this reticent country, from homely and tried readers of a little parish magazine which is widely read. There is the other way too. For thirty years, a correspondent, declaring himself a clergyman of the Church of England, has sent frequent anonymous letters, all of a singularly uncomplimentary kind. That is bad, but worse remains : each letter cost me twopence. One came yesterday. Some have been twelve pages in length. I never minded the man's abuse, in any degree. Perhaps it was more tolerable, for that it was rarely personal. It might be called official. For the matter mainly cast, with great virulence, in the present writer's face, was that he is a minister of the Church of Scotland. That statement is absolutely true. May never worse be said of him ! Still, let me earnestly charge any reader who will care for my advice, never on any account to write an abusive letter to one only known by his public work. I take for granted that no reader of this page will ever send an anonymous letter. That is, a malicious anonymous letter. For many letters come which are so kind, so sympathetic, so thankful for some little help rendered, that one would earnestly wish to know who wrote them ; so that one might acknowledge them with a full heart.

Do my brothers in the sacred office now and then receive a letter asking, ' How do you write your sermons ? Your essays ? How did you form your style ? How do you prepare the sermons which you preach without writing them ? How, generally, do you get through all your

work?' The usual request is for a good long answer, for publication in some pushing periodical. I know not how others may reply to such interrogations. But I know some who would be exceedingly ashamed that such private details concerning them should be made known. The proper answer seems to me, *I could not tell you if I would. I would not tell you if I could.*

## CHAPTER VI

## READ AFTER A GENERATION

IT was in the Life of Chalmers that I first saw the title ; and it struck me. I knew nothing earthly about the writer of the book being called by many folk *The Heavenly*. I should not have minded much though I had known the fact. For indeed I did know that very dreary Doctors of the age of the Syllogistic Logic (pre-Baconian) had been commonly styled *The Angelic*, *The Seraphic*, *The Mellifluous* : and I hated them all the same. But I noted that the great preacher, on a weary voyage (I presume that is the word) in a canal-boat, was intently reading : and after a space, in his usual energetic fashion, he turned to some one he knew, and spoke warmly in commendation of the volume on which he had so pored. I wonder what percentage of those who may cast an eye on this page ever heard of it. It was Sibbes' *Soul's Conflict*.

So I bought the book ; which, now faded and old (for it is in cloth binding with a paper label on the back), is here on this table. On the fly-leaf there is written a name which is neither here nor there : and the inscription goes on, *Newton-on-Ayr : 5 Sept. 1853.* I looked into it : but found it extremely dull : though three pretty verses of

Francis Quarles praise it highly : also eight verses in Latin which I never read. Often, often, through these years which have flown, I looked with a certain remorse at the back of the volume standing on a shelf pretty high. The title, printed as it is in black on white, had ever a weird and eerie look. And whatever has the smallest flavour of duty, being postponed, becomes a terrible thing. Wherefore on Monday, September 5, 1892, after thirty-nine years, I began diligently and earnestly, with purpose not of criticism but of edification, to read the famous *Soul's Conflict*. The beautiful Chiswick printing makes an attractive page. But the way to get fairly entered on many a valuable work is to set one's self so many pages a day : to be read as a task if need be. Was this the book once esteemed as dull ? One understood it quite differently now. One was caught, and held ; like Chalmers long ago. And I desire to say a word, commending these pages to tried and anxious folk. For they are wonderfully wise and helpful. And the thing we want, and must have, in these latter days, is *helpfulness*. Never listen to a sermon : never read a religious book : unless you find they help you. Of course you are quite aware that what does not help you may help somebody else : we, diverse creatures, crave diverse things. But you, pilgrim a little weary, know what suits yourself. Most of us, I fancy, have always a little book of practical devotion in which we read a brief portion each morning. Read your few daily lines as you begin the day : think over them : and make them the subject of a word of prayer. You will discover that for this serious use the author you

want must be a very sincere good man. If he be bright, if he be able, if you feel his strength, insight, and depth: then so much the better. It seems to me that all these pleasant characteristics are to be found in The Heavenly Doctor Richard Sibbes: who dated his preface from Gray's Inn in London on July 1, 1635, feeling that he was dying: and who passed to his rest on Sunday, July 5, having lived only fifty-seven years. He had been Preacher at Gray's Inn Chapel, to a little congregation of lawyers, some of them very eminent: also Master of St. Catherine's Hall in the University of Cambridge. He died in his chambers at Gray's Inn: and was buried the next day in the church-yard of St. Andrew's, Holborn; once seen of the present writer upon every day of his life. He had preached twice the Sunday before he died. His text both times was, 'In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you.' Just once I went on a Sunday evening to that church. The preacher was Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple: who might have been anything. And a touching thing: he preached from Doctor Sibbes' last text: not thinking, I fancy, who was lying at rest hard by.

But I am neither going to tell Sibbes' story, nor to review his book. My purpose is to commend to some readers what may by God's blessing do them good. The volume is made up of material originally preached in the form of sermons. The facts are singular. Doctor Sibbes was taken hold of by a certain text of Holy Scripture: and he preached from it (he tells us) more or less for twelve

years : the last twelve years of his life. Both preachers and hearers are much changed since the days when such a thing could be. One can gather the kind of man he was, from the kind of help he offers to others. I am quite sure he felt he needed what he desired to give. He takes the text from Psalm xlii. 11, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul ? and why art thou disquieted within me ? hope thou in God ; for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.' No reader need be told that the same words, precisely, make the last verse of Psalm xlivi. And many people, loving the old ways of the Kirk, would rather have taken them as they stand there. There are not many things better remembered by some of us, than how, before changes came in, the church service used continually to begin with *O send Thy light forth and Thy truth ; let them be guides to me.* I really do not think it could possibly have begun better. And the Englishman, Francis Rous, who never saw Scotland, but whose metrical translation of the Psalter is regarded by many, both North and South of the Tweed, as *The Scotch Psalms*, never rendered any verses more worthily. Perhaps we should except the unrivalled hundred-and-twenty-first Psalm. Long, long ago, when I was a little boy, how vividly I remember an English schoolmaster of great eminence saying to me, as he turned over my Scotch Bible in a London classroom, 'Ah, you have the Scotch Psalms.' Then, rather contemptuously, he read the well-known words, 'more plain, smooth, and agreeable to the text, than any heretofore.' And he proceeded : 'I once heard the great Doctor Irving

trying to read the Scotch Psalms beautifully: but it would not do. They are very rough and queer.' Such were the incidents which vexed a poor little Scot at an English public school, long ago. The underlying principle, expressed as an axiom, was this: 'Everything Scotch, in so far as it differs from anything English, is wrong and bad.' Which is a bit of Provincialism.

Very many readers will understand why such a text was taken to give the tone to all the instruction of twelve anxious years. Many will understand, too, how a young preacher of twenty-seven years in this world utterly failed to duly value what came home in a wonderful manner, after thirty-nine years' longer experience of church and life. Many times, very many, knowing nothing of Sibbes, the humble writer has sought to grapple with the strange facts, outward and inward, suggested in the two famous Psalms. And perhaps Cowper, in one of his Olney Hymns, gives in brief the substance of many pages of the *Soul's Conflict*—

Trials make the promise sweet,  
Trials give new life to prayer ;  
Trials bring me to His feet,  
Lay me low, and keep me there.

If ever Christian experience was put in words, you have it in these last three lines. You know that well, my reader. You were getting self-confident: you were vaguely thinking you could stand alone. But the heavy stroke fell: the stroke fell, less heavily, but regularly as the day came. And you found Cowper was right: soberly right.

You would die, but for prayer, in great trouble. And you go to the throne of grace, without ceasing, and everywhere, under that which is less killing, but which occurs perpetually : which leaves you not at all.

If one could be critical, humbly as a child reading this book, one might remark some characteristics of the saintly writer. There is very frequent use of what ought not to stand on any page claiming to be literature : I mean the awkward ' &c.' I wonder if the Doctor said it, in preaching : ' reputation, riches, &c.' Just once, in my life, did I hear a preacher use the phrase : it was at Dumfries, five-and-thirty years ago. I was a self-sufficient Saturday Reviewer : and I (inwardly) condemned it bitterly. Then texts of scripture are habitually cut short, after a few words, with the hateful ' &c.' I never knew any other do this, save the wonderfully bright Dr. Robert Lee. Worse still, Sibbes quotes texts, habitually, in a fashion by no means accurate. The slightest verbal error is to some readers most painful. But Sibbes frequently gives a text just a little twist in the direction of his own special view. And rarely, but sometimes of a surety, he puts two texts together, in an unfair way : so as to make them convey a meaning which the Blessed Spirit did not intend. Now this last must be condemned : though it be done by The Heavenly Doctor Richard Sibbes.

But let us get away from such. Here is a book, not to sit down and read, but to kneel down and use. And oh, the sharp clear bits of intuition into truth : and the discernment of your nature and mine. These things are startling.

You will find that the writer of such pages knew you perhaps better than you knew yourself. Ay, Richard Sibbes, who departed from Gray's Inn (how familiar to me) on that Sunday in July 1635, knew, in a somewhat awful fashion, what the present writer was to feel, and to find out, between September 1853 and September 1892.

Let us part from him with the lines of Quarles—

Let me stand silent then. O may that Spirit,  
Which led thine hand, direct mine eye, my breast :  
That I may read, and do : and so inherit  
(What thou enjoy'st and taught'st) eternal rest.

## CHAPTER VII

## NOT FOR US AT ALL

THERE are humble writers who like to see before them in their mind's eye the souls they are addressing. A saintly man who as yesterday (though twenty-eight years since) entered into his rest, often told me that he had always the congregation before him when he was writing his sermon. I fancy it is even so with many who are not saintly at all, but queer-tempered and troublesome to live with.

I take up my pen on this spring morning with the palms of Ayrshire on the table beside me because a dear friend asking me to do so set before me a picture which got straight to my heart. The catkins of the willow were never called anything but palms: a touching survival of an old way, gone. I am thinking of a Sunday towards the end of April or the beginning of May: and quite in the quiet country. We have come home from church: the plain country church I knew as a little boy. I look at Winchester Cathedral with calm admiration: but I see the little kirk of Kyle through a certain mist that hallows it. And I have got up and looked at the picture on the wall of a beautiful church, modest in its size but not easily rivalled for situation: the great trees round it, the grand

purple hill looking down on it, the sweet river murmuring by, crystal-clear: the green grave where the brave heart of Jeanie Deans mouldered into dust. It once was mine: but that is a generation ago.

Let us trust that the services have been hearty and helpful. And now, resting by the Sunday fireside, let me have my word with my unknown friends. I see, plainly, the quiet, sagacious, anxious faces I used to know. Surely this Sabbath-rest is pleasant: there is not much of it on working days. Pleasant, too, is the lengthening light: pleasant the April green. I have seen great geans arrayed like angels, clouds of white soft fragrance, on a never-forgotten April Sunday: the day on which I bade that sweet place farewell.

Do you not find it strangely interesting to look at a human being placed as you and I can never be? A human being who (by God's election) is set in high place, is gifted with great wealth, is put in some quite exceptional position? The man may be a very ordinary man: but the place he holds is extraordinary. We like to look at him. There is not the shade of envy; we never *even ourselves* to anything like that. But there is a singular curiosity. We wonder how he takes it. Does he think that he deserves all he has got? Does he fancy it is all to go to his own enjoyment, his own exaltation amid our race? Does he feel it an awful trust: the ten talents to be applied for God's glory and man's good?

*Always in the enjoyment of ample means.*

A good friend three times said to me that these words,

quietly said in a printed memoir, appeared to provoke me. Indeed it was not so. But I was deeply interested. Here indeed is something strange.

I will not say who wrote these words. A good many readers know at once. A good man, writing a memoir of his wife. It was his wife and he who were so singularly well-off. A Scotsman. The son of an Elder of the Kirk : the brother of two Elders. He rose so high, that he could not rise any higher. Big people went down almost on their knees, when they were introduced to him : I mean duchesses and the like. I have seen them : but I did not myself go down on my knees. The most arrogant of Prime Ministers, the great Lord Chatham, bowed so low to men in that Scotsman's place, that his nose could be seen between his knees : and never looked more arrogant than in so doing. That overdone reverence was meant to say, *See how very great I am!* It was exactly as when Popes and Emperors used to wash the feet of pilgrims on a certain day in the year. There was no humility. Never were those dignitaries more stuck-up. When our Blessed Saviour washed the Apostles' feet, it was a real thing : a lowly work. The Pope touches with a damp towel a few feet already as clean as may be. Which is a sham. Which is pride aping humility. And some of us have been told, by a great genius, who it is that likes that.

I confess, looking back upon that paragraph, that it appears as probably unjust, and certainly uncharitable. I have no acquaintance with Emperors, and know not their ways : in this respect sharply differentiated from my

slight acquaintance Professor Snobbe, who remarked that somebody or other was 'quite the nicest Emperor he had ever known.' But it is known even to humble folk, that the Pope has in later times been a good sincere man, who went through this function in all seriousness. How Stanley would have enjoyed doing it! And it would have been done in entire simplicity. Some of us, who live in Scotland, have been constrained to set our signature to a statement concerning the Pope, very much to his disadvantage. Yet I cannot but state that a relation of my own, brought up in a region where enough evil could not be said of His Holiness, declared, after a private interview, that the 'Man of Sin' and 'Son of Perdition' was quite the most delightful old gentleman she had ever conversed with.

But now to look at the worldly condition indicated when the unnamed Scotsman states, in an indifferent manner, as though naming something that came of course, that he and his wife were always in the enjoyment of ample means. Surely here is something exceptional. Here is a very strange experience. I know that most of us, my unknown friends, when we look at that sentence, say to ourselves something to the effect, *How unlike me!*

In that case, worldly wealth was balanced by heavy sorrows; and by a continual weight of care. I knew the man: knew him a little. Not often have I seen a sadder face. It was sad in thoughtful repose: sad when he smiled, though with a sweet smile. His elevation pleased him in a way. But it did not make him happy. And I

am perfectly sure that it brought no lightening of heart when the big folk made as though they were to go down on their knees.

I put the dignity aside: I think only of that ample income so quietly named. It will never be so with any of us. Rather let it be said, It has never been so with us. For with many of us, we have begun to speak of ourselves as past. In any case, far more of the pilgrimage lies behind than can by any possibility lie before. Ay, even though the average duration of human life is lengthening. A very great man said to me, last week, *I am Half-Way: I am Forty-Five.* But, looking at the good face, where was not a trace of self-conceit where many heads would have been turned, one could but answer, *Ah, Thirty-Five is Half-Way.* That is, if a memorable statement of Moses be true. That statement does not make mention of *Four-score years and ten.*

*Always in the environment of narrow means.* Always anxious about making the ends meet. Many wise sayings have I heard from the sweet-natured Professor Baynes of St. Andrews: none better remembered than when he said, with a patient face, *That is the tragedy of modern life.* And surely the common lot of men and women. I never knew more touching stories than some I know, concerning the heavy anxiety of good hearts about very little amounts of money. Just go and read John Brown's pathetic chapter called *Her Last Half-Crown.* A man who lived to grow rich said to me, more than once or twice, 'For many a year I had to look at both sides of a shilling before I spent

it.' I see a worn old face that looks at me intently: I hear the true story of how little there was to buy the precious necessaries of life. I hear a voice making a speech at a little gathering: one of the cleverest speeches I ever heard, and the most touching. He was 'a working man,'—like the Divine Master of us all. It is nearly thirty years since: but a hush fell when that clever man said, 'I was one of eight children who were—I'll not say fed and clothed, but I'll say reared, on fifteen shillings a week.' It is in my ears now. Principal Tulloch sat beside me as it was said. He turned his large eyes on me and said, 'That's tragic.' Ay, that was real tragedy. And one thought of the care-worn mother, God bless her, toiling to send out her little boys and girls neat to school: of her nimble fingers and the weight on her heart: and thought, 'How, if sickness comes? How, if accident?' Let one who lives among such, habitually, say, I never knew braver heroines than the brave wife of many a working man: never knew lives lived at a higher level of true devotion. Tenderly, continually, with sympathy beyond words, will the Saviour I believe in look down on such a woman. She may not be the regulation saint: as she runs about her endless and countless little tasks of duty. But she lives and dies for others: as He did Himself!

I am not going to talk in grandiloquent phrase, about narrow means circumscribing ambitions and achievements, and abating fires. That is unreal for such-like mortals as I know. But I say: Fancy, a person who when he wishes anything in reason, never has to think, Can I afford it or

no? Never has to look wistfully at a book ; or a little bit of carved oak : nor to think of a brief holiday hundreds of miles off, whence one could come back and take up the task with fresh life : and then to shake a meditative head, and say *It can't be.* Even this is too grand. Can I forget how when I was a boy an old St. Andrews student who had got on in this world said to me, 'When I had walked all the way from far in Perthshire to within a few miles of St. Andrews, and was terribly weary, how eagerly I looked at the Dundee coach as it overtook me, and wished I could afford a place in it !' Sometimes a kind coachman would give a footsore lad a lift for nothing. A man in the highest place in a great community once said to me, 'When I first went to that city, I could afford to have dinner only three days a week.' It was in a stately apartment he said the words, seated at a sumptuous table. It touches, when little Richard Bethell tells how he drove back home with his poor overworked father, after a blow had fallen which quite crushed ; and heard his father say to himself, 'We are ruined: destitute': and tried to point out the blossoming hedges to divert the attention of the bruised man. Then the poor father died: and after not many years Richard was earning twenty-five thousand a year at the Bar. If ever so little of that could have been given, on that miserable day !

Did you ever know, good friend, what it is to spend money quite freely, and with no anxious thought at all ; like that husband and wife now resting side by side under the green turf with a granite cross above them ; who in

this life were 'always in the enjoyment of ample means'? I trow not. We never have known that. And we never can. The calculation was always present, more or less anxious. Commonly more. Few things fill me with such wrath as when I have heard people badgered to give money to causes how excellent soever: money which I knew they had not to give. That is, unless by practising a bitter self-denial (for themselves and their children) which the smug and podgy beings who badgered them never practised. I am not going to say here what I think of some falsetto appeals I have recently read. But I will say elsewhere, just as incisively as I can, what I think both of the appeals and of the souls that make them. Nor can I fully understand why these souls inhabit such unwholesome-looking bodies. Nor why men, eager to 'deepen the spiritual life,' are sometimes so forgetful of the primary Decalogue as to put about spiteful lies, when they think they are not to be found out.

And how patiently, and unmurmuringly, as a rule, do pinched and anxious folk look at those whom it has pleased God to greatly favour in the respect of earthly comfort and luxury! It always strikes me as touching: as wonderful. We look at our fellow-mortals who live in superabundant comfort, who live in extravagant luxury: and merely think, *That is not for us at all.* We never even ourselves to such a lot. No more than when one was a little boy, and the great man of the neighbourhood drove by with four horses and two outriders, one ever dreamt of being conveyed in that majestic conveyance. And indeed, for all

our great poet wrote, he was not 'a haughty lordling'; he was a modest and conscientious man, faithfully desiring to do his duty. No doubt, too, to 'maintain his position.' To that end were those six steeds turned out, when he took his journeys abroad. Things are simpler now: and they are better. Ostentation is rightly condemned. And it is eminently unwise to violently mark the difference between rich and poor. The poor are not to cease. The rich are not to obtrude the fact how rich they are. They are to show it only by doing so much good: good beyond the reach of ordinary folk. And, God be thanked, this is exactly what very many of them do. Yet we may take example, in this matter, from the United States. Compare the ancient Universities of Scotland with the magnificently-equipped Colleges which are so many beyond the Atlantic.

We have not murmured at the awful difference set between human beings by God's permission: and we will not murmur. We have not envied those more favoured: and we will not do so. Great wealth is an awful temptation. There are instances in everybody's mind: instances of utter moral wreck and ruin. Less familiar is the certain fact of experience, that when every real and fanciful want is supplied, cravings take possession of the soul which, when they are not vile and unnatural, are sometimes insane and idiotic. He was a duke, of unlimited wealth, and with all this world could yield him, who, looking from his windows on one of the most beautiful reaches of the beautiful Thames, could but wish it would run dry. 'What a lovely

spot this is,' somebody one day said to him. He was a bad man, as well as an unwise one: and his only answer, given with an awful look of misery, was, 'Oh that wearisome river! always running, running, and never will run away!' We lowly folk are absolutely free from the risk of anything like that. We may pray, thinking of children and of selves, as that man never did, 'Give us this day our daily bread': but when we have earned it, we are fairly content. There is a sure promise which says, 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more': of which the man by the Thames at Richmond did not even understand the meaning. Healthier for soul and body: better by far in divers ways: is the lot of such as live by the sweat of the brow or the wear of the brain. And a petition has been dictated to us which runs, 'Lead us not into temptation.'

The enjoyment, too, of the snug little fireside, so scrupulously tidy, is great. I was a lad at College when I heard the words amid the pastoral hills of Dumfriesshire one Autumn afternoon: they were said by a shepherd who with his little household led a lonely life, five miles from any neighbour. 'When I come in from the hill at evening, and have my supper, and sit down by the fire with *Chambers's Journal* to read, I don't envy the Duke at Drumlanrig.' Wise, indeed. But God's grace, besides, had helped that good Christian man.

On the other hand, it is not many days since one whom many would reckon among the most favoured of the race said to me, in the simplest manner, 'I am everlastingly on

the tramp.' He had so many fine houses that he had no home at all. 'We never can stay anywhere so much as six weeks, but my wife says to me, Oh, must we be pulled up by the roots again?' And the word *fireside* is not quite applicable to those stately halls. 'Sit thee by the ingle,' as Keats sang : we who have our one fireside ; and how old and dear memories have gathered round it : sad and joyful : but all touching us to the heart as we look back ! And never in this world were blossoming trees so sweet and fragrant as in a little manse garden I knew. Weary, weary, is the grand place with its interminable ribbon borders, with its acres of glass, with its thirty miles of walks. Give us the homelike cottage garden, where you know familiarly all the roses, all the honeysuckle : where you sit under what in this western world is in the place of your own fig-tree : having just the one, and knowing the very wrinkles of its bark.

Yes, we are content : though grand things are not for us at all. We do not want them. They would fluster us. We know Who put us here : His will be done. And here we can 'abide with God.' We know who listened most willingly to the Saviour, when He was here. We know what lot He chose for his own. As the good Kate Hankey says, in a verse not so well known as many others she has written : 'His path in life was lowly : He was a "Working Man" : Who knows the poor man's trials, So well as Jesus can?' And I will not believe that any privilege which can fall only to the lot of a very few, can be really needful or even helpful to any. As Mr. Conder

wrote, long ago, 'As much have I of worldly good, As e'er my Master had.' And it vexes me not, though one here and there is far better off than was Christ. We look for nothing other than what we have known. One has heard idiotic sayings to the effect, 'We can't always go on in this way.' Which were ominous of something worse. Rather one thinks with reverence of the cheerful pilgrim of three-score and ten who told Sir Walter, contentedly, that she was 'an old struggler': and would be such to the end. I think of the true genius beyond the Atlantic who wrote, 'Not much for a man to be leavin':—but his all, as I've heard the folks say.' So it was a good deal for him.

The words make one glance off in another direction. Some one I know one day entered a kindly little dwelling: looking rather weary. A good face looked at him: and a soft voice said, 'You must not take it quite so hard.' There was a pause: and then the voice went on: 'You would be a much-missed man.'

The contingency was not expressed. But it was understood, perfectly.

## CHAPTER VIII

## THAT SUNDAY MORNING

IT is a day of special haste and worry. I have been driven hard with many things all the morning: and now it is noon. One is getting flustered: and one's hand shakes. It comes to one, vividly, how Archbishop Tait, on an anxious morning, wrote, 'I will take an hour of prayer.' What the occasion was, you may read in his Life. Further: though he had come to an awful turning-point, his mind was made up. He was not to pray to be guided. Only to be calmed. Now, for just an hour, I purpose to seek some soothing in writing these lines for many unknown friends. The Psalmist said, long ago, 'Return unto thy rest, O my soul.' People have divers ways of resting.

I close my eyes for just a minute: the time it takes to say the Lord's Prayer. And I see, vividly as reality, a scene left but a few days behind me.

I see a great square tower, of white stone, rising above the terrace wall. I see it against the green country-side beyond the valley. A little red town lies amid green trees in the valley: but though one could throw a stone to its first houses, it is unseen now. From that tower of

its parish church eight fine bells are pealing for evening service: they ring for half an hour, and in many divers ways. The surroundings are strange to me who abide on the Northern side of the Tweed. It is Sunday evening: the evening of Waterloo day: and it is blazing summer. Some will long remember the miraculous gleam and glow. Two great Lebanon cedars are in front of these two garden-chairs on one of which I sit. Behind, rise, as they have risen for centuries, the ivied walls of a grand yet home-like dwelling. The slender figure that has risen from the chair beside me, and is moving about on the turf, with an anxious face, is the Bishop of one of the greatest Sees in this world. He has a little book in his hand, wherein he is at intervals writing down notes for a speech to be made to-morrow. The hop gardens are all about: strange to a Scottish eye. And Charles Kingsley wrote that these gardens are the finest in England. We are going, in a little, to evening service in the chapel of this house: a service which must needs be of extreme interest to me, though I am to be no more than a worshipper.

But let me look back on the service of this morning: which was very singular and touching to me. I joined in it with a full heart: and yet, as it went on, I thought of friends at a distance, and felt I must tell them about it all. The writer is one of those human beings who cannot willingly keep any remarkable experience to themselves. We long for sympathy, which we do not always get.

The service was in a large but very plain hall. In it

were gathered, according to wont, the inmates of the Poor-House of this district. Workhouse they call it here. Perhaps 200 or more. I see the worn old faces: the bent figures: the shaky hands. Almost all seemed very old: this life had been too much for them: they had to find bread to eat and raiment to put on of public charity: and all that remained now was to wait for the end. The old men, in white jackets, were on one's left: the old women, in neat uniform dresses, on the right: and just in front, two and two, were a good many old couples, who had climbed the hill together, who had tottered far down it: but who were not divided even here, and who in a very little would sleep together at the foot. I do not think I ever saw a congregation which touched one more to see. I confess the sight of it brought the tears to one's eyes. Yet they looked quietly cheery, the poor old souls. Many of them had learned, by overwhelming experience, how serious is the petition, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' And they were sure of that, here.

The worship was different from that which we know so well in Scotland. In a little, through the gleam of sunshine outside, came the chaplain in his white robe, and after him the Bishop of Winchester. Wolsey, Andrewes, Wilberforce, have sat in that chair. As the ministrants entered, the congregation rose up to welcome them: ever to me a heart-warming sight: though I never saw it in Scotland save in the University Chapel at Glasgow and the College Chapel at St. Andrews. And I was informed that in the latter edifice it was done by mistake on that

particular day. I must not forget the parish church of Govan on the day of its consecration ; nor the vast St. Cuthbert's in Edinburgh. Then, with immense fervour, came *Rock of Ages* : the tune was that familiar here. And the service went on, given in a loud but solemn voice : for many of those good folk were dull of hearing through their many years. I never heard responses rendered more heartily. The next hymn which came in its proper place, we should not have called a hymn : for its first line was, 'All people that on earth do dwell.' And there it was : to the famous old tune we sang in Kyle when I was a little child : the grand tune which all Christian people know. Finally, just before the sermon, 'Jesus, Lover of my soul.' Hymns must be very real for a congregation like that. Anything falsetto : anything too sweet and pretty : anything above the experience of simple folk : is excluded here. And indeed reality is everything, lifting up heart and voice to God Almighty. The other day I received a written request to state what I held as the six best hymns in the language. The answer was that it would have been far easier to name the fifty best. But I wrote my list of six. And those two hymns stood on it. A very great man had given his list : and on both *Rock of Ages* stood first. But next to it he placed what I should not have numbered in the best fifty : Sir Walter's attempt to translate some verses of the untranslatable *Dies Irae*. Very exceptional are the judgments of very exceptional men.

Then to the little desk, homely as that from which

I preached my very earliest sermon in a shabby school-room in a black Glasgow Wynd, the preacher quietly and modestly came. You may 'consecrate' a man: you may 'enthrone' a man: yet the genuine man abides the simple homely human being. Certain flowers in pots were indeed piled up in front of the little deal desk: the like of which were not in my father's parish long ago. And the farthest reach of my vesting for that great occasion in my little life was a white neckcloth: while here were the beautiful robes of a prince of the Church, and round the neck the blue ribbon of the Garter, with the order. The good worshippers spent not a thought on these: but they knew perfectly what the Prelate of that famous company wears everywhere else: and they would have been mortified had less been made to serve here. The next day I stood beside the stately throne in the magnificent Winchester Cathedral: but I thought its Bishop never looked better or happier than in this homely place. I had gone with him with special interest that Sunday morning: that I might listen to his message to a congregation so special. I have heard him preach times beyond my numbering, but never more heartily than here. Sense of what is fitting rarely fails men so placed. And one felt how fit it was that the sermon should be a plain, full, winning statement of Christ's comforting and saving gospel: clear and simple so that all could understand it: and just the message we all need so much to hear. Ay, as the good Kate Hankey says so wisely, 'Tell me the Story often: For I forget so soon!' But not by one syllable the

preacher said would you have guessed whether he was preaching to rich or poor. The worn faces all round looked intently: there was the audible hush which is the preacher's first-coming reward: the voice was loud, that the dull might hear: and the Story was told slowly, that all might take it in. The fixed attention did not waver, though the discourse was just the half-hour. And a great Prime Minister had listened just as earnestly to the like words but a little before. Each soul who hearkens as it ought to that old, old Story, remembering, for itself, that 'I'm the sinner, Whom JESUS came to save.' And with what tender respect the Bishop spoke to the weary old men and women ! Not the faintest or farthest suspicion of condescending to them: either intellectually or in any other way. Not the farthest suspicion of that overdone humility which so rasps and irritates many. I said to myself, coming away, *Now that was done just as well as it could be done.* I never felt more deeply than on that day how on the grand level of sinfulness and salvation all men are equal. Equal as all are in the grave: as all are entering on the solemn life beyond it.

The text was, 'This man receiveth sinners.' The sermon being over, in a deep hush, a little prayer for a blessing on it was offered; and then the benediction was solemnly said. Many there present bowed low to receive it, as thinking it of greater worth than an ordinary preacher's blessing. One felt that the training of all their life had gone to make them reverence dignities as we in Scotland in fact do not. For three centuries and more we

have been diligently trained away from that kind of thing. And though a man among us be even called *Very Reverend*, that does not mean that any mortal reveres him at all. Doubtless there is something to be said for and against the training of either country.

The evening light blazes brightly as ever, as we arise from our places and look over the low wall, rich with Ayrshire roses and honeysuckle, which bounds the lofty terrace. The red-brick houses of the little town below are wonderfully lighted up: the innumerable trees stand in living green. We pass under a lofty tower, of red-brick also, which has been here for four-hundred-and-fifty years. Queen Elizabeth has walked up this long flight of steps: so has Queen Mary of England. Oliver Cromwell dated a letter from this house. Above, on the wall, two great dials (when the sun shines) mark the flight of time. One bears the single word, *Praetereunt*. The second bears the single word, *Imputantur*. We cannot render sense so tersely in our tongue. The first word means, *They pass away*. The second means, *They are reckoned up against us*. It is thus said of the hours of our life. People look at these words silently.

Now into this solemn chapel, which is arranged like the choir of a Cathedral. It could hold a great many, if it were filled with pews like a Scottish parish church. Many memorable services have been held here. Here the saintly old Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews was ordained: a remembrance which comes home to me. High up the old walls climbs the black oak, carved by

Gibbons. Divers things, here a matter of course, would seem strange, north of the Tweed. Which undoubted fact the writer laments, sorrowfully. A great window of stained glass fills the upper part of the eastern wall. Men, great in their generation, have preached from that quaint old pulpit. But to-night, from the same text as in the morning, a youth discourses from it quietly and modestly, as befits time and place. And the writer listens with **extreme** attention. It was a good and earnest sermon. The preacher evinced no more than the respect which befitted, counselling his father ; and the good Bishop who ordained him.

## CHAPTER IX

## WOULD YOU CHANGE?

ONE likes to sit and think of things, by the Sunday fireside. Sometimes, indeed, by the fireside on the evening of another day. Most, upon Sunday evening. The fire is with us from morning till night: certainly so through great part of the year. But we do not draw to the fireside for that little time of quiet thought till it has turned towards the evening, and the day's vocations are mainly past. Then, the mind may ramble. And to some folk it is pleasant to preserve some record of its wanderings. For we forget.

We do not listen to sermons at the Sunday fireside: these are for another place. Neither do we commonly read them unless they be very fresh and interesting indeed. Sometimes they are all that: and they get to our heart straight. Occasionally, on Sunday evening, we even yet speak of the sermons heard that day, or on another day. I earnestly trust that the ancient fashion has died out of requiring children to 'give an account of the sermon.' It was a horrible infliction. My warm sympathy has ever been with the good maid-servant in Ayrshire long ago,

who, being asked to state what was the plan of the sermon she had heard, replied, firmly, 'He had no plan.'

Passing quite away from any thought of the dismal discourses which, both north and south of the Tweed, made one feel in church an awful sense of tedium never known elsewhere (these were in childish days) : thoughts come to one to-night about what may rightly be called preaching : I mean the discourse which grips the congregation tight, and is followed with the audible hush one knows.

There is one way of being impressed : deeply impressed. I have heard it put in words. A man said to me, 'It was most splendid. I never heard human speech like it. It was more than the finest tragic acting. It thrilled through one's nervous system.' That preacher was a truly good man ; and he has gone to his account. But when he made a most brilliant appearance in a great cathedral, addressing a dense crowd, the published judgment on the sermon of one who rose high, was, 'There is not gospel in it to save the soul of a tomtit.'

Then, there is another way. A youth came, when the service was over, to one who was not an orator at all, but a simple sincere preacher of truth which he uttered because he had found it out for himself. And the youth said words, awful to hear : yet words for which to thank God too. 'I was to have made away with myself to-night : I had the black river before me. But I saw the church lighted, and by chance I turned in : and I was stopped. I had gone to the bad. I broke my parents' hearts : thank

God, they are dead. I swear I will begin and keep straight from this hour.' And he did. Do you think that preacher dreamt it was he who had arrested that lad? Nay verily. Somebody else had intervened. But he cast himself down that night, and, with many tears, thanked God for all.

Thirty years ago, a saintly man, very near the end of a fruitful ministry, said to me words which I have never forgotten.

'I went one Sunday evening to preach in your father's church. I felt utterly flat and miserable. I never got on with so little heart. When I came away, I said to myself, Can any mortal be the better for listening to that? I went home, thinking I could never preach again. Many years after, I met an eminent American preacher. He asked me if I remembered that evening in the Tron Church of Glasgow. He said, *Your sermon was the turning-point of my life.* A lonely lad in the great city, he had turned out of the crowded street by chance: and the poor weak sermon was carried home to him.'

If you had known the man who said that to me, you would know how impossible it was to imagine him as sounding his own trumpet. 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.' Not but what the best preacher is likeliest to do good. As a rule, God works by adequate means. As the first Napoleon said, 'Providence is on the side of the strongest battalions.' There must have been something about that disheartened sermon of which the preacher was not aware. Incompetence will not generally avail.

And here, meandering about, as one does by the evening fireside, let it be said that some men (the writer is one) take great delight in preaching to children. The preacher gets his lesson on such an occasion, as well as the hearers. It is a good thing, that children show so frankly and promptly if they are not being interested by what is said. I do not call a man a preacher at all if he is content to go on without carrying the steadfast attention of the whole congregation with him. But children keep you up tight. One dull sentence is enough to make you lose hold of them. Of course, though you have thought most carefully of what you are to say, it will not do to read it. No, not the 'fell readin'' of Chalmers would avail. You must speak straight to the little people. There must be instant adaptation to time and place. And I know no greater reward to any speaker than to see the bright faces looking eagerly, and to be aware of the audible hush. It is a far greater thing than to hold the attention of (say) the General Assembly. That is easy. They are all big folk : and then they are all so kind, that they will try to look interested when in fact they are not.

All this is introductory. Too big a porch for so little a dwelling. But it would come in. And this is a wilful meditation.

I desire to put a question to you, friendly reader (I see your face, clearly), which I have recently put to many. Every one of them answered it in the same way. And I think the result was to do them some little good. It tended to make them more content.

I said, You have been telling me of your troubles. They are not so few: and some of them are heavy. Would you change places with any human being you know?—I trow not.

The names shall not be given here. They were given quite frankly, in actual speech. They were names very familiar in the locality where we talked: though not of much concern to the great world: some of them.

Your life is a struggle to make the ends meet. I know it. Even such is the life of nearly every mortal I know well. Would you take such a man's great wealth along with that thing (specified) which you know he has to bear daily? The instant answer was *No: I would not. Better as I am.*

You tell me (one or two have in fact told me) that you are a disappointed man. You think it was in you, possibly, long ago, to do far more conspicuous work than in God's Providence you have ever had the chance of trying to do. And doubtless it is true that one of the greatest of men had to spend the best years of his life keeping sheep in the wilderness. The man's name was Moses. For forty years he did the work of a cattleman. Well, would you take such a man's popularity along with that disability, that thorn, of which you know? On the instant came the resolute *Nay verily.*

To another it was said (how well I remember it!), Circumstances have enabled you to see and know, near at hand, a human being who is set very high indeed: just as high as mortal can be: and who is, besides, a good Chris-

tian. You have often been crushed down (you tell me) by sore anxieties, and the outlook was black. Did you ever wish you could change places with your fellow-creature who is placed so high?—*Never once!* *Never, at the very worst!*

In the days when John and Charles Wesley were awaking warmth and life where the chill had been deathly, an eminent lady wrote a letter to a friend concerning these good men. The lady was indeed a Duchess: and at that time such rank carried a glamour which has now ceased to be. And she was a very great Duchess, of illustrious line. 'I thank your ladyship,' were the words, 'for the information concerning the Methodist preachers. Their doctrines are most repulsive, and strongly tinctured with impertinence and disrespect towards their superiors, in perpetually endeavouring to level all ranks, and do away with all distinctions. It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting, and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding.' It is not recorded whether the poor woman went through this life, and went out of it, still in that mind. Let us hope better for her. But would the hardest-driven Christian woman who ever wore her poor strength out in seeing to the food and raiment of her little children and sending them decent out to school, take that unhappy princess's rank and wealth, along with her peculiar theory of the way in which God Almighty will treat the souls He made? I

know not whether any reader has smiled at her words. I will confess that they make me shudder. There is a famous text which says, 'God resisteth the proud.' And it is not merely that pride is so shockingly wrong, but that it is so unutterably idiotic. God help us, what on earth has any mortal to be proud of? Much to be thankful for. Much to be humbled, remembering. But to be proud of, nothing at all.

I am taking for granted that you cannot select a bit of another man's condition, leaving the rest. You must take it all as it stands, for better for worse.

When I say that not one reader of this page (I take for granted that all are decent well-behaved folk) would change places with any other mortal, how great or fortunate soever such a one seem, it is not but there are things both in your nature and your circumstances you continually wish other than they are: ay, very far other. It is not but there are things in which other mortals are far better than you, both as concerns the soul that is within and the surroundings that are without. You would be thankful to have such a friend's sweet and equable temper: to have such another's beautiful church: to have such another's blossoming trees. But then there is the other page to turn. There is the other side of the account. And when you think of facts you know, which suggest ever so much more which you do not know: you durst not risk taking the evil with the good. You do not know what iron hand might be laid upon you.

More than this. You would not really desire to change

the stage you have reached in this life. You have grown old : strength and heart sometimes fail you : you must take in sail : you cannot get through your work as you did, long ago. But you are humbly thankful that you have got on so far, decently. You are humbly thankful (there is no affectation earthly) that the end is drawing near. You would not put back the clock, if you could. You do not wish to be younger : to be young again : you do not wish to begin it all over. No, you do not. Not, though you would be allowed to change the course you have come, profiting by dearly-bought experience : though the errors have been many and sorrowful. Far less, if you had to tread just the same path over again.

Ah, when one comes to know what some come to know, how things are balanced in God's Providence ! As for your own lot, you are aware of the best and worst of it. You remember the homely Scot, in the days of *Marts*, who uttered the strange words, not understandable by the present generation, that 'he hadna made up his mind whether to kill himsel', or to tak' a side o' his feyther.' Morally, we should be pleased to take a side, or at least a slice, of divers other men. You wish you were rid of that morbid temperament which sometimes makes the world black and yourself a burden to those who must bear with you. You know a good friend, whose cheery nature you would take thankfully. No doubt, plodding along the dusty road for various miles, you have just a little envied Mr. Smith the fine horses which swept him by you, cool and restful. Though, for that matter, the sourest and most discontented

faces I have ever seen, were looking out of the windows of extremely handsome carriages. And I, instructed in Gothic art, who have been appointed to minister in certain of the ugliest churches in Christendom, have looked with a certain longing at the beautiful edifices which have been given to certain friends. Never mind: the great thing about any church on earth is the living congregation! And you would not risk taking the pleasantest things you ever knew, along with what might come with them. You would not again take that turn you took in life. Trouble came of it. But worse trouble might have come had you turned the other way. It is not that you think you have come to much; or that you have not your heavy troubles. But far better Christians have fared far worse. And you have grown accustomed to things. You are in a way resigned: reconciled: to being what and where you are. You could not bear to be anybody else.

My experience leads me to think that the overwhelming majority of decent Christian folk have quite learned a lesson which St. Paul seemed to imply took him a while to learn. 'I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.' And resting peacefully by the Sunday fireside, on the Sunday evening, thinking how graciously God has led them (not to say borne with them); many a modest heart is lifted up in lowly thankfulness.

## CHAPTER X

### OF SAYING GOODBYE

MY subject is not what you think. I am not, here, to treat the awful subject of parting. Dickens, writing a last letter to his boy going away to Australia (where, God be thanked, he has worked and prospered bravely) said that life is half made up of partings: and indeed we have found it so. Further, the pathos of the subject is so much beyond words, that it affects me (for one) with deep indignation when I find a coarse-grained soul seeking to touch aging people by saying what is very likely to move them: move them in a fashion for which that soul is entitled to not the smallest credit. The many pleasant faces, the many sweet country scenes, the many quiet little rooms, to which we have each said goodbye! I would not wittingly, for any inducement you could offer, stir that fountain of sorrowful tears.

But I desire to think of an enviable faculty which I note in certain valued friends. How easily and completely they part from a place or a person: the place where they lived for years: the person with whom they conversed familiarly for years! Doubtless it is better: there is no good in dragging a lengthening chain. But there are those

who cannot attain to this. The beautiful fields and trees, left behind, come perpetually into the memory: ay, after years: and the eye turns moist in a way which serves no practical end. The plain little chamber where much hard headwork was wrestled through: the pattern of the grate, often vacantly studied through lonely evenings long departed: all these things and more innumerable are part of the life of the present day, though they are never spoken of. There are some who could not point carelessly to a house in a row, when driving rapidly by it, and say, 'I lived there, five-and-thirty years ago.' The voice would fail if they tried to do so. The whole life of that time would come back too vividly: and a face gone away. It is good for us, it is helpful in doing the present task with undivided attention, to be able to definitively turn the leaf, and shut it down, and begin upon a fresh page. St. Paul, besides what else he was, was a man of shrewd worldly wisdom, when he wrote certain words not likely to be forgotten, which run 'Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before.'

It is by an effort, a conscious effort, not always successful, that one shuts out the intruding pictures of the places where one has lived, has sojourned. But there are good men to whom that task comes easy. They are able to live in the present, and to give a full mind to the present duty. Stranger still, how easily those who have an immense number of friends, and are pressed continually by great concerns and interests, can drop any apparent remembrance of a friend, a true and much-prized friend, daily seen, daily

talked with through years. I am not forgetting that men may be thinking of many things of which they make no mention even in the most intimate talk: but one can read, pretty accurately, the mind and heart of one who is specially dear; and you know perfectly, my reader, that there is nothing weighing very heavily upon him of which he says not a word to you. For long, for an appreciable part of a shortening life, there was a bright face on the other side of the evening fireside: there was one to whom you could talk of everything; there was profound sympathy with you in all that troubled and perplexed. But that familiar friend was taken: you saw the turf smoothed over him: then you turned away and took to the old task-work very much as you used to do when you could speak to him of it. Of another kind of friend you say, 'I venerated that man: I loved him: it was a blow when he was taken: I miss him continually. Come and let us see to that awful basketful of letters: they must be answered, and that forthwith.' Then they are attacked. There is a hearty laugh at this one and that: they are all worked through. The mind has been quite engrossed by them: and the lost friend has never been thought of at all. All this is healthy: is good. Only some men could not do it: could not do it (to say the least) for a very long time after. And I have noted that men who by nature or training have attained to this, desire no other for themselves. I cannot forget (for I have that sorrowfully-long memory) how once I was present where a man set in great place was led to say just a brief word of the day when his great place would be left

vacant. Only four were present : all these very special friends. Something had been said, very unaffectedly, and because circumstances led up to it, as to how much he would be missed. But the dear and great man, the most lovable of the race, spoke with some measure of heat and impatience : spoke in that fashion for the solitary time in thirty years. 'Nothing of that kind,' he said : 'no brooding on the past : lay me in the earth : sing *Now the labourer's task is o'er* : then go away back to your work and take to it as hard as you can !' One thought of Tennyson's *Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me*. The shade of feeling was different, of course : the theory was that of Cardinal Newman :

Weep not for me :  
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom  
The stream of love which circles home,  
Light hearts and free !  
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty sends ;  
Nor miss my face, dear friends !

Only approval can be expressed of such words : here is unselfishness ; here are things placed in healthful perspective. Here is the manifest intention of our Creator. Yet we should like to be remembered, though with a painless remembrance. We could not quite make up our minds to be forgot. No more than One, in whom we see all that is sinlessly natural to frail humanity, and who expressly desired to be remembered : *This do in remembrance of Me*. I look with deliberate approval, not untouched with wonder how they did it, on good men and women who have quite

got over things. They are the wisest, and often the best of the race. I watch them at their work, at their play : I see them bright and cheery : I hear the ringing laugh, the mild jest. They look wonderfully young for their years. All the while, I am thinking of what they have come through. Not merely work and worry ; the trace of these fades out when great success comes, and perhaps outstanding honour. One's thoughts are much more of those gone away ; of dark days when it seemed impossible that the house should ever be bright again, or the interrupted task resumed. But the wiser reflection which comes second is, that (wise in the wisdom of a better world) those gone away will never think they are forgotten, though the house be cheery and sunshiny once more. You have seen the good face turn very grave as the eyes fell upon a picture on the wall : as a sudden likeness strikes both friends on a beaming young countenance. It saddens one to whom it comes as something new. It does not appreciably sadden one by whom it is seen daily ; and one does not forget words, very kindly said, by one to whom a duty of extreme responsibility was appointed, yet who seemed quite gay in the prospect of it. 'I feel all that, but I don't speak of it.' While we abide in this world it is needful that in many very serious experiences we be quite alone.

I know I am not succeeding in making my meaning as clear as I could wish. I do not mean that there is anything admirable, or enviable, about people to whom parting is easy because they are selfish and heartless, and so do not mind. I am thinking of those who feel deeply ; as deeply

as any ; yet who by their make can acquiesce in the inevitable, can cease to mourn for the lost, can let by-gones be by-gones. I have known a man who, if he had been Job, would never have felt that the new sons and daughters, given in like number, in any way made up for the awful loss of the first : and who hailed with delight the suggestion of the latest scholarship that these were the same children brought back safe and well. It was Satan who sent the terrible news ; and the terrible news was false. But I have known another who rose by the regular steps to the highest place in a great profession : who held, in magnificent sufficiency, the post of the Chief Judge of his time, and who was a cheerful though somewhat reserved companion in social life : who never made one feel, even conversing with him daily, that he was remembering the young wife who had to go after a very little time together, who had to go without seeing him take even the first step of many that led so high. Doubtless, that great man was not a gusher : he did not wear his heart upon his sleeve : the empty place was never filled ; and when the letter came, time after time, asking him to step up, one can but guess how he thought within himself that there was no one to throw it across to. His was the grand manner, in all things : he kept a certain distance. It was otherwise with a good man gone, who being raised to a very modest elevation, said to the writer, 'Ah, if this had come before she died !' It was otherwise with Arthur Stanley, as lovable as he was great, who frankly showed how he never got over his great loss. Walking round the chapels in West-

minster Abbey with only two or three, he came to one where he silently waved his friends to enter, and then turned away and remained outside. And speaking of his latest visit to St. Andrews, where he was overwhelmed with love and honour, he said, 'It would have been perfect happiness if only she had been there.'

I have noted that such as take, or seem to take, their partings heroically, or at least silently, say goodbye very quickly and informally. You have had a pleasant time together, days or even weeks. Then, without a word of scenes which to you have taken the wistful last look, you drive away together to the railway, and you start on the little run of twelve miles. Your friend's eye is never lifted from his newspaper. And when you both descend from the carriage it is just a word, and he has disappeared. Of course this is the better way. When a lad of not quite twenty went away to India it was striking how for the last two days he kept out of the sight of his father and mother, and was always very busy and hurried ; no time to talk. Well they knew why. It is a mistake, when you are departing from a beautiful place long familiar, and now to be seen no more, to solemnly go out quite alone, and penetrate into each nook trying to recall its associations and to bid it farewell. All that is gratuitous pain. And it is not even that hasty glance which will abide in your memory. One would not wish to know when the last look is being taken of a place which has long been very dear. And the look will not merely be painful ; it will be disappointing. It will not be the place you used to know. I am glad I

cannot remember the last time I spoke to one who for twenty years was my great friend here. There is an ancient church which has been the centre of all my serious work for more than a quarter of a century. I trust that I may not know when I come out of it for the last time.

Now let us look at a characteristic but cheering picture of the last goodbye. It is of Archbishop Tait, of Canterbury.

'Early next morning we were all summoned, as his strength seemed to be ebbing fast. He bid a separate farewell to each, and then asked for the Commendatory Prayer. He gave the Benediction in a steady voice, and then added, quite in his usual manner—*And now it is all over. It isn't so very dreadful after all.*'

## CONCLUSION

VERY obvious things are often not distinctly thought of by those to whom they are continually present. Two days gone, I was startled, some little, when someone said, looking round this room in which I work, 'What a number of dead people you have got looking down upon you from these walls!' And so indeed it is: one's most valued friends have gone before one. Helps looks down, fixedly: which he never did in this life. Stanley, a beautiful and characteristic etching, showing him in middle age. Kingsley, grave and stern, as his aspect was in repose. Bishop Wordsworth, the pleasant portrait bought with money illegally won from himself. Lord Chancellor Campbell, the most successful of recent St. Andrews students: and specially kind and gracious to this writer while a young Edinburgh minister, long ago. My two immediate predecessors in this charge: and my Father's kindly presence, with thick gray hair to the last. And now Froude and the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table are gone too. Dr. Holmes sent me his pleasant picture, many years since. And Froude's beautiful and pathetic face has looked down on my daily task here, since he was Lord Rector of this University. Was it not yesterday we passed from under

my roof, to the near dwelling of Dr. Adamson : and there that chief of amateur photographers, after many failures, took the pleasantest and most characteristic picture of the historian which I have ever seen ? Can it be many months more than a quarter of a century since then ?

Many other kindly faces look down, the faces of those very dear but not known to fame. John Parker, the younger : long away, but often remembered : one of the best of our race. But not one of those shown upon these walls is gone more completely than the youth represented by a crayon picture by our great President, Sir Daniel Macnee. The unlined face, with abundant brown hair : the robes carefully represented, and the 'bands,' which in Scotland indicate full orders, and are worn by a youth not without a modest pride : the youth who at twenty-five was incumbent of a parish of five thousand souls, and thought himself quite old enough. Many have asked the writer who was that cheerful young parson : never dreaming that they stood beside him who was such, forty-two years ago. But indeed, pictures, even of things which do not change as we do, sometimes fail of recognition. A year or more back, a very pretty photograph of this room was published in a periodical of vast circulation. Several individuals, not conspicuously stupid, have gazed upon it here in my study ; and asked what room was that.

St. Luke's summer is here with us : this wonderful October sunshine. The grass before these windows blazes. And though many leaves have fallen, the two tall oak-trees on which I look up are thick and green. But Froude is

gone: the friend of five and thirty years. A flood of memories of him, of how he looked, and of what he said and did, has come over one: this day on which he is quietly laid to rest in his native Devon. But it is not now, in these days of mourning, that they can be set down: not one of them but would make for the honour of him who was as lovable as great. They must wait, for their record, till the day comes (if it is to come) when one can speak again of the charming writer and dear friend with a smile. Which is not possible now.

It is pleasant, to those who loved him, to witness the unbroken chorus of praise which has attended his passing from us. All that one has read of him has been substantially just. For with that fascination of style, he did tend to be inaccurate in details: and he quite knew it. He knew it so well that more than once he has accepted correction when in fact he was right. And I have known him viciously accused of levity for doing so: this, by the person who had without reason corrected him. The spots on the sun were incredibly small. Yet one smiled, ages ago, when Mr. Hosack chivalrously undertook the defence of poor Queen Mary: and Froude wrote and asked me what I thought of Hosier's (*sic*) attack upon him. But Froude had no more valued friend than Dr. John Skelton: and the world knows how eloquently and ingeniously Skelton stood up for the luckless Queen who never had a chance.

Once upon a time a critic, in a very considerable paper, rebuked the writer for venturing to say *Froude* in speaking of so great a man. My only apology was that I had been

wont, in speech and in writing, so to address him for far more than thirty years. Yet I can sympathise with the clever writer who found fault with me. It was in September 1856, on his first visit to Irongray, that John Parker sat down at this table where I write ; and indited a letter which he handed to me to read, and which began *My dear Tennyson*. It seemed profanation. I knew no authors then. And I had since boyhood looked up to the great poet with reverence not to be put in words. Even yet, does not a true poet who abides with us speak of Arthur Hallam's grave as having 'been wept above, with more than mortal tears'? Could this be? Yet Parker did it, quite coolly. We live to learn. But a few days since, did not certain ears, normal in their length, hear a most eminent statesman addressed as *Bally*? And he responded, meekly.

A high-bred gentleman, if ever such was. For many a year, fully understood and prized under this roof: not least by the children whose houses of bricks he piled up to an incredible height, with amazing ingenuity: never more than by the boy (now a man, far away, who has known a man's sorrows) whom he carried on his shoulder through the streets of Edinburgh on that night when the beautiful city was illuminated marvellously for the wedding of one born to be King some day. The quiet lovable man: silent sometimes in general society: but so frankly outspoken to those who were indeed his friends. While I live, I will hold it as something to be proud of that for many a day his letters ended *Yours very affectionately*. Which would

not have been said unless it had been meant. Froude was a sincere true man. It is but a few days since a letter (to be treasured) said 'My Father is not able to read his letters. But we tell him about any that come which we think would interest him. The kind affection of yours pleased him very much ; and he wished me to write and thank you for it.' There was beautiful and heroic patience through the long weary illness ; and no wish to be spared here to be useless. Very simple and solemn were the words in which, as once we parted for the night (he was staying with us), he spoke of what may be beyond all work and trouble here. Thinking of these days and nights of endurance, one grudged our terrible tenacity of life : one thought how Lord Campbell, the evening he died, thinking of an old friend near him, said he would fain change the petition in the Litany for deliverance from sudden death, to one for deliverance from lingering illness.

Things repeat themselves, strangely. Sir Walter and his father, similarly tried at the last : Froude and Carlyle. I recall, vividly, the last interview between these tried friends ; when Carlyle was wearying to be allowed to slip away. 'What pleasure can These People have in keeping me so long in this pain ?' The answer, solemnly said : 'Perhaps These People have reasons which we do not know.' Then came the quiet last words. 'I'll not say but what they have.' So Froude and Carlyle parted.

I think, spite of the voice here and there, Froude in the latter years was valued as he deserved. There must be

exceptional judgments. A very clever man told me he did not think Froude wrote good English. And Froude himself told me how a man of high eminence, who for years had laid himself on Froude's track to show up his little blunders, being asked why he so persevered in an invidious task, replied, 'Because I hate the fellow.' It was because he knew him not. Of course, Froude could sometimes be in a playful mood provoking. But none ever knew him well without loving him. I do remember one individual, quite extraordinarily ordinary, whom I foolishly (at his own request) brought into my dwelling in Great King Street when Froude was with us in his first visit to Edinburgh, and indeed to Scotland. I see him yet sitting by the drawing-room fire that afternoon, critically estimating the historian ; and indeed putting him to the proof by some remarks as to the standards of the Kirk. Froude was found wanting, and the worthy soul went. As he passed through the front door, his judgment was expressed : 'I don't think much of your friend.' I hear the words to-day. I made no reply : not a syllable : for the man was much my senior in my vocation : for fear of saying out too keenly what I thought and felt in that hour. But I unbosomed my feeling to the dear Skelton : who I know has forgot all about it : and I was relieved when Skelton calmly said 'Who cares a straw what *he* says ?'

Froude used to speak seriously, as the rule : and often on the very gravest matters. Yet there was the relief of humour. Many remember his laugh. Though he had his days like that on which he wrote to me that 'when the

weather was bad, the old wounds ached': I do not think he would have approved terrible words in Mr. Hatch's first Bampton lecture: 'the weight of that awful sadness of which, then as now, to the mass of men, life was the synonym and the sum.' I cannot remember, in literature, any more desponding estimate. It transcends George Eliot's friend: 'Life is a bad business: but we must make the best of it.' And though he was made the Oxford Professor too late, and found that the work was harder than he had expected, yet that recognition which so delighted his friends was not without its charm to him. He was, indeed, terribly overworked. 'All last winter and spring he was feeling his work a terrible strain, and looking very ill and over-tired: but he kept up till he had finished the Erasmus book, and the other lectures he had set himself to do.' And he had ends in view at Oxford, of warm concern to himself, which will never be attained, now.

But I dare not go on. I did not see him in death: it makes a great difference. All my remembrances, very many and very vivid, are so life-like, that even as the sun is fading out on this evening of the day he was laid to rest, things come back which tempt to a smile. And one has no heart for that. But I recall words of solemn moral reprobation: which I confess it struck a chill to hear. He had not to learn it from Carlyle: it was his own: Anything like successful insincerity he could not abide. And he was a good hater of what he morally disapproved. He was speaking to me of an eminent ecclesiastic, an

Archbishop of the Ancient Church: whose biography he had just been reading. ‘That man was a humbug,’ he said. I ventured to urge, ‘Surely not a humbug: though there was a sad deal of humbug about him.’ Froude went on: ‘As far as I can make out, he believed nothing.’ I replied that from all I read, and heard, I gathered that the articles of his creed tended to become fewer as he went on: and that in the latter days his faith was summed up greatly in devotion to the personal Saviour. The beautiful eyes looked at me intently, and shone with an alarming light, as Froude dismissed the subject in words I never have forgot: which I can quote, letter perfect. ‘Ah, he thought highly of Christ, did he? I venture to doubt whether that favourable opinion was reciprocal.’ The voice was low: the last word was given with extreme deliberation. He was on his feet. I see the large apartment in which we were together. One thought of his often-repeated saying, ‘The Granite, the thing you can build upon, is: That there is an awful difference between Right and Wrong: and that you ought to do Right and not do Wrong.’ Well, is not that taken for granted, all through the Sermon on the Mount? It *is* the Granite of the moral universe.

That Edinburgh visit comes back: it lasted ten days. His enthusiasm for the place was delightful to see. The first afternoon, my brother took us round the Queen’s Drive in a lofty drag. ‘Think of being able to come here after your work! In London, you go and take a walk in the Park: what is that to this?’ Holyrood: Queen Mary’s

rooms: the Calton Hill: the Castle and Mons Meg. Strange, Edinburgh reminded him of Toledo. Then St. Andrews. The Beach: the Links: Magus Muir: his Rectorial addresses: his talk, late into the night. All these things again: elsewhere: when time has gone over. Curiously, he liked not the Hierarchy. 'When a friend is made a Bishop, you lose your friend.' Long after: one of innumerable letters. 'I know you are quite happy, staying with your Bishop, and having him for a great friend. Now I could not stand it. The position of a Bishop is so extraordinary. It is something midway between an angel and a spirit-rapper!'

I must not go that way. The reader sees how I am tempted. Only one word more, to-day: and that in seriousness. It comes back, with inexpressible distinctness, the last time I parted from Froude. I never was able to get to him at Oxford, though often kindly asked: it was to have been, without fail, next summer. We had spent some hours together, in constant talk, and very cheerfully. First, a long time in his library: then walking about the green space before its windows: then, in London streets. But, going along crowded Piccadilly, the time came to part: most likely for a long time. I call a year a long time. Froude talked more and more rapidly: and glanced from subject to subject: till we reached a certain corner. Then he suddenly held out his hand, with a very wistful face: exactly like two of the best which are published this week. He stood silent for a minute. Then, 'I don't like to say good-bye, old friend': and the next moment he

was lost in the crowd. That was our last parting. But the letters were life-like. He thought to see St. Andrews again: and Edinburgh. He expected that Skelton and I should be with him at Oxford: he brightly described what was to be there. We had not lost him, till now.

I never saw Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes but once. He had written to me for thirty-four years. And considering how busy a man he was, it is wonderful what long letters he wrote. I have remarked that many men who write for the press are plainly indisposed to write anything which is not to be printed. It was not so with the Autocrat. One thought, reading the great pages, written with beautiful clearness, of a dear young friend who writes me long and ever-welcome letters, receiving but brief replies; but who tells me that the mechanical work of writing is a real enjoyment to him. I was not quite Half-Way, when Dr. Holmes first wrote to me: and it was received as the most delightful of possible compliments when he said, in the old *Fraser* days, that reading certain passages in the present writer's essays, he felt that he must have written them himself. The assurance was all the more welcome because (though I would not have dared to say so) when I first read *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, I came upon various pages which I quite recognised as my own, though I could not remember when I had written them. I state the fact: as well aware that only a special measure of that for which the Weaver of Kilwinning prayed could have led me to so vain an illusion.

From the day on which the grand edition of *The Autocrat* came (it came October 1, 1861) 'with the kindest regards of Oliver Wendell Holmes,' Dr. Holmes sent me nearly every volume he published, both in prose and verse. They make a long line. And they are set hard by the shelf which bears everything that ever came from the pen of Sir Arthur Helps. In a little he sent his portrait: very pleasing and life-like. I have told elsewhere<sup>1</sup> how I met him: and found him exactly what the author of his books should be. It was pleasant, reading a bright account of an interview with the cheerful patriarch who was beloved wherever our language is read, an interview within the last year of his life, to find it recorded that among eight or ten volumes placed close by his writing-table, within reach of his hand, were these two. He had told me that, latterly, he would not read any article bearing to be wholly about himself. But if he found kindly reference to himself in a chapter treating another subject, he liked it. What mortal could write otherwise than kindly of the lovable and helpful Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes? He did not care to be called a Unitarian in the English sense. 'An American Unitarian was rather like an Anglican Broad Church man.' Yet I remember when a worthy and orthodox preacher from the United States would not enter into St. Bernard's Church because Dr. Holmes had done me the great honour of saying that I was his friend. 'I was a Socinian.' But indeed it is true that a devout and learned Parsee from Bombay came to service in the parish church of St.

<sup>1</sup> *Twenty-Five Years of St. Andrews*: Vol. II. pp. 231 sq.

Andrews: and declared that he heard no word in which he could not agree. I had not looked for this. But I had seen him before worship began, and I remember well how touching a thing it seemed to me, to mark in the midst of a great multitude of professed Christian people, the dark worshipper of another land and faith. Perhaps there was a thought for him, that day. I do not mean in the suppression of doctrine: nobody but a very stupid or very unscrupulous mortal will call me 'a Socinian.' And a man who has published fourteen volumes of sermons might surely have been found out. But I think the sun-worshipper heard, in the first lesson, the magnificent 'The sun shall be no more thy light by day': 'Thy sun shall no more go down.' And he stood up amid a congregation singing well-known verses which begin 'Sun of my soul.' I am perfectly certain that in the better place where One is the Light concerning Whom neither believed as I do, there will be kindest welcome for the devout Parsee, and for the beloved Oliver Wendell Holmes.

This is Monday morning. It is sunshiny and blue, though it is the twenty-ninth of October, and all the earth is saturated with yesterday's drenching rain. The green grass on which I look smiles cheerfully, and the two young oaks are verdurous and thick. Last night, in dismal blackness and downpour, I went through deserted streets to minister in the great parish church: making sure that the congregation must needs be a small one. But it was specially cheering to find a great mass of bright attentive faces, wherever one looked through vistas between the

great pillars: heart-warming to hear the audible hush with which they listened to the exhortation: most uplifting to join in praise for which Liddon would have thanked God: the inspired Magnificat, the Psalms for the evening antiphonally chanted, a touching anthem which did not overtask the voices which brightly rendered it, and divers plain hymns, loud as from numbers not very easily numbered: then the lessons in the fresh loud voice of a youth from famous Thrums. When I think how many who started with me are gone, or are laid aside from duty, I am deeply thankful that I am still fairly equal to that appointed to me. If I am permitted to complete thirty years in this charge,—which I shall do if I see September in next year,—I may yet be able to tell the story, a simple but pathetic story, of the years since the Twenty-Five.

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